

HEIDI

JOHANNA SPYRI



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HEIDI

TRANSLATED FROM THE
GERMAN OF JOHANNA SPYRI



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Grandfather brought out two mugs of milk, one for Clara and the other for Heidi.—Page 306.

Frontispiece.

Heidi.

HEIDI

Translated from the German
of Johanna Spyri

By

H. A. MELCON



Illustrated

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HEIDI: A STORY FOR GIRLS

Translated from the German by H. A. MELCON

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HEIDI.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE AIM-UNCLE.

FROM the beautiful village of Meyenfeld there is a path leading through green fields covered with numberless trees to the foot of the heights which rise, grave and majestic, overlooking the valley. As this path begins to ascend, the traveler is welcomed by the fragrant perfume of the short grass and the mountain plants, for it goes up steep and direct to the Alps.

On a sunny June morning a strong and healthy-looking girl was climbing up this narrow mountain path leading by the hand a child whose cheeks were ruddy and browned by the sun. And no wonder! Notwithstanding the June sun the child was wrapped up, as if to protect her against the bitterest frost. The little girl was scarcely five years old, but no one could guess her natural size, for the child apparently had put on two, possibly three dresses, one over the

other; and besides these a large red shawl was wrapped around her, so that the little person presented an awkward appearance, as she made her hot and toilsome way up the mountain with a pair of heavy shoes much too large for her.

After climbing up for about an hour they came to the hamlet, which lies halfway up the Alm and is called Doerfli (Small Village). Here the wanderers were greeted almost from every house by people in the windows and in doorways, for the older of the girls had reached her native place. She answered in passing to all the greetings and questions without making any pause, till she reached the last of the scattered houses at the end of the hamlet. Here some one called out to her from a door:

“ Wait a moment, Dete, if you intend going up further, I’ll accompany you.”

Dete stopped; the child, freeing herself from her hand, sat on the ground.

“ Are you tired, Heidi?” asked her companion.

“ No, it is hot,” answered the child.

“ We shall soon reach the top,” said the companion encouraging her. “ You have to exert yourself a little more and take longer steps, and we shall get there in an hour.”

Now a stout good-natured-looking woman came out and joined them. The child rose and walked behind the two old friends, who immediately entered into a lively conversation about the inhabitants of Doerfli and the neighboring cottages.

“ But where are you going with the child, Dete?”

asked the newcomer. "Is it not your dead sister's little child?"

"Yes, it is," answered Dete. "I am going with her to the Uncle's, for she is going to stay there."

"What? is she really going to stay with the Alm-Uncle. I think you must have lost your head, Dete. How could you do such a thing? The old man will send you right back home again with such ideas as that."

"He could not do that, he is her grandfather; he must do something for her. I have taken care of this child to this day; and I tell you, Barbel, I am not going to give up the place I have been offered, for the sake of this child. Now the grandfather should do his share."

"Yes, if he were like other people," answered Barbel eagerly, "but you know him already. What is he going to do with a child, especially with such a little one? She cannot stand him! But where are you going?"

"To Frankfort," replied Dete. "There I have an excellent place. The family were at the Baths last summer. I had the care of their rooms, they were satisfied with me. They wanted to take me with them, but I could not get away then; and now they are here and asked me to go with them. And you may be sure that I will go."

"I would not like to be in the child's place!" exclaimed Barbel, with a displeasing gesture. "Nobody knows what the old man does up there. He does not care to have anything to do with anybody."

Year in and year out he never goes to church ; and when he does happen to come down once a year, with his thick stick, every one gets out of his way, and is afraid of him. With his heavy, gray eyebrows and his hideous beard he looks like an old heathen, and one is glad not to meet him alone."

"But, still," said Dete, defiantly, "he is her grandfather, he must take care of the child ; he will do her no harm ; if he does, he has to answer for it, and not I."

"I would like to know," said Barbel, inquisitively, "what the old man has on his conscience that he has such a terrible look and stays up there on the Alm all alone and keeps by himself. People talk all sorts of things about him. No doubt, you must have heard a good deal concerning him from your sister. Is it not so, Dete?"

"Certainly I do, but I know enough to keep it to myself, for I fear the consequences."

But Barbel would have liked, long ago, to know how it was that the Alm-Uncle was so unsociable and lived up there all alone ; people talked of him always with great caution, as if they were afraid to oppose him ; at the same time unwilling to take his part. Barbel never knew why the old man was called Alm-Uncle by every one in the hamlet. He could not be, of course, the real uncle of all the inhabitants ; but as the whole neighborhood called him by this name, she, also, never called the old man by any other name. Barbel had been married only a short time and had come to live in this hamlet ;

formerly she had lived in Praettigan, and, therefore, she was not well acquainted with all the past events and the odd characters of the neighborhood. Dete, her good friend, was, on the contrary, born in the village and had lived there with her mother till the last year, when the latter having died, she went over to the Baths of Ragatz, where she earned good wages as chambermaid in a big hotel. And this morning she had come with the child from Ragatz, riding as far as Mayenfeld on a hay-cart, which a friend of hers was driving home, and had offered to take them with him.

Barbel did not wish this time to let this chance slip by without learning something, so she, seizing Dete's hand familiarly, said :

"One can learn through you, Dete, more than from all the gossips ; no doubt, you know the whole story. Now tell me a little. What is the matter with the old man, and whether he has been always so dreaded and avoided as he is now."

"I could not say whether he has always been like this or not. I am now twenty-six years old and he is surely seventy, so it could not be possible for me to have seen him when he was young ; and you cannot expect me to tell you how he was then. If I were sure that he would not hear of it while he is in Praettigan, I might tell you all sorts of things about him. My mother and he both came from Domleschg."

"Well, Dete, what do you mean ?" said Barbel, offended. "There is not so much gossip in Praet-

tigan ; besides, I assure you, it will not be repeated. Tell me, and you will never regret it."

"Well, I will, and see that you keep your promise," said Dete, looking around to see whether the child was not within hearing distance, but she was not to be seen anywhere ; she must have ceased following them for some time. Deep in their conversation, they had not noticed it. Dete stood still, and looked all around. There had been a few turns in the road, but still one could see as far as the hamlet,—no one was in sight.

"I see her now," said Barbel, "can't you see her there?" and she pointed with her finger to a place very distant from the mountain path. "She is climbing up the slope with Peter, the goatherd, and his goats. Why is he so late to-day with his herd? It is all right now. He can take care of the child and you can tell your story all the better."

"There is no need for Peter to look after her," said Dete ; "she is bright for her age. She sees everything that is going on ; I have already noticed this, and it will be of use to her some day, for the old man has nothing else left but the goats and the Alm cottage."

"Did he ever have more?" asked Barbel.

"He! yes, I believe, once, he had more," replied Dete eagerly. "He owned one of the best farms in Domleschg. He was the eldest son and had only one brother, who was quiet and orderly. As for him, he would not like to do anything but play the gentleman, and travel about in the country and keep

company with bad people whom nobody knew. He lost the whole farm in gambling and extravagance; and as this became known, his father and mother died one after the other from grief; and his brother, who had been reduced to beggary, went away to some distant part of the world out of vexation. And the Uncle himself, having nothing left but a bad name, also disappeared. At first no one knew his whereabouts; then they learned that, having joined the army, he had gone to Naples. Nothing was heard of him for twelve or fifteen years. One day he appeared suddenly in Domleschg with a half-grown boy, and tried to find a home for him among his relatives. But he found every door shut against him and no one wanted to know anything about him."

"This exasperated him very much. He said he would never set foot again in Domleschg; then he came to this hamlet and lived here with his boy. He must have had some money, for he made the boy Tobias learn the carpenter's trade. He was a good man, and was liked by every one in Doerfli. But they had no confidence in the old man. It was said, besides, that he had deserted the army in Naples, because he had killed somebody there; of course, not in a battle, you understand, but in a brawl. We treated him as a relation, for his grandmother was the sister of my mother's grandmother. We, therefore, called him uncle, and as on my father's side we are related with almost all the people in Doerfli, they also called him Uncle; and ever since

he moved up to the Alm he has been named by every one the Alm-Uncle."

"But what became of Tobias?" asked Barbel anxiously.

"Wait a little, and you will soon hear it. I cannot tell all at once," rejoined Dete. "Tobias having finished his apprenticeship in carpentry in Mels, came home to Doerfli, and married my sister Adelheid, for they were always attached to each other, and after they were married, they lived together in peace and pleasure. But this did not last very long. About two years later, while he was helping to build a house, a beam fell on him and killed him. When he was brought home disfigured, Adelheid fell into a violent fever from terror and grief, and never recovered, for she was already rather weak before, and often fainted. No one could tell whether she was sleeping or awake. Only a few weeks after Tobias' death she also died and was buried. Everybody in the neighborhood was talking for a long time about the sad fate of this couple, and was telling openly that it was a punishment which the Uncle well deserved for his impious life, and it was said to him privately, and even by the pastor himself, that he must now repent for what he had done. But he grew worse and worse and did not speak to any one, and everybody avoided him. After a while it was heard that he had gone up to the Alm and would not come down any more; and ever since he has been living in discord with God and man. We took Adelheid's little child to

our house, my mother and I. She was then only a year old. When my mother died last summer and I wanted to earn something at the Baths, I took her with me and gave her to old Ursel up in Pfafferserdorf, to board in her house. I could stay at the Baths in the winter, too, to do all sorts of things, as I know how to sew and to mend.

"Early in the spring the same family in Frankfort, whom I served last year, having come back, offered to take me with them. Day after to-morrow we start. I tell you the place is a good one."

"And are you going now to leave the child to the care of the old man up there? I wonder what you think, Dete," said Barbel reproachfully.

"What do you mean?" replied Dete. "I have done for the child whatever I could, and what more could I do? I don't think I can take a five-year-old child with me to Frankfort. But now where are you going, Barbel? We are already half-way up the Alm."

"I will soon be there," answered Barbel. "I have something to tell to goatherd Peter's mother. She spins all winter for me. Good-by, Dete, I wish you every success."

Dete extended her hand to her companion and stood still, while Barbel went toward the little dark brown Alm hut, which stood a few steps from the pathway in a little hollow, somewhat protected from the mountain winds. The cottage stood half way between the Alm and Doerfli. It was lucky that it stood in a hollow of the mountain, for, out of repair

and dilapidated as it was, it must have been dangerous to live in, when the wind blew strongly over the mountains. Then everything in the cottage would clatter, doors as well as windows, and the decayed beams would tremble and crack. Had the cottage been up on the Alm, on a day like this, it would have immediately been blown over into the hollow.

Here lived goatherd Peter, eleven years old, who went down every morning to Doerfli to drive the goats up the Alm that they might graze on the short and nourishing plants until evening, when Peter, in company with the nimble-footed animals, jumped down the hill to the hamlet. There, by a shrill whistle through his fingers, he notified his arrival to the owners, so that they could take away their goats. Mostly little boys and girls came after them, as the goats being very quiet were not to be feared. Through the whole summer this was the only time in the day when Peter associated with children of his age; the rest of the time being spent with the goats.

He had at home only his mother and a blind grandmother. As he was always obliged to start early in the morning, and did not get back from Doerfli till late in the evening, he wanted to play with the children as long as he could; so he spent at home only as little time as it was necessary for him to swallow down his milk and bread every morning and evening; and then he went to bed.

His father, who was also called Peter the goatherd,

having been in the same business as his son, was killed a few years ago while felling trees. His mother, whose real name was Brigitte, was called by every one, for consistency's sake, "goatherd Peter's wife," and the blind grandmother was known in the whole neighborhood by the name of "Grandmother."

Dete waited some ten minutes and looked about her in every direction to see if the children could be seen around; and as they were nowhere to be seen, she climbed a little higher, where she could have a better view of the Alm as far as the foot. She looked here and there with gestures of great impatience visible both on her face and her actions.

All this time the children were hurrying on in a roundabout way. As Peter was well acquainted with all the spots where all the good shrubs and herbs could be found for his goats, he made many turns on his way with his flock.

At first Heidi climbed with great difficulty, wrapped as she was in thick and heavy clothes, panting with heat and discomfort, exerting all her energy. She did not complain, but kept staring at Peter, who, with his naked feet and light pants, now jumped here and there without any difficulty; and then at the goats who, with their thin and slender legs, climbed much more easily up amid the bushes of the rocky and steep cliffs. All at once the child seated herself on the ground, pulled off her shoes and stockings very quickly, and standing up again she took off her thick red shawl, and unfastening her dress threw it off, and had still one more left to take off

For Aunt Dete had made her put on her Sunday garments over her everyday dress, so that she would not have to carry them. In a minute the other garment was also done away with, and now the child was in her light petticoat, stretching her naked arms out of the short sleeves of her shirt to the breeze with great delight. Then putting all the pieces together in a neat package she began to jump and climb up, chasing the goats alongside with Peter as easily as any of the party.

Peter took no notice of what the child was doing while she remained behind. Now as she came running in her new dress he had a broad grin on his face, and looking back as he saw the bundle of clothes lying on the ground, the grin on his face became still broader, and his mouth extended almost from ear to ear; but he said nothing.

Now the child feeling freer and lighter began to converse with Peter, and he also in his turn began to talk and had to answer various questions, for she wanted to know how many goats he had and where he went with them, and what he intended to do when he reached there. Thus the children at last arrived at the cottage with the goats and came in sight of Aunt Dete. But scarcely had she seen the climbing company when she shouted in a loud voice:

“Heidi, what have you done? What do you look like? What have you done with your other garments and the shawl? I bought you a pair of new shoes for mountain climbing and knitted you new stockings and now they are all gone! all lost! What

are you doing, Heidi? What have you done with them?"

The child pointed down the mountain and said: "There!"

The aunt followed with her eyes. There lay something, and on the top of it there was a red spot, which must have been the shawl.

"You miserable thing!" exclaimed the aunt in great excitement. "What do you think? What does all this mean? What made you take off everything?"

"I don't want them," said the child, and did not look at all as if she repented doing it.

"Oh, you miserable, thoughtless girl; haven't you got any sense?" exclaimed, scoldingly, the aunt. "Who would go now down there? It is half an hour's walk. Come, Peter, go back and get the things for me; make haste, and don't stand there moping as if you were firmly nailed to the ground."

"I am already too late," said he, slowly, still remaining motionless on the same spot where he was before, his hands in his pockets, hardly paying any attention to the woman.

"You stand there staring at me, and you don't seem inclined to move farther," said Dete. "Come, now, I know what you are after," and she held to him a new five-cent piece, which glittered before his eyes.

All of a sudden he jumped up and ran down the Alm, taking long steps, and in a short time came to the heap of clothes, packing which, he reappeared

with them so quickly that Dete praised him and gave him the five cents, which Peter slipped into his pocket. His face beamed with joy, for a treasure like this did not often fall to his share.

"You can carry this thing for me to the Uncle's, for you are already going in the same direction," said Aunt Dete, getting ready to climb the steep slope which towered behind goatherd Peter's house. He most willingly undertook the commission and followed her steps with the bundle under his left arm, swinging his staff with his right hand. Heidi and the goats jumped and frisked about by his side.

In this way the expedition reached in three quarters of an hour to the top of the Alm, where the old Uncle's cottage stood on the projection of the mountain, open on all sides, and exposed to every wind—receiving, also, all the rays of the sun, having a full view of the surrounding country. Behind the cottage there stood three old fir trees, with long, stout, untrimmed branches. Further back the mountain rose high up to the old gray rocks, first over beautiful slopes covered with plants, then through boulders, at last coming to bare, steep cliffs.

The Uncle had made a bench for himself by the side of his cottage, overlooking the valley. Here he was sitting with his pipe in his mouth and his hands resting on his knee. He was watching the children, the goats and Dete climb up to him together, for the aunt had been gradually over-

taken by the others. Heidi was the first to reach the summit. She went directly to the old man, and, stretching out her hands to him, said, "Good evening, grandpa!"

"Well, well; what does this mean?" asked the old man roughly; gave his hand to the child, and looked at her with his keen, piercing eyes from under his bushy eyebrows. Heidi returned the gazing look as steadfastly, without winking once her eyes, for the grandfather, with his long beard and thick, gray eyebrows, which met at the forehead, had a strange appearance.

In the meantime the aunt also had reached the place in company with Peter, who for a while stood still to see what was going to happen.

"I wish you good day, Uncle," said Dete, going near to him, "and I bring you here the child of Tobias and Adelheid. You will not probably recognize her, as you have not seen her since she was a year old."

"And what is the child going to do with me?" asked the old man curtly. "You, there," he called to Peter, "you can go ahead with your goats, you are none too early. Take mine along with you."

Peter promptly obeyed and disappeared, for the Uncle watched him closely, and that was enough.

"She must stay with you, Uncle," said Dete as a reply to his question. "I think I have done enough for her the last three years; it is now your turn to do what you can."

"Indeed?" said the old man, casting a flashing

glance at Dete, "and should she begin to whimper and cry for you, as senseless little children do, what shall I do with her then?"

"That is your business," rejoined Dete. "No one told me what to do with her when she was given to my care, while she was only twelve months old. I could hardly take care of myself and my mother. I must do something for myself now; and besides, you are the nearest relation to the child. If you cannot keep her, do whatever you like with her. You have to answer for her, if anything should happen to her."

Dete was not easy in her mind about this whole affair; being excited, she had said more than she meant. At her last words the Uncle stood up and looked at her in a manner that made her go back several steps. Then he stretched out his arm and said in a commanding tone: "Make haste and get down to the place where you came from; and don't show yourself again around here!"

Dete did not wait to have it repeated.

"Well, then, good-by; and to you also, Heidi," saying which she hurried down the mountain till she had reached Doerfli. For the internal excitement drove her forward as if she were a steam engine. In Doerfli she was addressed by the people from all sides, for they wondered what had become of the child. They knew Dete very well and also to whom the child belonged, and all the details connected with it. The more they shouted to her from every door and window asking where the child was,

or where she had left her, the more reluctant she was to answer them.

“Up there with the Alm-Uncle! up there with the Alm-Uncle! You have already heard it, can’t you understand?”

But she felt very uncomfortable, for nearly all of the women called from all sides,

“How could you have done such a thing! the poor little creature! And to leave such a little child up there!” And then repeatedly, “The poor little thing!”

Dete ran as fast as she could and was glad to hear nothing more, for she could not feel happy having treated her sister’s child like that. Her mother on her dying bed had left the child to her care, and in order to quiet her conscience she said to herself, she would soon be able to do something for her, when she had earned a little money; and she was, therefore, very glad that she would soon get away from these people who talked so much, and begin to earn a goodly sum of money.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE GRANDFATHER'S.

AFTER Dete had disappeared, the Uncle had seated himself again in the bench and whiffed large clouds of smoke out of his pipe; at the same time he gazed on the ground uttering not a word. Meanwhile Heidi looked about with great delight. She discovered the goat-stall built close to the cottage and peeped in, but she saw nothing there. Still continuing her investigations she went behind the cottage towards the old fir-trees. The wind blew through the branches so violently that it whistled and roared up in the tops. Heidi stood still and listened. As it grew somewhat calmer, she continued her way to the corner of the hut and came back in front where her grandfather was. As she saw him still sitting in the same place where she had left him, she went and stood in front of him, and putting her hands behind her gazed steadily at him. The grandfather raised his eyes and seeing the child standing motionless before him asked: "What will you do now?"

"I want to see what there is in the cottage," said Heidi.

"Come along." And the grandfather rose and walked towards the cottage.

"Take your bundle with you," he ordered the child as they entered in.

"I don't want it any more," said Heidi.

The old man turned and looked with penetrating eyes at the child whose black eyes were sparkling in expectation of seeing what there might be in the hut.

"She does not lack in intelligence," said he half aloud. "Why don't you want it any more?" added he in a louder voice.

"I want to go about like the goats, who have such light legs."

"Well, you can do it, but bring the bundle in," said the grandfather. "It can be put away in the closet." Heidi obeyed him at once.

Now the old man opened the door and they entered into a pretty large room of the size of the hut itself. There was a table and a chair; near by, in one corner, stood the bed of the grandfather, in another there was a large boiler on the fireplace, and on the other side there was a large door in the wall which the grandfather opened,—it was the cupboard. There were hanging his clothes, and on a shelf lay a pair of shirts, stockings and handkerchiefs; on another, plates, saucers and glasses; and on the top one a round loaf of bread, smoked meat and cheese, for it contained all that the Alm-Uncle possessed and needed for his living. When he opened the door, Heidi hastened and put her bundle as far behind the grandfather's clothes as she could, that it should not be easily found.

Now she looked about the room and said: "Where am I to sleep, grandfather?"

"Wherever you like," replied the old man.

This pleased Heidi. She went through every corner of the room, and searched every spot to see where she could sleep most comfortably. In the corner opposite the grandfather's bed there was a little ladder set up. Heidi climbed up and came to the hayloft. She found there a pile of fresh, sweet-smelling hay, and through a small window one could have a far-stretching and splendid view over the valley.

"Here I will sleep," cried the child. "It's such a snug place. Come and see, grandpa, see how beautiful it is up here!"

"I know it already," came the answer from below.

"I am making my bed now," was Heidi's rejoinder—apparently made while busy with something—"but you must come up and bring me a bed-sheet, for one must have one to lie on."

"Well, well," answered the grandfather from below, and after a while he went to the cupboard and looked for something. At last, he pulled out from under his shirts a long coarse linen cloth which must have been something like a sheet. Taking it he went up the ladder, and found there in the hayloft a very pretty little bed. Where the head was to lie, the hay was raised higher, and she had arranged it so that her face should lie close to the round window, to have the advantage of looking over the valley.

"Well done!" said the old man; "now the sheet must be spread, but wait a while." Then he took a

much of hay from the heap, and made the bed twice as thick, that she might not feel the hard floor.

"Now bring me the sheet." And Heidi took it in her hands, and as it was so heavy, she could hardly lift it. But it was just the thing for her, as the sharp points of the hay could not go through the thick stuff.

Now they spread the sheet over the hay and where it was too wide and too long Heidi tucked the ends under the bed. It was now nice and clean, and Heidi kept looking at it thoughtfully.

"We have forgotten one thing more," she remarked at last.

"And what is it?" asked the old man.

"A coverlet, for when one goes to bed, one creeps between the sheet and the coverlet."

"Do you think so? But if I have none, what then?" said the old man.

"Oh, it is all the same, grandfather," said Heidi. "I could use hay as a covering."

And as she ran hastily to get some the grandfather stopped her.

"Wait a minute," said he, and going down the ladder he went to his bed and soon returned with a heavy, large linen sack, which he laid on the floor.

"Isn't this better than hay?" he asked.

Heidi pulled the sack with all her might on all sides to make it lie flat; but it was quite impossible for her little hands to straighten the heavy stuff. With her grandfather's aid she at last succeeded.

And when it lay spread on the bed it looked quite nice and comfortable. Heidi stood before her new bed admiringly and said : " What a splendid coverlet and a beautiful bed this is ! I wish it were night that I could lie down to sleep."

" I think we had better eat something first," said the grandfather. " What do you say ? "

Heidi had forgotten everything else, being entirely taken up with her bed, but as she thought of food she felt hungry, for she had had nothing but a piece of bread and weak coffee early in the morning, and afterwards had started on their long journey. So Heidi assented to it, saying, " Yes, I think so, too."

" Well, let us go down, since we agree upon this," said the old man, and followed the child down the ladder. He went to the fireplace, and removing the large kettle, hung a smaller one instead. And then, sitting on the wooden three-legged stool, he kindled a bright fire. The water began to boil in the kettle. Now the old man held a large piece of cheese with a long iron fork over the fire, and turned it round and round till it was on all sides of a golden yellow. Heidi watched it with great attention. Then a new thought must have come to her mind, for she suddenly sprang and ran to the cupboard, going and coming back and forth. The grandfather came now with a pot and the cheese to the table, where already lay a round loaf of bread and two plates and knives, all neatly arranged, as Heidi had noticed everything in the cupboard. All being

ready now, they could sit down at once at the table to take their meal.

"Well, this is done well. I am glad to see that you can do something by yourself," said the old man, as he put the cheese on the bread. "But something more we need on the table."

Heidi saw how invitingly it was steaming out of the pot, and sprang again quickly to the cupboard. But she found only one small mug there. Heidi was not long in perplexity; seeing two glasses on one of the shelves, she took them and went back, carrying with her the mug and the glasses, which she put on the table.

"That is good; you know how to help yourself."

The grandfather seated himself on the only chair, and Heidi ran like an arrow to the fireplace, and bringing back the little three-legged stool, sat on it.

"It's true you have a seat now, but it's a trifle too low for you," remarked the grandfather; "even my stool would not be high enough for you to reach the table, but you must have something to eat," saying which he rose from his seat, filled the mug with milk, put it on the stool, and drew it close to Heidi, and so it served for a table to her. The grandfather gave her a large piece of bread and also a piece of cheese, saying, "Now, go ahead and eat." He himself sat on the corner of the table and began to take his meal. Heidi seized her mug and drank and drank without stopping, with the thirst of her long journey. Then she drew a long

breath—for in her haste she had had no time to take breath—and set her mug down.

“Do you like the milk?” asked the grandfather.

“I never drank such good milk before,” answered Heidi.

“Then you must have more,” and the grandfather filled the mug to the brim and set it before the child who was eating her bread with delight, after she had spread it with the soft cheese; for it was soft as butter, roasted as it was, and it tasted excellently. She now and again drank her milk and looked quite happy.

When they finished eating, the grandfather went to the goats’ pen, where he had a good many things to put in order. Heidi watched him attentively to see how he first swept the place clean with a broom, then spread fresh straw, so that the little animals might lie down comfortably. And then she saw how he went to the wood-pile and cut off round sticks, and made a circular board, and bored holes in it in order to fasten the board and the sticks together. A stool was made out of it which was just like the one the grandpa had, only being much higher.

Heidi gazed at the work speechless, filled with great amazement.

“What is this, Heidi?” asked the grandpa.

“This must be a stool for *me*, because it is so high. And how quickly you made it!” said the child, still in wonder and amazement.

“She knows what she sees; she has her eyes in

the right place," remarked the grandfather to himself, as he moved about in the cottage, drove here and there nails, fastened something on the door, and walked around from one place to another with a hammer, nails and pieces of wood mending this, and knocking that away—wherever anything was needed.

Heidi followed him step by step, and watched him continually with the greatest attention, and whatever he did amused her exceedingly.

In this way it was soon evening.

The wind began to blow hard, shaking the ancient fir-trees; it whistled and roared through the thick branches. This sound, coming to Heidi's ears filled her heart with great delight; she was overjoyed with it, sprang and jumped about under the large trees as if she had just experienced an unheard-of pleasure.

The grandfather stood at the door, and watched the child. Now a sharp whistle was heard. Heidi stopped jumping and the grandfather went out. Soon the goats were seen bounding down the steep mountain one after the other, and Peter himself running after them. With a joyous shout she rushed and mixed up with them with a hearty welcome to all the friends she had made that same morning.

On reaching the cottage they all stopped. Two beautiful slender goats, one a white and the other a brown, left the rest of the herd, running straight to the grandpa, and licked his hands; for he held some

salt in his hand, as he always did each evening when they returned home.

Peter disappeared with his herd.

Heidi stroked each one of the goats gently and turned around to stroke them on the other side, too. She was full of joy and happiness over these little creatures.

"Are they ours, grandpa? Are they both ours? Will they go to the pen by themselves? Will they always stay with us?" so asked Heidi in her great delight question after question; and the grandfather had scarcely had time enough to put in his continual "Yes, yes," after each question. When the goats finished licking their salt the old man said: "Go fetch your mug and some bread."

Heidi obeyed and was soon back. Now after the grandfather milked the white one, the mug was full to the brim, then cutting a slice of the bread he said: "Now you can eat it up and go to your bed. Aunt Dete left another bundle for you in which you will find your nightgowns and other things. They are in the cupboard, if you want them. I must take the goats in now. I wish you a sound sleep; good night!"

"Good night, grandfather, good night! What are their names, grandpa, what do you call them?" shouted the child, and ran after the old man, as he went in with the goats.

"The white one is called Schwaenli (a little swan) and the brown one Baerli (a little bear)," rejoined the grandfather.

“ Good night, Schwaenli, good night, Baerli ? ” shouted the child in a loud voice to the goats, when they were already in the pen. Now Heidi sitting on the stool began to eat her bread and milk. But the strong wind nearly blew her off her seat. She soon finished her supper and went in and climbed up to her bed, in which she immediately slept so deep and sound, as though she had been in the most beautiful bed of a princess. Not long after, before it was quite dark, the grandfather also lay on his bed, for in the morning he was always up with the rising sun, and in summer it must have been very early, as they were on top of a high mountain. During the night the wind blew so terribly, that the cottage shook and the beams cracked through the chimney ; it roared and moaned like souls in anguish, and through the old fir-trees it raged with such a fury, that here and there some branch would split and fall down with a crash. About midnight the grandfather rose murmuring to himself : “ The poor child will be frightened.” He climbed up the ladder and approached gently Heidi’s bed. Outside the moon shone in her glory in the sky for a short time, after a while the fast-approaching clouds reappeared again, veiling up the face of the moon, and everything was dipped in darkness. Now once more the moonlight shone clearly through the round hole and fell straight on Heidi’s bed. Under her heavy covering she slept with her rosy cheeks, lying, her head on her round arm, calm and peaceful, surely dreaming of something pleasant, for her face had a

cheerful look. The grandpa watched the child sleeping in repose so long as the moon could be seen ; and when the clouds hid it, he went back to his bed.

CHAPTER III.

THE PASTURE.

HEIDI was awakened early on the following morning by a loud whistle, and as she opened her eyes, she saw golden rays streaming through the round holes fall on her bed and the hay near by, imparting to everything around an appearance of gold. Heidi looked about her all amazed, and could not tell where she was. But as she heard outside the deep voice of her grandfather, all came back to her—the place she had left and her climb up the mountain to live with her grandfather. And then she realized that she was no more with old Ursel, who was nearly deaf and usually very cold, so that she was always near the kitchen fire, or the stove of the room, where Heidi was obliged to keep in sight of her, as the old woman could see better than she could hear. It was sometimes too tiresome for Heidi to stay in the room, and she would much prefer to go out. So when she awoke in her new home, she was very much pleased with the thought of all the new things she had seen yesterday, and other things she might see to-day, particularly Schwaenli and Baerli.

Heidi sprang out of her bed and put on in a few minutes all the clothes she had on the day before, which were not many. Then she went down the

ladder, and ran quickly outdoors. There goatherd Peter stood already with his herd, and the grandfather led Schwaenli and Baerli out of the pen, so that they might join the flock. Heidi, running up to him and the goats, bid them good day. "Would you like to go with him to the pasture?" asked the old man. This pleased Heidi very much. She jumped high for joy, so great was her delight.

"But you must wash and make yourself clean, or else the sun will laugh at you, while he, shining up there so brightly, finds you so black. See! everything is ready for you." The grandfather pointed to a big tub full of water, which stood in the sun before the door. Heidi, running to it, splashed and rubbed her face, till it became bright and clean. The grandfather, in the meantime, went to the cottage and soon called to Peter, "Come here, you general of goats, and take your knapsack with you." Peter followed the call with surprise and took his bag in which he carried his meager meal.

"Open!" said the old man in a commanding tone, putting in it a large piece of bread, and with it a good-sized piece of cheese.

Peter showed his great surprise by opening his round eyes wide as he could, for the two pieces were nearly twice as large as what he had taken for his own dinner.

"Now, put the mug in," said the Uncle, "for the child cannot drink like you from the goats, she has not learned how to do it. Milk for her two mugs full at noon, for the child is going with you and is

to stay there till your return. Look out for her and see that she does not fall over the rocks. Do you understand?"

Heidi came running. "Can the sun laugh at me now, grandfather?" she asked gently. She had rubbed her face, neck and arms with a coarse towel which hung there near the wash-tub, so that she stood before her grandfather as red as a lobster.

The old man smiled. "No, he has nothing to laugh at now," he assured her. "But you must know something else besides. In the evening when you return, you must plunge into the tub like a fish, for, as you will go around like the goats, your feet will be as black as theirs. Now you can go along."

So they went cheerfully up the Alm. In the night the wind had blown away the last speck of cloud. The sky on every side was deep blue, and the sun shone brightly over the green Alm, and all the blue and yellow flowers opened their cups and looked up merrily. Heidi sprang to and fro exulting with joy, for there were whole groups of fine red primroses, some spots were all blue with the charming gentians, and everywhere golden buttercups with tender leaves smiling and nodding in the sunlight. Charmed by all the beckoning and glistening flowers, Heidi forgot the goats, and even Peter, too. She ran forward to some considerable distance, now on one side, now on another, for here they shone red, and there yellow, and drew her attention and lured her away. She plucked a great many flowers and put them in her apron, for she wished to take

them all home and place them in her bedroom that they might look as they do in the open air.

Peter was obliged to keep his eyes open and look in every direction, and his round eyes, not having been used to move very quickly, had much more to do than he could manage, for the goats were much like Heidi; they also ran hither and thither, and he was obliged to go everywhere, whistle, shout and swing his staff to bring the herd together, and this kept him busy.

"Where are you, Heidi?" he called out with rather an angry tone.

"Here," sounded the reply from somewhere, but Peter could not see any one, for Heidi was sitting on the ground behind a mound, which was full of sweet-smelling flowers; the whole atmosphere being so perfumed that Heidi had never breathed such delicious air. She sat in the midst of the flowers inhaling the fragrance in full breath.

"Come here," shouted Peter again, "you must not fall down the cliffs. The Uncle has forbidden you from going there."

"Where are the cliffs?" asked Heidi without moving from her seat, for the sweet perfume came with every breeze towards the child more deliciously.

"Up there, way up; we have still a great distance to go. So come along! And up there on the highest top sits the bird of prey and screams."

This moved her. In a minute Heidi jumped up and ran to Peter with her apron full of flowers.

"Now you have enough," said he, when they

were once more climbing the heights together, "or else you will stop all the way up; and besides, if you pick all of them you will not be able to get any to-morrow."

The last reason was convincing for Heidi; besides, she had already filled her apron, so that there was hardly any room left for more. And to-morrow also she must pick some. She, therefore, proceeded with Peter, and the goats also acted better and went along in good order; for they scented the sweet herbs of their pasture in the distance, and went up there without delay.

The pasture where Peter usually stopped with his goats, and where he stayed the whole day, making it his resting-place, lay at the foot of the high cliffs, the bottom of which is covered with bushes and fir-trees, and which rise high up to the sky, all naked and steep. On the one side of the Alps the ravines stretch far down, and the grandfather was quite right in warning against going there. When they reached the top of the heights Peter took off his bag and laid it down carefully in a little hollow in the ground, for the wind often blew in sudden gusts, and Peter, knowing this full well, did not care to see his precious dinner roll down the cliffs.

Having finished his task, he stretched himself full length on the sunny pasture, for he justly deserved the rest after the fatigue of climbing the steep mountain.

In the meanwhile Heidi had unfastened her apron, and rolling up her flowers in it, put it in the same

place with the lunch; then following Peter's example she stretched herself on the ground; and began looking about her in every direction. The valley lay far down below, resplendent with the morning sun. Heidi saw before her a large wide snow-field rising up the dark blue sky. On the left there was an enormous mass of rocks, on either side of which rose a tower of precipices, bare and jagged, up to the heavens, and looked upon Heidi from above quite grimly. The child was sitting there as still as a mouse, and looked in every direction. Deep silence prevailed everywhere to a great distance; only a light soft breeze swept over the slender bluebells and the shining golden buttercups which stood everywhere on their slender stalks, nodding softly and merrily to and fro.

Peter was overcome with sleep after the day's exertion, and the goats had climbed up among the bushes. Heidi was pleased with everything, as she never had been before in her life. She drank in the pure air in the golden sunlight, together with the sweet perfume of the flowers, and cared for nothing else but to remain always where she was. In this way some little time elapsed, and Heidi gazed and gazed at the lofty rocks, until they, at last, seemed to have faces and were looking at her with familiar and friendly glances.

Suddenly she heard above her in mid-air a shrill screaming cry resound, and on looking up she saw a large bird, the like of which she had never seen before, flying with her wings outstretched wide,



"Stop your play Heidi, it is now time to eat," said Peter.
—Page 36. Heidi.

turning repeatedly in large circles, screeching sharp and loud over Heidi's head.

"Peter, Peter, wake up!" exclaimed Heidi, "there is the bird of prey (meaning the eagle). Look! look!"

Peter, roused by her cry, joined Heidi to watch the bird, which rose up higher and higher in the blue sky, and at last disappeared over the gray cliffs.

"Where has it gone now?" asked Heidi, who had followed the bird with her eyes very closely.

"Home to its nest," was Peter's answer.

"Is its home way up there? and does it live there? How beautiful it must be up there! Why does it scream so loud?" she asked again.

"Because it must," said Peter.

"Let us climb up there to see its home," suggested Heidi.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Peter, and each exclamation was uttered louder than the one before, to show his disapproval. "No goat can go up there; besides, the Uncle said you must be careful not to fall over the precipice."

All at once Peter began whistling and calling so powerfully that Heidi did not know what was to happen, but the goats no doubt knew its meaning, for one after the other they came running and jumping down, and soon the whole flock gathered on the meadow. Some nibbled at spicy grass, others ran here and there, while some others passed the time amusing themselves by butting each other with their horns.

Heidi, springing to her feet, ran into the midst of the goats as it was to her a novel and indescribably pleasing sight, to see the little animals frisking about and playing merrily together. Heidi mixed up with them in order to get acquainted with each one personally, for every one had an entirely peculiar appearance of its own. In the meantime Peter had brought the knapsack, and had arranged in a square on the ground the four pieces of the bread and the cheese, which were in it, laying the larger pieces for Heidi and the smaller ones for himself, because he knew which was which. Then taking the little mug, milked Schwaenli till it was full to the brim, and placed it on the improvised table. Then he called Heidi to dinner. But he had to wait for her longer than he did for the goats; she was so pleased and delighted with the various movements and the pranks of her new playmates, that she could see and hear nothing else. But Peter knew how to make himself understood. He shouted so loud that it resounded back from the rocks; and thus Heidi appeared now, and the table seemed so inviting that she hopped around it with great joy.

"Stop your play, it is now time to eat," said Peter, "so sit down and help yourself."

Heidi seated herself on the bare ground.

"Is the milk for me?" she asked, looking once more at the neat square of the table with a look of satisfaction.

"Yes," replied Peter, "and the big pieces of bread

and cheese are also yours, and when you have drunk all the milk, you may have another mugful from Schwaenli. Then comes my turn."

"And from which are you going to get your milk?" Heidi wished to learn.

"From my goat Schnecke. Go on with your lunch now," said Peter.

Heidi started, at last, to drink her milk, and when she had put her empty mug down Peter rose and brought a second one to her. Heidi cut up some of her bread into it, and offered the remainder to Peter. The bread was larger than Peter's own, which was already eaten. She also gave him a big lump of cheese, saying: "You can have this; I have had enough."

Peter looked at Heidi dumfounded and speechless, for he had never in his life been able to do that sort of thing to any one. He hesitated a moment before he could fully realize that Heidi was in earnest. She at first held out her pieces to him, and as Peter did not take them, she put them down on his knee; seeing, at last, that she really meant to give it, he took the present, nodded his thanks, and made an excellent meal, such as he never had enjoyed in his life of shepherd.

Heidi, in the meantime, was delighted watching the goats.

"What names do you give to the different ones?" asked she.

He knew them well and was able to keep them in his mind without any trouble, as he had very little

else besides to take up his memory. So he began to name one after the other mechanically, pointing each time to the one he named; Heidi listened to this with great attention, and after a short time she learned to distinguish the different ones, and gave them all their correct names. As each had its own peculiarities, one could easily remember them by paying some attention, just as Heidi had done.

Among them there was the big Turk with its strong horns, who was always ready to butt the others, and most of them, seeing it move towards them, would jump away out of sheer dislike for this rough mate. Distelfink, the slender and nimble goat, was the only one among them brave enough not to avoid it, and would run after it successively with so much tact and swiftness that the big Turk often stood astonished, and did not move or attack the other, for Distelfink also was ready to defend itself with its sharp horns.

There was the little white Schneehoepli, who was always bleating so ardently and pitifully, that Heidi had already gone to her more than once and had taken her head between her arms to comfort it. And now the child ran to her once more, for the young wailing voice had just called again imploringly. Heidi, putting her arm round the neck of the little goat, asked in a caressing tone: "What is the matter, Schneehoepli? Why are you calling for help?"

The little creature nestled confidently against Heidi, and seemed to be more contented.

Peter called out from his place with frequent interruptions between bits and swallows :

"She does that because the old one no longer comes with her. She, having been sold in Mayenfeld day before yesterday, will not go to the Alm any more."

"Who is the old one?" asked Heidi.

"Why, her mother," was the reply.

"Where is her grandmother?" asked Heidi again.

"She has none."

"O, you poor Schneehoepli!" said Heidi, pressing to her tenderly the little creature. "Don't cry any more. I will come with you every day after this, then you will no longer be alone; and if you should need anything, come to me."

Schneehoepli was pleased, and rubbed her head on Heidi's shoulder, and stopped bleating wofully.

By this time Peter had finished his meal, and had returned to his herd with Heidi, who had already made all sorts of investigations. By far the loveliest and cleanest of all the goats were Schwaenli and Baerli, whose behavior was uncommonly gentle; they went most of the time by themselves away from the others, and especially the forward Turk, with scorn and contempt.

The animals had once more begun to climb up towards the bushes, each going its own way, some leaping carelessly over everything, and others being in search of sweet herbs, while the Turk was attacking every one that he met here and there. Schwaenli and Baerli climbed prettily and lightly,

and found at once the best bushes, and placing themselves cleverly, ate the best they could find. Heidi stood with her hands behind her back, and watched everything with the greatest attention.

While Peter lay stretched on the ground Heidi made the following remark: "Peter, the prettiest of all are Schwaenli and Baerli."

"I know that," was his reply. "The Alm-Uncle cleans and washes them and gives them salt, and has for them the finest pen."

Peter, suddenly springing to his feet, pursued the goats in long leaps; and Heidi ran after him, for she thought something must have happened, and then she did not like to stay behind. Peter, making his way through the flock, went towards the Alm, where the rocks grow steeper and more naked, and a careless goat going near there might fall down and break all its bones. He had seen the reckless Distelfink jump towards that direction, and he came just in time as the little animal leaped towards the edge of the precipice. Peter was about to get hold of her when, his feet slipping, he fell on the ground, and could only catch the leg of the poor creature, holding to it fast. Distelfink bleated angrily, and rather surprised that she was held and hindered from continuing her jolly sport, and made a great effort to press forward. Peter called aloud for Heidi to come to his help, for he could not rise, and nearly pulled Distelfink's leg off. Heidi had already at once recognized the dangerous position of Peter as well as that of the goat. She quickly pulled some sweet-

scented herbs from the ground and held them close to Distelfink's nose, and said affectionately : " Come, come, Distelfink, you must be more sensible. See, you might fall down and break your legs, and that would give you terrible pain."

The goat returned quickly and began to eat the herbs which Heidi had in her hand with much pleasure. In the meanwhile Peter had risen to his feet, and seized the cord which held the little bell on Distelfink's neck. Heidi taking hold of it from the other side, together they led the runaway back to the herd which was grazing peacefully. When Peter had led the goat in safety, he raised his staff and was about to whip her as a punishment, when Distelfink, knowing what was to happen, drew back in fear, but Heidi cried out loudly : " No, Peter, no, you must not strike her ; see how frightened she looks."

" She deserves it," said Peter in anger, and was about to strike, when Heidi fell on his arm and cried out in great passion :

" You must do her no harm, it will hurt her. Let her go."

Peter looked in great astonishment at Heidi's commanding manner, whose black eyes flashed at him in such a way that he involuntarily dropped his staff.

" She may go if you promise to give me some of your cheese to-morrow," said Peter yielding, for he wanted some compensation for his fright.

" You can have the whole, the whole piece, to-morrow and every day ; I don't want it at all," said Heidi, consenting. " And I will also give you part of

my bread as I did to-day, but you must never strike Distelfink nor Schneehoepli, nor any of the goats."

"It is all the same to me," said Peter, this being as much as a promise. Now he let loose the guilty one, and the merry Distelfink leaped high with joy, and ran off to the herd.

The day had imperceptibly gone, and the sun was about to disappear behind the mountains. Heidi sat again on the ground and looked quietly on the bluebells and the buttercups which shone in the evening's glowing light. And all the grass took a golden hue, and the rocks above began to shimmer and to flash.

Suddenly Heidi sprang to her feet shouting: "Peter, Peter, fire! fire! it is burning, all the mountains are in flames. The great plain of snow is on fire. The sky! Oh, see! see, the mountains of rock ablaze! Oh, the beautiful, sparkling snow, Peter, look up there, look! The fire has reached the bird of prey. Look at the rocks! Look at the fir trees. Everything is on fire."

"It always looks like that," said Peter, good-naturedly, still peeling the bark from his rod, "but it is not fire."

"What is it, then? what is it?" asked Heidi again.

"It comes of itself," explained Peter.

"Oh, look! look!" called Heidi in great excitement. They suddenly turn as red as rose. Look at the snow and the high rocks. What do they call them. Peter?"

"Mountains are not called by names," was the answer.

"Oh, how beautiful it is! Look at the snow red as rose. Oh, on the rocks above are a great many roses. Oh, now they are changed to gray. Oh, now everything is gone, all gone! Peter." And Heidi sat on the ground and looked much troubled, as if the world was coming to an end.

"It will be just the same to-morrow," said Peter. "Get up, we must be going home now."

Peter whistled and called the goats together, and they started on their homeward journey.

"If we should go to the pasture every day, will it be just the same?" asked Heidi, to have a decided assurance, as she was descending the Alm by the side of Peter.

"It usually is," was the reply.

"But certainly to-morrow again," said she, wishing to be sure.

"Yes, yes, of course," assured Peter.

Heidi seemed glad to hear it, she having received so many impressions in one day, and so many things were running through her head that she went down in silence until she reached the Alm cottage and had seen her grandfather sitting under the fir trees, where he had placed a bench.

He usually sat there every evening waiting for his goats, which came from that side. Heidi came running towards him, and Schwaenli and Baerli following her, for the goats knew their master and their pen. Peter called to Heidi: "Come again to

morrow! Good night!" For he was very anxious that she should go again.

Heidi ran quickly back, and giving Peter her hand, assured him that she would do so, and hurried back to the flock as it was going down, seized Schneehoepli once more, put her arms around her neck, and said affectionately: "Good-night, Schneehoepli! be sure I will come again to-morrow, and you must never bleat so sadly as you did to-day."

Schneehoepli looked up to Heidi gratefully, and then jumped gaily after her companions.

Heidi went back under the fir trees.

"Oh, grandfather, it was so nice," she called out before she had reached him. "The fire and the roses on the rocks, and the blue and yellow flowers. Look what I have brought you."

Saying this, she poured out of her folded apron her whole wealth of flowers before her grandfather. But how had the flowers changed! They were all like hay, and not a single cup was open.

"Oh, grandfather, what has happened to the flowers?" she exclaimed, altogether frightened. "They were not like that? Why do they look so now?"

"They want to be out in the sun, and not in your apron," said the grandfather.

"Then I will not take any more with me. But, grandfather, why did the bird of prey scream?" asked Heidi urgently.

"Now go and wash yourself while I go and fetch

the milk; afterwards we will go to the hut and eat our supper. Then we will talk about it."

This being done, and later, when Heidi sat on her high stool with the mug full of milk before her and the grandfather on her side, the child asked the same question:

"What makes the bird of prey cry and scream so all the time?"

"He laughs at the people down below, that so many living together in the villages fight and abuse each other. He scolds them, saying, 'If you would all separate and each go his own way and climb up to some high cliff, as I do, you would be better off.'"

The grandfather said these words in a wild tone, so that the screams of the bird of prey impressed more her mind.

"Why don't the mountains have names, grandfather?" asked Heidi again.

"They have names," replied he, "and if you describe one to me so that I recognize it, I will tell you what it is called."

Now Heidi described the mountain of rock, with its two high pinnacles, exactly as she had seen it, and the grandfather said in a pleasing manner:

"Exactly so; it is called Falkniss. Did you see any other?"

Heidi began to describe the mountain with the large snow field, on which the snow appeared to be on fire, then changed to red rose, and at last it turned suddenly quite pale and dark.

"I know that, too," said the grandfather. "That

is called Caesaplana. So you had a good time on the pasture, then, didn't you?"

Now Heidi told what had happened during the day; how beautiful it had been, especially about the fire in the evening, and asked the grandfather what the cause of it was, because Peter did not know anything about it.

"The sun does that," said the grandfather, "when he bids the mountains good night. He casts his most beautiful rays on them, so that they may not forget him until he comes back again in the morning."

This pleased Heidi so much that she could hardly wait until the morrow, when she could go again and see how the sun bid the mountains good night. But she had first to go to bed, and she slept very soundly in her hay bed and dreamed of the bright mountains with red roses, in the midst of which Schneehoepli leaped and ran cheerfully.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE GRANDMOTHER.

ON the following morning the sun rose shining brightly. Then came Peter with the goats, and they all climbed up together to the pasture. And thus day succeeded day. Heidi with this life on the pasture grew brown and as strong and healthy as the gay birds that live in the woods.

When autumn came, and the wind began to blow harder over the mountains, the grandfather said one day : " You must stay at home to-day, Heidi ; a little girl like you might be blown off by the wind over the rocks into the valley."

Peter, hearing this on the next morning, looked very unhappy, for he saw only misfortune awaiting him. First of all, he was sure to feel lonesome and would not know what to do without her ; and then, if Heidi did not go with him, he would miss his good dinner. Besides, the goats acted so savagely on these days that they gave him twice as much trouble as he usually had in taking care of them, for they were so accustomed to Heidi's companionship that when she was not there they would not go straight on their way, but would run in every direction. Heidi never felt unhappy, as she always saw

something joyful around her. Most of all, she liked to go with the shepherd and the herd to the pasture strewn over with flowers, where she could see so many different things in connection with the goats and their peculiarities. She took, also, great delight in the hammering, the sawing and the carpentering of her grandfather.

It happened he was just making cheese from the goats' milk. Now that she had to stay at home, it was a peculiar pleasure for her to watch this curious operation, in which the grandfather bared both of his arms and stirred it in the big kettle. And, moreover, in these windy days it pleased her to see and hear the blowing and rustling of the three old fir trees in the back of the hut. She would run to them from time to time, leaving every other object of less interest, for there was nothing that seemed as beautiful and wonderful as this deep mysterious roar in the lofty branches. She would stand below and listen. She was never tired of watching and hearing it as it roared and moaned in the trees, shaking them with great power.

The sun was not hot as in summer, and Heidi began to look for her stockings and shoes, and also for her little frock, for every day it grew colder. When Heidi stood under the fir trees the wind shook her as if she were a little thin leaflet, but she was all the time running there, and could not stay in the hut whenever she heard the wind.

After a while, as it grew colder, Peter blew on his fingers when he came early in the morning;

but it did not last long, for suddenly one night there was a heavy snowfall. In the morning the whole Alm was white, and there was not a single green leaflet to be seen anywhere.

Goatherd Peter came no more with his flock, and Heidi looked through the little window in great astonishment, for it began again to snow; and the thick flakes were falling continually until the snow was so high that it even reached the window; and higher still, so that the windows could not be opened, and they were completely shut up in the hut. This seemed so funny to Heidi that she was always running from one window to the other to see what was to happen next, and whether the snow would cover up the whole cottage, when they would be obliged to have a light in the daytime. But it did not come to that. On the following day the grandfather went out, as it had stopped snowing, and shoveled a path around the house. He piled the snow in great heaps which had the appearance of mountains, on all sides of the hut.

Now the windows and the door were free, and this was good; for as Heidi and her grandfather sat by the fire on their three-legged stools—for he had also made one for the child—suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the door, and some one kicked against the threshold; at last the door was opened. It was goatherd Peter. He did not knock the door through rudeness, but he was simply stamping the snow off from his shoes. In fact, he was completely covered with snow, as he

had been obliged to force his way through the drifts; so that great chunks clung to him and were frozen by the severe cold. But he had persevered because he was anxious to see Heidi, whom he had not seen for eight days.

"Good evening," said he entering, and went as near to the fire as possible, and said nothing else; but his whole face beamed with smiles at being there once more. Heidi stared at him surprised; as he stood close to the fire, the ice began to melt from his clothes and gave him the appearance of a little waterfall.

"Well, general, what are you doing?" said the old man; "now you have no army, and must gnaw your slate pencil."

"Why must he gnaw his slate pencil, grandpa?" asked Heidi with curiosity.

"In the winter he must go to school," said the grandfather. "There one learns to read and write, and sometimes it's very hard and the gnawing somewhat helps you to think. Isn't it so, general?"

"Yes, it's very true," answered Peter.

Heidi's interest in the school was now aroused, and she had to ask Peter a great many questions concerning the school and everything that happened, and whatever was seen and heard there.

So much time was spent in conversations in which Peter took part, that he was able, in the meantime, to get dry from head to foot. It always cost him a great deal of effort to change his ideas into words—that is, to express his thoughts; but this time it

was unusually difficult for him, for scarcely had he made an answer when Heidi had two or three unexpected questions ready, and mostly such as required a whole sentence in reply.

The old man kept quiet during the whole conversation, but often the corners of his mouth would twitch with a smile, which was a sign that he listened.

“Well, general, you have been under fire and certainly need something to strengthen you ; come and dine with us,” said the grandfather, and rising brought from the cupboard whatever they had for supper, while Heidi arranged the seats around the table. Recently a new bench had been made by the grandfather; and as he was now no longer alone, he had prepared all sorts of seats for two people ; for Heidi had acquired the habit of following her grandfather wherever he went. So they were all three conveniently seated, and Peter opened his round eyes wide as he saw the large piece of delicious dried meat the Alm-Uncle put before him on a thick slice of bread. Such a good time Peter had not had for many months. When the pleasant meal was over, it began to grow dark, and Peter was getting ready to go home. But after he had said “Good night” and “God bless you,” and had reached the doorway, he turned back once more and said :

“Next Sunday I’ll come again,—a week from to-day ; you must also come to see my grandmother ; she said so.”

It was altogether a new thing for Heidi that she should go to see any one, and this idea took hold of her mind, and the following morning the first thing she said was :

“Grandpa, I must certainly go down to see the grandmother ; she expects me.”

“There is too much snow,” said the grandfather, refusing her request.

But the idea had taken a strong hold of her mind, for the grandmother had sent word to her, and she had decided to go. Not a day passed that the child did not repeat five or six times :

“Grandfather, now I certainly must go ; the grandmother is expecting me.”

On the fourth day, when at every step it cracked and creaked outdoors, and the snow was frozen hard everywhere, and yet the beautiful sunshine fell through the window, Heidi, sitting on her stool at dinner, began again to express her desire to make this visit.

“To-day I must certainly go to the grandmother, else she will be tired of waiting for me.”

The grandfather rose from dinner, climbed up the ladder to the loft, brought down the thick sack that served as coverlet for Heidi’s bed, and said :

“Well, come along !”

The child, greatly delighted, jumped out after him into the glistening snow-world. All was quiet now in the old fir trees, and on all their branches lay the white snow, and every object shone and

sparkled in the sunlight in such a splendor that Heidi leaped high into the air for joy, and called out repeatedly :

“ Come, come, grandfather, it is silver and gold all over the fir trees ! ”

The grandfather had gone into the shed, and come out with a big sled which had a bar in the front, and from the flat seat one could hold down his feet, and leaning with them against the snow lead the sled in the right direction. The grandfather had to look at the fir trees with Heidi, then seating himself on the sled took the child in his lap and wrapped her all around with the blanket to keep her warm, holding her with his left arm tightly to his side, for it was necessary in the journey. Then he seized the pole with his right hand and gave it a shove with both feet. And the sled started down the Alm with such great speed that Heidi thought she just flew in the air like a bird, and shouted aloud joyously.

Suddenly the sled stopped just in front of goatherd Peter's home. The grandfather placed the child on the ground and taking off her wraps, said :

“ Now go in, and when it begins to grow dark, then come out and start for home.”

He, drawing the sled behind him, started up the mountain.

Heidi opened the door and entered a small room where it looked dark. There was a hearth, and some plates on the shelves. This was the little kitchen. Then she came to another door which she

opened. This also led into a narrow room, as the house was not a mountain cottage like the grandfather's, in which there was one single large room and a hayloft above; but a very old little house where everything was small and poor.

When Heidi entered the little room, she saw in front of her a table, where a woman sat mending Peter's jacket, as Heidi recognized it at once. In the corner was sitting a bent little old woman spinning. Heidi knew at once what to do, and went directly to the spinning-wheel and said:

"Good day, grandmother. I have come to see you at last. Did you think you would have to wait for me forever?"

The grandmother raised her head and searched for the hand, which was stretched out to her, and when she found it, she felt it for a while thoughtfully, and then said:

"Are you the little child who lives up there with the Alm-Uncle? Are you Heidi?"

"Yes, yes," affirmed the child, "I have just come down with my grandfather in a sled."

"Is it possible that you have such a warm hand? Tell me, Brigitte, did the Alm-Uncle himself come down with the child?"

Brigitte, Peter's mother, who had been mending at the table, stood up and looked at the child curiously from head to foot, and then said:

"I don't know, mother, whether the Uncle himself came down with her. It is possible the child may not know exactly."

But Heidi looked at the woman not as if she was in any uncertainty about it, and said :

"I know it very well ; he who wrapped me up in the coverlet and came down with me on the sled was my grandfather."

"There must be some truth in what Peter has said all along through the summer regarding the Alm-Uncle, whom we thought that he did not know," said the grandmother. "Who could have believed such a thing was possible ? I thought the child would hardly live three weeks up there. How does she look, Brigitte ?"

The latter had in the meantime examined the child all over, so that she was now able to inform how she looked.

"She is finely built, like Adelheid," answered she, "but she has black eyes and curling hair, like Tobias and the old man. I think she looks like them both."

Heidi had not been idle all this time ; she had looked about and examined everything that could be seen. Then she said :

"Look, grandmother, the shutter is swinging, and the grandfather would drive a nail immediately, to hold it fast. It will break a pane of glass, some day. Look, look, how it slams !"

"You good child," said the grandmother. "I am not able to see it, but I can hear it very well, not only the shutter, but much more besides. When the wind comes, everything creaks and cracks, and it blows in from every side. Nothing holds to-

gether now ; and in the night when they are both asleep, I am afraid that the house may cave in and kill all three of us at the same time. Oh, and there's no one who could fix anything in the house. Peter doesn't understand how to do it."

"But why can't you see what the shutter is doing, grandmother? Now look there, just there." Heidi pointed right to the spot with her finger.

"Oh, my little child, I can see nothing, nothing at all ; not only the shutter, but everything else," said the grandmother, mournfully.

"But if I go out and open wide the shutter to make quite light in the room, could you see then, grandmother?"

"No, no, not even then! No one can give light to my eyes."

"But if you go out in the white snow, then it would surely be light for you. Come out with me, grandmother, I'll show it to you." And Heidi took the grandmother by the hand, and would take her out, for she became quite uneasy that there was no light for her anywhere.

"Let me sit here, my good child ; it will always be dark for me, even in the snow and in the sunlight. The light can never penetrate into my eyes."

"But at least in summer, grandmother," said Heidi, growing more and more uneasy, and seeking some way out of the trouble. "You know, summer time, when the sun sends forth its bright and dazzling beams, and bids the mountains 'good night,'

and they glow in red colors, and the yellow flowers glisten, then it will be light to you, will it not ? ”

“ Oh, my child, I can see them no more, neither the fiery mountains nor the golden flowers. I shall never see the light on earth again—never ! ”

Now Heidi began to weep aloud. Feeling wretched, she sobbed all the time, saying : “ Who can restore light to your eyes ? Isn’t there anybody ? Nobody at all ? ”

The grandmother tried to comfort the little child now, but she could not succeed easily. Heidi hardly ever cried, but when once she began, it was almost impossible for her to be comforted.

The grandmother tried in every way to soothe her, for it went to her heart that the child was sobbing so mournfully. At last she said :

“ Come, you dear Heidi ; come to me ! I will tell you something. You see, when one can see nothing, then one can more easily hear a friendly word ; it is a great pleasure for me to hear you talk. So come, sit down by me, and tell me what you do up there, and what the grandfather does. I used to know him very well, but now, for several years, I have heard nothing of him except what Peter has said, and he does not say much.”

Now, a new thought came into Heidi’s mind. She wiped away her tears quickly, and said comfortingly :

“ Wait a little, grandmother ; I will tell all this to my grandpa. He can make it light once more for you. and in some way or other he can repair

the house so it will not tumble down. He can put everything in good order."

The grandmother remained silent. Then Heidi began to tell her with great animation of her life with the grandfather, the days on the pasture, and of their present winter life; how her grandfather made everything out of wood—benches, stools, and a pretty manger to put hay in for Schwaenli and Baerli, and a new big water-trough for summer bathing, and a new bowl and spoons. Heidi grew livelier every time that she described all the beautiful things that all at once came out of a piece of wood, and how she would stay beside her grandfather and watch him, and how she would do herself all that in the future.

The grandmother listened with great attention, and said now and then :

"Do you hear, Brigitte, do you hear what she tells about the Uncle?"

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a noisy stamping at the door, and Peter burst into the room, but stood still at once, opening his big round eyes very wide, astonished to see Heidi there, and his face was covered with friendly grimaces, as she cried out at once : "Good evening, Peter."

"Is it possible that he is already back from school?" said the grandmother in astonishment, "it's many years since an afternoon has passed so quickly for me. Good evening, my little Peter. How are you getting on with your reading?"

"Just the same," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said the grandmother, sighing a little, "I thought there might be some change by this time, as you will be twelve years old in February."

"Why should there be a change?" asked Heidi with great interest.

"I mean only that he might have learned something," said the grandmother, "to read, I mean. I have up there on the shelf an old prayer-book in which there are beautiful hymns. I have not heard them for a long time, and cannot remember them now. I hoped if Peterkin could have learned to read, perhaps he would read to me some of the hymns. But he cannot learn; it is too hard for him."

"I think I must light the lamp; it is getting quite dark," said Peter's mother, who was busy all the time mending his jacket. "The afternoon passed away without my noticing it."

At this Heidi sprang up from her little chair, and stretched out her hand quickly and said:

"Good night, grandmother, I must go home at once, for it is almost dark," and offered her hand to Peter and his mother, and went towards the door. But the grandmother cried anxiously:

"Wait, Heidi, wait, you must not go alone. Peter must go with you. Do you hear? Take care of the child, Peterkin, that she may not fall, and do not be slow on your way, that she may not be frost-bitten. Do you understand? Has she got a big shawl?"

"I have no shawl," said Heidi. "It is not so cold,"

saying which she went out of the door, and ran so nimbly that Peter could hardly follow her.

But the grandmother called anxiously : " Run after her, Brigitte, quick ! the child will freeze in such a night. Take my shawl with you."

Brigitte obeyed. But the children had scarcely gone a few steps up the mountain when they saw the grandfather coming down ; and soon he was standing before them.

" That's right, Heidi, you kept your promise," said he, wrapping the child again in her shawl, and taking her in his arms began to climb up the mountain.

Brigitte had seen how the old man had wrapped the child carefully before starting for home. She went back into the house and told the grandmother in great surprise what she had just seen. The old woman was also surprised, and said repeatedly :

" God be praised, that he is so kind to the child ! God be praised ! I wish he would let her come to me again, the child has done me much good. What a good heart she has ! How amusingly she can talk ! " And the grandmother rejoiced all the while till she went to bed, and said over and over again :

" If she will only come again ! I have something left in this world now that will make me happy ! "

Brigitte agreed with her every time, Peter also nodded his head showing his assent, and grinned from ear to ear with delight, and said :

" I knew it already."

All this time Heidi was talking to her grandfather ;

but as her voice could not pierce through the eight-fold wrapper he did not catch a word, and so he said :

“ Wait a little until we are at home, then you can tell me all.”

As soon as they reached home, he entered the hut and freed Heidi from her heavy wrappings, and she said :

“ Grandpa, to-morrow we must take the big hammer and the large nails to fasten the shutters at the grandmother’s, for everything creaks and shakes in the house.”

“ We must ? we must ? Who told you so ! ” asked the grandfather.

“ No one told me that, I knew it,” replied Heidi, “ for nothing holds there together, and the grandmother is in constant fear, and unable to sleep. She thinks : ‘ Now all will fall down on our heads.’ And nobody can make it light for grandmother ! She doesn’t know how any one can. But you can, of course, grandfather. Think how sad it is to be always in the dark ; and, in addition to it, in fear and anxiety ! No one can help her but you. To-morrow we will go and help her ; shall we, grandpa ? ”

Heidi clung to the grandfather, and looked at him with indubitable confidence.

The old man, looking at the little child for a while, said :

“ Yes, Heidi, we will do that ; it shall no more rattle at the grandmother’s ; we can do that ; to-morrow we will do it.”

At this the child jumped for joy round the room, and called out repeatedly :

"To-morrow we will do it! To-morrow we will do it!"

The grandfather was true to his promise. On the following afternoon he took the same sled-ride. As on the preceding day, the old man placed the child at goatherd Peter's door, and said :

"Now, go in, and when it is night come again."

Then he laid the sack on the sled, and went round about the house.

Scarcely had Heidi opened the door and sprang into the room, when the grandmother called out of her corner :

"There comes the child! It is the child!"

She let the thread drop, and stopped the wheel for joy, and stretched out both of her hands to the child.

Heidi ran to her, pushing the low chair close to her, seated herself and had to tell the grandmother a great many things.

Suddenly, such a pounding and banging was heard from outside that the grandmother started for terror, almost overturning her wheel, and shaking all over, cried out :

"Oh, heavens, now it has come, the cottage is falling to pieces!"

But Heidi held her fast by the arm, and said comfortingly :

"No, no, grandmother, do not be afraid; it is only my grandfather with his hammer; he will

make everything fast now, so that you won't have anything to fear."

"Can it be possible? Is such a thing possible? Then the good God has not forgotten us!" exclaimed the grandmother. "Did you hear, Brigitte, what it is? Do you hear? Surely, it's a hammer! Go out, Brigitte, and if it is the Alm-Uncle, ask him to come in for a minute so that I can thank him."

Brigitte went out. At that moment the Alm-Uncle was fastening a bar on the wall, with great force. She went up to him and said:

"I wish you good day, Uncle, and so does my mother. We are much obliged to you for doing us such good service; and my mother wishes to thank you for your trouble. Certainly no one would have done this for us, and we appreciate it because——"

"That is enough," interrupted the old man. "I know already what you think of the Alm-Uncle. Go in again. Wherever there is anything to fix I can find myself."

Brigitte obeyed at once, for the Uncle had a way which nobody dared to oppose. He pounded and hammered all around the house, climbed up the narrow steps to the roof, and hammered continually until he had used the last nail he had brought over with him.

In the meantime it had grown dark, and scarcely had he gone down and fetched his sled from the goat-shed when Heidi also came out of the hut. Her grandfather, wrapping her as on the previous day, took her in his arms and dragged the sled behind

him, for Heidi could not sit on it alone; her wrappers would have fallen off, and she would have been almost frozen. The grandfather was well aware of this, and held her quite warm in his arms.

Thus passed the winter. After many long years, a time of joy had come into the cheerless life of the blind grandmother; her days were no more long, dark and monotonous, for now she had something joyful to look forward to. From early morning she began to watch for the tripping footsteps, and when the door really opened and the child ran in, jumping, the old woman would call out always happy:

“God be praised! There she comes again.”

And Heidi would sit by her side, chattering and telling of what she knew in such a pleasant way that it did good to the old woman; and she did not feel the time as it passed, and she no longer asked, as she used to:

“Brigitte, is not the day nearly over?”

Every time when Heidi closed the door behind her, she said: “How short the afternoon has been, isn’t it so, Brigitte?” And Brigitte would say: “Certainly; it seems to me as if we had just cleared the dishes off the table.”

And the grandmother would say again: “May God keep the child in health, and preserve the good-will of the Uncle! Does she look healthy?” And every time Brigitte would reply: “As ruddy as an apple.”

Heidi was greatly attached to the old grandmother, and whenever she thought that no one, even the grandfather, could give back her lost sight, her heart was filled with grief. But the grandmother told her more than once that she suffered less when Heidi was with her, and Heidi went down on the sled every beautiful afternoon. The grandfather had continued in this way without any more words, and each time he took his hammer and all sorts of tools on the sled, and spent the afternoon repairing goatherd Peter's little house. But this had results, as no more cracking and rattling was heard; and the grandmother said she had not been able to sleep so well for many a long winter, and she could never forget the kindness of the Alm-Uncle.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT, AND ANOTHER, AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

QUICKLY passed the winter, and still more quickly the happy summer following, and a new winter was coming to an end. Heidi felt as happy and satisfied as the little birds of the air, and rejoiced more and more every day for the coming spring days, when the warm south wind would blow through the fir-trees and melt away the snow; then the bright sun would appear, and the blue and yellow flowers, and the days for the pasture would come, bringing with them the most beautiful things for Heidi, as nothing else gave her as much happiness.

Heidi was now in her eighth year; she had learned of sorts of useful things from her grandfather. She could take care of the goats as well as any one, and Schwaenli and Baerli ran after her like faithful dogs, and they bleated aloud for joy when they only heard her voice.

This winter Peter had twice brought word from the teacher in Doerfli that the Alm-Uncle ought to send the child who was with him to school; she was now more than old enough and should have gone the preceding winter. The Uncle had each time

sent word to the teacher saying that if he had anything to say to him he was always at home. But as to the child, he did not intend to have her go to school. Peter delivered this message faithfully.

When the March sun had melted away the snow on the slopes, and snowdrops had come out in the valley, and the fir trees on the Alm had shaken the snow, and the branches waved gaily, Heidi began to run joyously back and forth from the house to the pen, then to the fir trees, and again back to the grandfather to tell him how large the green grass had grown under the trees; and immediately she ran back to see, for she could not wait for everything to grow green, and the beautiful summer come once more with its splendor of herbs and flowers on the Alm.

On a sunny March morning as she was running about, and had jumped over the threshold for the tenth time perhaps, she almost fell backwards from fright; for she stood suddenly before an old gentleman clad in black who looked at her gravely. But when he saw that the child was frightened, he said kindly :

“ You mustn’t be afraid of me, for I love little children. Give me your hand ! You must be Heidi. Where is your grandfather ? ”

“ He is sitting at the table making round spoons out of wood,” said Heidi, and opened the door.

It was the old pastor from Doerfli who had known the Uncle for many years when he still lived down in the village, and was a neighbor of his. Entering

into the hut he approached the old man, who was bending over his work of carving, and said: "Good morning, neighbor."

The old man looked up to him surprised, and rising up said: "Good morning, pastor!" Then he offered his stool to him, and continued saying: "If the pastor does not mind a wooden chair, here is one."

The pastor sitting down said: "I have not seen you for a long time, neighbor."

"Yes, we have not met for years," was the answer.

"I have come here to have a talk with you about something," began the pastor. "I think you know what I have come to see you about, and to have some understanding with you, and hear what your intention is in regard to the matter."

The pastor stopped and looked at Heidi, who stood at the door watching sharply the newcomer.

"Heidi, go to the goats," said the grandfather, "and take a little salt with you, and stay there until I come."

Heidi went right away.

"The child ought to have gone to school a year ago, and by all means this winter," said the pastor. "The teacher sent you word, and you have made no reply. What are you going to do with her, neighbor?"

"I do not intend to send her to school," he answered.

The pastor looked at the old man in surprise. as

he was sitting on his bench with his arms folded, and did not seem to be yielding.

“What do you propose to make out of the child?” asked the pastor.

“Nothing. She grows and thrives with the goats and the birds; and she is happy with them; and she learns nothing bad from them.”

“But the child is neither a goat nor a bird; she is a human being; if she learns nothing bad from these her companions, she does not learn anything else either. But she ought to learn something, as it is just the time for it. I have come to inform you of it in good time, neighbor, so that you may think about it, and make your arrangements during the summer. This must be the last winter for the child to spend without attending a school; next winter she must go to school, and every day, too.”

“I will not do it, pastor,” said the old man in a firm tone.

“Do you think that there is no way of bringing you to your senses, if you continue stubbornly in your unreasonable behavior?” said the pastor, somewhat excited. “You have traveled in the world a good deal, and must have seen much, and could have learned many things. I believed you to be a man of good judgment, neighbor.”

“Well,” said the old man, and his voice betrayed that he did not feel calm in his mind, “and does the pastor think for a moment that I would be willing to send the child next winter every day on **ky-cold mornings** through snow and storms, and

let her return in the evening in a raging blizzard, when even men of our size would be choked in the wind and the snow? And the pastor may recall Adelheid, her mother; she was a lunatic and had fits. Shall the child also contract such a disease through over-exertion? Let any one dare try to force me to do it! I will go with him to every court, and then we shall see who is able to compel me!"

"You are right, neighbor," said the pastor in a friendly tone, "it wouldn't be possible to send the little child to school from here. But I see you are fond of the child; so do something for her which you should have done long ago. Come down to the village and live again among your former neighbors. What is this your life up here, alone and embittered toward God and man! If anything should happen to you here, who will be able to come to your help? I can never understand how you can bear the terrible cold through the whole winter in this hut; and how you and the tender child can live here without freezing?"

"I can assure the pastor that the child has young blood and a thick coverlet; and besides, I know where to find wood and how to bring it. If the pastor wishes to look in my shed, he will find plenty of fuel there. In my cottage the fire never goes out all winter. As to the pastor's suggestion about my going down to live in the village, it is not for me. The people down there despise me, and I despise them; we live apart, and that's best for both parties."

"No, no. it isn't good for you; I know just what

the trouble is with you," said the pastor in a decided tone. "As to the contempt of the people down there, it isn't as bad as you think. Believe me, neighbor, try to make peace with God; ask for his forgiveness, if you need it; and then come and see how different the people will look at you and how pleasant everything will be for you."

The good pastor now stood up, and holding out his hand to the old man, said once more cordially:

"I hope, neighbor, you will be down there with us again next winter, for we are the same good old neighbors. I would be very sorry, if force is used towards you. So give me your hand and promise that you will come down and live among us again, having peace with God and man."

The Alm-Uncle, giving the pastor his hand, said firmly and decidedly:

"The pastor means good with me, but I will not do what he expects me to. This I say plainly and will not change my mind. I shall neither come down there nor send the child to school."

"So let God help you," said the pastor sadly, and went out of the door and down the mountain.

The old man was out of humor, and when Heidi said in the afternoon:

"Now let us go to the grandmother," he replied: "No, not to-day;" and did not say anything all day. And the following morning when Heidi asked: "Shall we go to the grandmother to-day?" his answer was likewise in a few words and in an indifferent tone. He said simply: "We shall see."

But before the plates had been cleared from the table after dinner, there entered another visitor. It was Aunt Dete. She had a fine hat on her head, with a feather, a dress which swept everything that lay on the floor—and in the cottage lay all sorts of things which did no good to the dress.

The Uncle examined her from head to foot and said nothing. But Aunt Dete intended to have a friendly conversation, for she began immediately to flatter him by saying that Heidi looked so healthy and well that she hardly recognized her, and one could easily see that the grandfather had taken good care of her. She said that she intended to take her back again, for she had formerly imagined that the little child would very much be in his way, but at that time she could find no place for her; and, ever since, she had been thinking day and night where she could find a shelter for her. That's why she had come to-day, for she had learned something suddenly which might prove fortunate for her. At first she could hardly have believed it herself; she had at once followed up the matter, and now she could say without doubt that the matter is settled, and not one in a hundred thousand persons could be as fortunate as Heidi.

“A very rich relative of my mistress, who lives in almost the finest house in Frankfort, has an only daughter, who, being lame on her one side and otherwise not healthy, is obliged to stay in a rolling chair, and is almost always alone, and has to study all her lessons alone with her teacher, and this is very

wearisome for her ; so she would like to have a playmate with her."

This was talked about at her employer's home, as the mistress was anxious to find such a companion for her as the housekeeper described.

The housekeeper had said she would like to have an unspoiled child, different from those seen everywhere. She had at once thought of Heidi, and had run immediately to the lady, and described everything about the child and her character ; and the lady had consented to have her come. "Now no one could know what luck and good fortune awaits Heidi, for if she is once there, the people will like her, and if something should happen to the only child,—for nobody can tell, she is so weak,—and if the people should not wish to be without a child, the most unheard-of good luck might——"

"Will you ever finish your story ?" interrupted the Uncle, who thus far had not spoken a word.

"Pah," exclaimed Dete, and threw back her head. "You act as if I had told you the most common story ; and there isn't a single person in whole Praettigan who would not thank God in heaven if I had brought to him the news which I bring you."

"Take them wherever you like ; I do not want any of them," said the Uncle drily. Now Dete started up like a rocket, and cried out :

"Well, if this be your opinion, Uncle, I will tell you what mine is ; the child is eight years old and has learned nothing and knows nothing, and you do not intend to have her learn anything, you don't

send her to school, nor to church; this I have been told in Doerfli, and she is my sister's only child; I am responsible for whatever happens to her. And if ever one had any luck, that Heidi has now. There can only be one person in the way who is indifferent about the whole world, and who wishes no one good. But I will not yield. This I will tell you; and then I have all the people on my side, and there is not a single person down in Doerfli who would not be willing to help me, and who is not against you; and if you should bring it before the court, you must think of it carefully, before you do it. Uncle, there are many things which can be said against you, which you would not like to hear, for if any one begins to go to court, much is raked up which has been long forgotten."

"Hold your tongue," thundered the Uncle, and his eyes flashed fire. "Take the child and ruin her! Never bring her into my presence. I cannot bear to see her with a hat and a feather on her head, and words in her mouth as I have heard from you to-day!"

The Uncle left the house hurriedly.

"You have made my grandpa angry," said Heidi, with fire in her sparkling black eyes, looking at her aunt not at all in a friendly way.

"Oh, he will be all right again soon. Come, now, where are your clothing?" said Dete.

"I will not go," Heidi answered.

"What do you say?" said Dete angrily, then changing her tone a little she continued, half friendly,

half in anger: "Come, come, you do not understand it; you will have pleasanter times there than you could ever imagine."

Then she went to the closet, took out Heidi's things, and packed them together.

"Come now, get your hat; it doesn't look very nice, but it is all right for the present; put it on, and let us go immediately."

"I will not go," repeated Heidi.

"Do not be stupid and obstinate like a goat; you have learned it from them. You have heard what he said, that we must never come before his eyes. He wants you to go with me now. You must not make him more angry. You have no idea how delightful it is in Frankfort, and there you will see all sorts of things, and if you should not like it, you can come back home; by that time the grandfather will be all right again."

"Can I come right back home again to-night?" asked Heidi.

"What! Come along now. I told you, you can go home again whenever you like. To-day we go as far as Mayenfeld. And early to-morrow morning we take our seats in the railway-car, in which you can come back home in a minute. It is like flying."

Aunt Dete had the bundle of clothes on her arm, and took Heidi by the hand. So they went down the mountain. But as it was not yet time for pasture, Peter still went to school down in Doerfli; or should have gone, but sometimes took a holiday, for

he thought it useless to go there. One can get along without learning to read; it is better to go round and seek for big sticks, as one can make use of these. So he was seen just coming towards his cottage, apparently successful in the day's exertions; for he carried on his shoulder a large bundle of long, thick hazel-wood sticks. He stood still and stared at the two travelers who were coming towards him until they were close by, when he asked:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Frankfort with my aunt," replied Heidi, "but I will go and see the grandmother first, as she is waiting for me."

"No, no, nothing of the kind; it is already too late," said the aunt hastily, and held Heidi fast by the hand, as she was struggling to go. "You can go to see her if you should come home again. Now come along," and she drew Heidi away and did not let go of her again; for she was afraid that it might come back into the child's mind not to go, and the grandmother might take sides with her.

Peter ran into the house, and flung his whole bundle of sticks with such a force on the table, that the whole house rattled, and the old woman started up from her spinning-wheel in great fright, and cried aloud. Peter had to give full vent to his feelings.

"What is the trouble? what is the trouble?" asked the grandmother with anxiety, and the mother, who was sitting at the table, and had almost jumped in the air at the crack, said in her usual patient tone:

“What is up now, Peterkins? Why do you act so?”

“Because she has taken Heidi away,” exclaimed Peter.

“Who, Peter, who? Where? where?” asked the grandmother, now more anxiously.

But she must have soon guessed at what had happened, her daughter having told her a short time before that she had seen Dete going up to the Alm-Uncle’s.

Her whole body trembling, and in great haste, the grandmother opened the window, and called out imploringly:

“Dete, Dete, do not take the child away! Do not take Heidi from us!”

While going down both of them heard the voice, and Dete must have understood what she said, for she held the child faster and ran as speedily as she could. Heidi, resisting, said:

“The grandmother calls me, I must go to her.”

But the aunt would not listen to it and tried to persuade her to walk faster, so that they should not be too late, and the following morning they could travel farther; she could see then for herself how she would like Frankfort, that she would not want to return. Even if she wished to come back, she could do so at once, then she could bring something to the grandmother which would please her. Heidi was delighted with this plan. She began to run without further resistance.

"What can I bring to the grandmother?" asked the child after a while.

"Something good," said the aunt, "some delicious white bread will please her, for she can scarcely eat the hard black bread."

"Yes, she always gives it to Peter and says: 'It is too hard for me.' I have seen it myself," confirmed Heidi. "Let us hurry on, Aunt Dete; we may possibly reach Frankfort to-day, so that I can soon be back with the white bread."

At this Heidi began to run so quickly that the aunt could not keep up with her with the heavy bundle under her arm. But she was very glad that Heidi walked so fast, for they had nearly reached the first houses of Doerfli, and there people would ask all sorts of questions which might lead Heidi to thinking again.

They hurried straight through the village, and the child dragged her aunt by the hand with such force that all the people could see that she had to hasten to please the child. She had no time to answer the many questions which were asked her from every window and doorway, but said only:

"You see, I cannot possibly stop; the child is in such a hurry and we have to go a long distance."

"Do you take her with you?" "Has she run away from the Alm-Uncle?" "It is surely a wonder that she is still living. And she is so rosy."

Thus came the remarks from all sides, and Dete was so glad that she had passed through the village without delay, and had not given any explanation;

and that Heidi had said nothing, but had hurried forward in great haste.

From that very day the Alm-Uncle was in bad humor more than ever when he went through Doerfli with an angry look on his face. He greeted no one; and with the cheese basket on his back and the huge stick in his hand, and his thick eyebrows contracted, he looked so menacing that the women used to say to the little children:

“Take care! Get out of the Alm-Uncle’s way; he may hurt you!”

The old man associated with no one in Doerfli. He passed through it, and went down into the valley, where he sold his cheese and bought whatever bread and meat he needed. When he walked through Doerfli, people gathered together in groups behind him, and every one knew of something strange about him; how more ugly he looked and no longer exchanged greetings with anybody; and all agreed that the child was very fortunate to have escaped from him. On that day she was evidently running in great haste as if in fear of her grandfather’s pursuing her to take her back. The blind grandmother alone took the Alm-Uncle’s part, and whoever went up to have her spin or to take what she had spun she told the same story every time and again; how kind and careful the old man had been to the child and did everything to make her happy; what he had done for her and for her daughter; how he had spent many an afternoon repairing her house, which surely would have fallen down had he not fixed

it. All these things reached Doerfli also ; but every-body who heard these remarked that perhaps the grandmother was getting too old to comprehend ; she may not have understood it right, for she could not hear very well, and the more as she could see nothing at all.

The Alm-Uncle stopped going to goatherd Peter's cottage. It was very fortunate for them that he had repaired their house so well, for it held together a long time without need of fixing.

The days now began to be days of sorrow and sighing for the poor blind grandmother ; and not a day passed when she would not say mournfully :

“ Oh, with the child every good thing and every joy has been taken from us, and the days are so dreary ! If I could only hear Heidi's voice once more before I die ! ”

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW CHAPTER AND NEW SCENES.

IN the house of Mr. Sesemann in Frankfort lay his little sick daughter, Clara, in a comfortable rolling-chair in which she was seated all day, and was rolled from one room to another. She was now in what they called the study, which was alongside of the big dining-room. Here all sorts of things were arranged in such a comfortable way that it looked as if they generally used it as a living room. Seeing the beautiful book-case with glass doors one could easily know the reason why it was called by that name; and it was the place where the little lame girl received her education.

Clara had a pale and small face out of which there peeped two mild blue eyes, at this moment directed toward the big wall-clock, which seemed to move unusually slow to-day, for Clara, who was rarely impatient, now said with some uneasiness:

“Isn’t it almost time, Miss Rottenmeier?”

Miss Rottenmeier sat upright by a little work-table embroidering. She had on a mysterious-looking wrapper, a large cape or a kind of cloak which gave her a sad and solemn appearance, that was enhanced by some kind of high-built cupola on her head. Miss Rottenmeier, ever since Clara’s mother’s

death, several years ago, had been Sesemann's house keeper and looked after the house and all the servants. As Mr. Sesemann traveled a good part of the year, he left Miss Rottenmeier in charge of the whole house on this one condition, that his little daughter should have a voice in everything, and that nothing should be done contrary to her wishes.

While Clara asked Miss Rottenmeier for the second time, with some sign of impatience, if the time had not arrived when those expected should arrive, Dete, holding Heidi by the hand, stood below at the door, and was asking Johann, the coachman, who had just jumped down from the carriage, whether she might be allowed to disturb Miss Rottenmeier at such a late hour.

"It is no business of mine," mumbled the coachman. "Ring for Sebastian in the hall."

Dete did what she was told, and the servant of the house, with big round buttons on his coat, and eyes nearly as large in his head, came down the stairs.

"I would like to know if I may be allowed to disturb Miss Rottenmeier at such a late hour," asked Dete.

"That is not my business," returned the servant. "Ring the other bell for the maid, Tinette," and Sebastian disappeared without any further information.

Dete rang again. Now the maid Tinette appeared on the stairs with a dazzling little white cap on top of her head, and a scornful expression on her face.

"What is it?" she asked from the top of the stairs.

without coming down. Dete repeated her request. Tinette disappeared, but soon came back and called down from the head of the stairs. "You are expected."

At this, Dete, holding Heidi by the hand, went up the stairs and entered the study, following Tinette. She stood politely near the door, still holding Heidi fast by the hand, for she did not know how the child would behave in an altogether strange place like this.

Miss Rottenmeier, rising slowly from her seat, came nearer in order to examine the newly-arrived playmate for the daughter of the house. Her appearance did not seem to please her. Heidi was dressed in her simple linen dress and her old broken straw hat. The child looked around her in her innocent way, and examined the turret on the head of the lady with unconcealed astonishment.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Rottenmeier, after looking for a few minutes with examining eyes at the child, who gazed steadily at her.

"Heidi," answered she distinctly, and in a singing tone.

"What? what? This certainly can't be your Christian name. Of course you were not baptized by that name. What name was given you at your baptism?" asked Miss Rottenmeier again.

"I do not know it now," replied Heidi.

"Is this an answer, then?" said the lady, shaking her head. "Dete, is the child simple or pert?"

"If the lady will allow and give her consent, I

will reply for the child, for she is very inexperienced," said Dete, after she had nudged Heidi secretly for her unbecoming answer. "She is neither simple nor pert ; as she knows nothing about that, she means just what she says. To-day is the first time she has been in a house like this, and has had no knowledge of what good manners means. She is very obedient and will learn if the lady would only have a little forbearance. She was baptized Adelheid, after her mother, my late sister."

"Good ! that looks like a name which one can pronounce," remarked Miss Rottenmeier. "But, Dete, I must tell you that the child seems to be rather strange for her age. I informed you that the playmate for Clara should be of the same age, to follow the same instructions and to share the same amusements in general. Clara has passed her twelfth year. How old is this child ?"

"With your leave, Madam," began Dete again in her eloquent way, "I cannot quite remember just how old she is. I know that she is somewhat younger than that ; she is perhaps in her tenth or somewhat more than that, I presume."

"I am now eight years old, my grandfather told me that," said Heidi. The aunt gave her a fresh push, but Heidi did not know the reason and was not at all confused.

"What ! only eight years old ?" called out Miss Rottenmeier somewhat angrily. "Four years too young. What does this mean ? And what have you learned ? What books have you studied ?"

"None," replied Heidi.

"What! How did you learn to read then?" asked the lady.

"I have never learned to read, neither has Peter," was Heidi's reply.

"Merciful God! you cannot read! you cannot really read?" cried Miss Rottenmeier in great surprise. "Is it possible that you cannot read? But what have you learned, then?"

"Nothing," said Heidi, in conformity with the truth.

"Dete," said Miss Rottenmeier, after a few minutes in which she tried to calm herself, "this is not at all according to our agreement. How could you bring me such a creature?"

But Dete did not allow herself to be so soon intimidated in this way. She replied with courage:

"If the lady will allow me, the child is just what the lady asked for as near as I understood; the lady described that the child should be altogether different and not like other children, and so I selected this little one, for the larger children do not live separate, and I thought this answered the description. But I must go now, for my mistress is expecting me, and if they allow me I will return soon and find out how she is doing."

With a courtesy Dete went out of the door and down the stairs very quickly. Miss Rottenmeier stood there a minute, then ran after Dete, for she remembered that she had a great many other things to ask the aunt about, if the child was really to stay

there; the lady saw at once that Dete was determined to leave the child with them.

Heidi still stood in the same place by the door, where she had been when she first came. Until then Clara had looked from her chair in silence at what happened. Now she beckoned to Heidi.

"Come here to me."

Heidi approached her chair.

"Which do you prefer to be called, Heidi or Adelheid?" asked Clara.

"My name is Heidi and nothing else," said Heidi.

"Then I will always call you by that name," said Clara. "The name pleases me for you; I have never heard it before and I have never seen a child that looked like you. Have you always had such short curly hair?"

"Yes, I think so," said Heidi.

"Were you pleased to come to Frankfort?" asked Clara.

"No, but to-morrow I am going home again to carry some white rolls for the grandmother," said Heidi.

"You are a strange child," replied Clara. "You have been brought here expressly to stay here and take lessons with me. Now it is very funny that you cannot read. There will be something quite new in the lessons. Sometimes it is very tiresome and tedious, and the mornings seem to have no end. Just think of it, at ten o'clock every morning the tutor comes, and the lessons begin and continue until two o'clock, and it is so long. Sometimes the tutor holds

the book close to his eyes, as if he had suddenly grown near-sighted, but yawns awfully behind the book. And Miss Rottenmeier also takes out her large handkerchief and holds it over her whole face, as if she were much affected by what we are reading; but I know perfectly well that she is only yawning. Sometimes I feel inclined to yawn, but I must always swallow it down, for if I should yawn one single time, Miss Rottenmeier would bring the cod-liver oil at once, saying that I was fainting. Cod-liver oil is the most horrible thing. So I rather swallow my yawns than that stuff. But now it will be much pleasanter for me as I can listen while you learn to read!"

Heidi shook her head doubtfully when Clara spoke of learning to read.

"Yes, yes, Heidi, you must learn to read. Every lady must, and the tutor is very good and never gets angry. He will explain everything to you. But only think, when he explains anything to you, and you do not understand any of it, you must wait and say nothing, or he will begin to explain much more, and you will understand still less. But afterwards, when you have learned something and know it, then you will understand what he meant."

By this time Miss Rottenmeier had come back into the room. She had not been able to call Dete back and was seemingly excited, for she had not been able to talk in detail and explain to her that the child was not at all according to the agreement. And she knew not what was to be done to retract her step; she became the more excited, for she had con-

trived the whole matter herself. So she went from the study to the dining-room, and came back again. Then she immediately turned back again, and here she made an attack on Sebastian, who just then was thoughtfully examining the table he had laid to see that no fault could be found with his work.

"You better think your great thoughts to-morrow, and get the things ready for us to come to supper before night."

With these words Miss Rottenmeier passed by Sebastian and called Tinette in such an unpleasant tone that Tinette took much smaller steps than usual, and stood before her with such a defiance that even Miss Rottenmeier did not dare to make an attack on her; but for this same reason the excitement grew more violent in her heart.

"The room which the little child who has just arrived is to occupy must be put in order," said the lady with pretended tranquillity. "Everything is ready, only the furniture must be dusted."

In the meanwhile Sebastian had struck the folding doors of the study with a pretty hard knock, for he was very angry, but he did not dare to give vent to his feelings before Miss Rottenmeier. He then went into the study calmly to push the rolling chair into the dining-room. While he was turning the handle of the chair in the back, which had been displaced, Heidi stood before him, and looked at him steadily, which he noticed. Suddenly he started up.

"Well, is there anything strange there?" said he

to Heidi, in such a way, that he would not have done had he seen Miss Rottenmeier, who stood on the threshold and was just stepping in, when Heidi answered:

“Thou lookst like goatherd Peter.”

Shocked at this, the lady struck her hands against each other. “Is it possible?” she groaned in an undertone. “She called the servant *thou*. She lacks elementary ideas.”

The chair was wheeled in, and Sebastian took Clara out of it and placed her in her easy chair.

Miss Rottenmeier seated herself near her, and made Heidi a sign to take the place opposite her. No one else came to the table. The three sat far apart, so that Sebastian had plenty of room to serve his dishes. Near Heidi’s plate there was a nice, white little roll. The child gazed at it with joyful looks. The likeness which the child had discovered must have aroused her whole confidence in Sebastian, for she sat there as still as a mouse and did not stir until he approached her with the large dish and held to her the fried fish, after which she pointed to the roll and asked:

“May I have this?”

Sebastian nodded and threw a sidelong glance to Miss Rottenmeier, for he wondered what impression it would make on her. In a moment Heidi seized her roll and put it into her pocket. Sebastian tried to keep himself from laughing, as he knew very well that he was not allowed to do so. He was still standing before Heidi without

a word or a move, for he did not dare to talk, nor go away until he was told. Heidi gazed at him for a while in astonishment and then asked:

"Shall I, too, eat some of it?"

Sebastian nodded again.

"Give me some, then," said she, and looked quietly at her plate.

Sebastian was in a very nervous position; the dish in his hands began to shake dangerously.

"You may put the dish on the table and come back again," said now Miss Rottenmeier with a severe look.

Sebastian at once disappeared.

"Adelheid, I must teach you the first ideas of everything; that I see plainly," continued Miss Rottenmeier with a deep sigh. "Before everything else I must show you how to help yourself at the table." Then she showed plainly and in detail how to do everything Heidi had to do. "Then," she continued, "I must particularly tell you that you must not talk at the table to Sebastian, and other times only when you have a message for him, or something necessary to ask, but you must address him in no other way but *you*. Do you understand? I hope I shall never hear you address him otherwise. You must also Call Tinette *you*. As for me, you call me just the same as you hear the others call me. What you have to call Clara, she will herself tell you."

"Clara, of course," said the little invalid.

Then followed a good many directions in re-

gard to getting up in the morning and going to bed, of coming in and going out, of keeping the things in order and shutting the doors. While she was giving her instructions, Heidi's eyes closed, for she had been up since before five o'clock and had been traveling; so she leaned back in her chair and fell asleep. After a while, when Miss Rottenmeier brought her instructions to an end, she said:

"Now, Adelheid, think of what I have told you. Did you understand all?"

"Heidi has been asleep now for a long time," said Clara, very much delighted, for the supper time had not passed off so quickly for months.

"This is a very strange child, the like of which I have never seen," exclaimed Miss Rottenmeier in great anger, and rang the bell so violently that Tinette and Sebastian rushed in together. Notwithstanding all this noise Heidi did not wake, and they had taken the greatest pains to arouse her, so much that they had to take her to her bedroom first through the study, then through Clara's bedroom and then through Miss Rottenmeier's to the chamber in the corner, which was prepared for Heidi.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS ROTTENMEIER HAS A TIRESOME DAY.

WHEN Heidi opened her eyes on the first morning in Frankfort, she could not understand what she saw. She rubbed her eyes very hard, looked up again and saw only the same things. She was sitting in a high white bed, and before her was a large wide space, and where the light came in hung long white curtains; near there stood two chairs with large flowers on them, beside them there was a sofa by the wall with the same flowers and having a round table in front. In the corner stood the wash-stand with different things on it—things which Heidi had never seen before. But she suddenly remembered that she was in Frankfort, and everything came back to her mind and what had happened the day before, and at last came to her mind quite clearly the instructions given by the lady as far as she had heard them. Heidi jumped down from her bed and got ready. She went first to one window and then to another, for she wanted to see the sky and the earth outside, for she felt as if she was in a cage behind the large curtains. She could not push them aside, so she crawled behind them to come near the window. But it was so high that she could hardly reach up to look out,

and did not know what she was looking for. She ran from one window to the other and then came back to the first, but there were always the same things before her eyes—walls and windows—then walls and windows again. She felt quite uneasy.

It was still early in the morning, for Heidi was used to rising early on the Alm and to run out of the door immediately and see how it looked outside: if the sky was blue and the sun already up; if the fir trees were murmuring and the little flowers had opened their eyes. As a little bird which for the first time is placed in a handsome glittering cage flies back and forth and tries every bar to see if it cannot slip through and fly out and regain its freedom, so Heidi went from one window to the other to try if she could open it, as she felt that there must be a way to see something more than walls and windows; there must be open to view the ground below, the green grass and the last melting snow; and she longed to see it.

But the windows remained still firmly closed, no matter how hard the child turned and pulled and tried from below to drive her little fingers under the sash, that she might get strength enough to open it by pressure; but everything remained in its place. After a long time, when she saw plainly that all her efforts were of no avail, she gave up her plan, and reflected how it would be if she should go out of the house and turning round the corner continue her way to the back of it, until she should come to some grass, for she remembered that the evening

before she had walked only over stones in front of the house. Now some one knocked at the door, and immediately Tinette thrust her head in and said curtly :

“Breakfast is ready.”

Heidi did not at all understand it to be an invitation. On Tinette’s scornful face was written a warning for her not to go too near her, rather give her a friendly invitation, and Heidi read it on her face plainly enough to act accordingly. She took the little footstool from under the table, placed it in a corner, sat down on it, and waited in total silence to see what would come next. After a while a loud voice was heard, it was Miss Rottenmeier, who was already in a state of excitement, and called into Heidi’s room :

“What is the matter with you, Adelheid ? Don’t you understand what breakfast is ? Come over here !”

Heidi understood this and followed her immediately.

In the dining-room Clara had been sitting for some time in her place, and greeted Heidi with a friendly nod, and showed a much pleasanter face than usual, for she foresaw that all sorts of strange things were to happen.

The breakfast passed without any disturbance. Heidi ate her bread and butter in a proper manner ; and when all was over, Clara was rolled to the study, and Heidi was bidden by Miss Rottenmeier to follow and stay with Clara, until the tutor came

to begin the lessons. When the two children were alone, Heidi said at once :

“How can one look outdoors and down below to the ground ?”

“People open a window and look out,” answered Clara amusedly.

“The windows do not open,” said Heidi sadly.

“Yes, certainly,” assured Clara, “only you cannot open them, and I cannot help you either ; but when you ask Sebastian, he will open one for you.”

It was a great relief for Heidi to know that it was possible to open the windows and to look out, for she had felt so confined in her room.

Clara now began to ask Heidi questions about her home. And Heidi was telling her with delight about the Alm, and the goats, and the pasture, and all that she was fond of.

In the meantime the tutor had come, but Miss Rottenmeier did not take him as usual to the study, for she wished to speak with him first, and so conducted him to the dining-room, where she sat down and described to him her hard position in great excitement, and how it had happened.

She had written some time ago to Mr. Sesemann in Paris, where he was then staying, that his child wished to have a playmate with her in the house, and that she herself believed that such a one would prove for Clara a great incentive in her studies, and whose society would rouse her spirits.

In fact, this plan was very desirable to Miss Rottenmeier, for she would like to have some one else

to help her to take care of, and entertain, the sick girl, which was often too much for her. Mr. Sesemann had replied that he was willing to grant the wish of his daughter, only on the condition that her playmate should be treated the same as Clara; he did not like that any child should be troubled in his house —“which was, of course, an unnecessary remark on the gentleman’s part,” added Miss Rottenmeier, “for who would trouble?”

And she said further how terribly disappointed she had been in the child, and related everything she had done ever since she had been in the house to show that the child lacked the most elementary notions; and she added that not only the instruction of the tutor must begin literally with the *a b c*, but that she herself had to commence from the very beginning of human education. She saw only one way out of this embarrassing situation. If the tutor would only say that two so differently-formed natures cannot be taught together without doing great harm to the more advanced scholar, this would be a sufficient reason for Mr. Sesemann to put an end to the whole thing, and have the child sent back immediately to where she had come from. But without his consent she did not dare to undertake it; as he had heard that the child had come. The tutor was very cautious, and was never one-sided in his judgment. He consoled Miss Rottenmeier with many words. Moreover, he said if the younger girl was backward in some things, she might be more advanced in some other respects, so

that with a well-directed instruction they would soon harmonize with each other.

Miss Rottenmeier, seeing that the tutor did not favor her plan, but would rather teach an *a b c* lesson, opened the door into the study; and after he had entered in she quickly closed it behind him and remained outside, for she had terror of the *a b c*.

She strode up and down the room, for she had to think over how the servants should address Adelheid. Mr. Sesemann had written that she must be considered as if she were his own daughter. This command had a particular reference to her relation with the servants, thought Miss Rottenmeier. But she did not meditate long undisturbed, for she suddenly heard a terrible crash of falling objects in the study, and a cry for help addressed to Sebastian. She rushed in herself and found everything lying in a heap, all the materials for study—books, copy-books, inkstand, and beside all these the tablecloth, and under that a black stream of ink flowed along the whole room.

Heidi had disappeared.

“There we have!” exclaimed Miss Rottenmeier swinging her hands. “Tablecloth, books, work-basket, everything in the ink! Such a thing never happened before! It is that miserable creature; there is no doubt of it.”

The tutor stood there, much terrified, and looked at the devastation which had only one side, that of confusion. Clara, on the contrary, followed the un-

usual occurrence and its effects and simply said, as if highly amused by it, as an explanation :

"Yes, Heidi did it, but not intentionally. She must not be punished. She was in such an awful hurry to go away that she pulled the tablecloth along with her, and so everything fell one after the other down on the floor. Some carriages were passing by and she rushed to see them ; perhaps she had never seen a coach in her life."

"Do you not see yourself, Mr. Tutor, what I have just said? This creature has no knowledge of anything? She has no idea what a lesson hour is, when she shall sit still and listen. But where has the mischief-maker gone? What would Mr. Sesemann say to me, if she has run away?"

Miss Rottenmeier went out and hurried down the stairs. Here in the open doorway stood Heidi, looking up and down the street quite perplexed.

"What is the matter? What are you thinking of? How can you run away so?" asked Miss Rottenmeier in anger.

"I heard the fir trees rustle, but I don't know where they are, and I don't hear them any more," answered Heidi, and looked, puzzled as she was, in the direction where the rolling of the carriages had died away, which sounded in Heidi's ears like the roaring of the wind in the fir trees; that is why she had run towards it in the highest joy.

"Fir trees? Are we in the woods? What a whim! Come up-stairs, and see what you have done!"

aying this she went up-stairs again. Heidi followed her, and stood surprised at the sight of the great mischief done by her, for in her delight and haste to hear the fir trees sing she had not noticed what she had been pulling after her.

"You have done it this time; you must not do it again," said Miss Rottenmeier, pointing to the floor. "You must sit still on your chair and be attentive that you may be able to learn. If you cannot do so, I shall be obliged to fasten you to your seat. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Heidi, "but I will sit quiet now," for she understood that it was the rule to sit still during the study hours.

Sebastian and Tinette had to come in, and put everything in order. The tutor left the room, for the lessons were to be given up for the day. No time was left for yawning.

In the afternoon Clara had to rest for a while, and Heidi had to busy herself as she pleased, as Miss Rottenmeier had explained to her in the morning. When Clara had lain down after dinner to rest in her chair, Miss Rottenmeier went to her own room, and Heidi saw that the time had come when she could do as she wanted. This was just what Heidi liked, for she had always in her head a plan which she wanted to carry out, but she needed help. Therefore she placed herself in front of the dining-room door, in the middle of the hall, that the person with whom she intended to consult should not be able to escape her. Soon Sebastian came up the

stairs with the large tea-tray carrying up the silver from the kitchen to put away in the closet. When he had reached the step, Heidi went up to him, and said quite distinctly, "You."

Sebastian opened his eyes as wide as he could, and said rudely :

"What do you mean, Miss!"

"I simply wished to ask you something, but it is nothing bad as it was this morning," added Heidi soothingly, for she noticed that he was a little cross, and thought it was because of the ink on the floor.

"Well, and why do you address me with '*you*'? I want to know that first," answered Sebastian in the same rude tone.

"I must always address you like that," said Heidi, "Miss Rottenmeier has bidden me to do so."

At this, Sebastian laughed so loud that Heidi looked at him in astonishment, as she had noticed nothing amusing in it; but Sebastian guessed at once what Miss Rottenmeier had bidden; and said mirthfully :

"All right; go on, Miss."

"My name is not Miss," said Heidi, somewhat offended. "My name is Heidi."

"Very well, the same lady has ordered me to address you as Miss," said Sebastian.

"Has she? Well, then I must be called so," answered Heidi submissively, for she had noticed that everything must be as Miss Rottenmeier ordered.

"Now I have three names," she added with a sigh

"What did the little Miss then wish to ask?" asked Sebastian, as he entered the dining-room and was putting the silver in the closet.

"How can I open a window?"

"Just like this," he said, opening a large window.

Heidi walked towards it, but she was too short to be able to see anything; she only reached the window-sill.

"There now, the little Miss can look out and see what there is below," said Sebastian, bringing a high wooden stool and placing it there.

Much delighted Heidi climbed up, and could at last have the longed-for look through the window, but with an expression of the greatest disappointment she drew back her head immediately.

"You can only see the stony street here, and nothing else," said the child sadly, "but if you should go round the house, what could you see there then, Sebastian?"

"Just the same," was the answer.

"But where do you have to go, then, to see far down into the valley?"

"You must climb up some high tower, or a church tower such as you see there with the golden dome above it. From there you can look around, and see far, far away."

Heidi came down from the stool quickly, and ran out of the door, and going down the stairs went out into the street. But it did not prove to be what she had imagined. When she saw the tower through the window she thought she need only go across the

street, and it would stand just in front of her. Now Heidi walked along the whole length of the street, but she did not come to the tower, and could not even see it anywhere; then she came to another street, and still another, and yet she could not see the tower. Many persons passed by her, but they all were in such a hurry that Heidi thought they had no time to give her any information.

At last she saw a young man standing on the corner of the next street who was carrying a hand organ on his back and a very strange-looking animal in his arms. Heidi went to him and asked:

"Where is the tower with the golden dome at the very top?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Of whom can I ask to know where it is?" asked Heidi again.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Do you not know any other church with a high tower?"

"Certainly, I know one."

"Come and show it to me!"

"Show me first what you will give me if I do."

The young man held out his hand. Heidi searched in her pocket. She took out a little picture on which was painted a beautiful garland of red roses; she looked at it for a little while, for she did not like to part with it and was sorry to have taken it out of her pocket. It was only that very morning Clara had presented it to her; but to look down into the valley across the green slopes!

"There," said Heidi, and held out the picture to him; "will you take that?"

The young man drew his hand back, shaking his head.

"What do you want then?" asked Heidi, and was contented to put the picture again into her pocket.

"Money."

"I have none, but Clara has, and she will, of course, give it. How much do you want?"

"Twenty pfennigs."

"Well, come along!"

The two accordingly wandered through a long street, and on the way Heidi asked her companion what he was carrying on his back, and he told her that under the cloth there was a beautiful organ which made a splendid music, if he turned the handle. Suddenly they stood in front of an old Church with a high tower. The young man stood still and said:

"There!"

"But how can I get in?" asked Heidi, seeing the doors firmly closed.

"I do not know," was the answer again.

"Do you suppose I could ring here, as I do for Sebastian?"

"I don't know."

Heidi had discovered a bell in the wall and pulled it with all her might.

"When I go up there, you must wait for me down here. I don't know the way back, and you must show it to me."

"What will you give me?"

"What shall I have to give you?"

"Twenty pfennigs more."

Now the old lock was turned from the inside and the creaking door opened. An old man came out and looked at first surprised, and then, looking angrily at the children, said:

"How did you dare to ring for me? Can't you read what is written under the lock? 'For those who wish to ascend the tower.'"

The young man pointed with his forefinger to Heidi and uttered not a word.

Heidi replied, "I want to go up in the tower."

"What do you want to do up there?" asked the tower-keeper. "Has any one sent you?"

"No," answered Heidi, "I want to go up there to be able to look down."

"Go home and do not try such tricks on me, for next time you will not get off as easily!"

Whereupon the tower-keeper turned round and was going to shut the door, but Heidi held him a little by the coat tail and said beseechingly:

"Only this one time."

He looked round and Heidi's eyes gazed at him imploringly, so that he changed his mind. He took the child by the hand and said kindly:

"If you are so anxious to go, come along with me!"

The young man sat down on the stone steps in front of the door and signified that he did not care to go up.

Heidi, holding the tower-keeper's hand, climbed up many, many steps which gradually grew smaller; at last she went up a very narrow staircase, and they were now at the top. The tower-keeper lifted Heidi up and held her to the open window.

"There, now look down," he said.

Heidi beheld a sea of roofs, towers and chimneys before her. She soon drew back her head, and finding herself disappointed, said:

"It is by no means what I thought it to be."

"Do you see properly? What does such a little child like you know anything about a view? Now come down and do not ring a tower bell again."

The tower-keeper placed Heidi on the floor and went down the stairs in front of her. Where the stairs grew wider on the left there was a door which opened into the tower-keeper's room and near by extended the floor out under the sloping roof. A large basket stood there and in front of it a big gray cat sat growling, for in the basket lived her family, and she warned every passer-by not to meddle with her household affairs.

Heidi stood still and looked in surprise at the huge cat, for she had never seen one as large before, but in the tower there also lived whole flocks of mice, so that the cat caught half a dozen little ones every day without any difficulty.

The tower-keeper, seeing Heidi's amazement, said:

"Come, she will not do you any harm when I am here; come, look at the little kittens."

Heidi approached the basket, and seeing the young animals exclaimed with joy :

“Oh, what nice little creatures they are, the lovely kittens!”

She repeated the same over and over again and ran back and forth around the basket in order to be able to see all the funny gestures and plays of the seven or eight kittens as they crawled and tumbled and fell over each other.

“Would you like to have one?” asked the tower-keeper, who looked pleased at Heidi as she leaped for joy.

“For myself? To take with me?” asked Heidi anxiously, and could hardly believe in such great luck.

“Yes, certainly; you can have more, you can have all of them, if you have room for them,” said the man, who liked very much to get rid of them without doing them harm.

Heidi was now in high spirits. The kittens would have plenty of room in the big house; and how surprised and rejoiced Clara would be when she saw the pretty little things.

“But how can I take them with me?” asked Heidi, and was about to catch some of them with her hands; but the big cat jumped on her arm and growled so fiercely that she drew back much frightened.

“I will bring them to you; you must only tell me where,” said the tower-keeper, stroking the old cat to make her good-humored again, for she was his

friend and companion, and had lived many years in the tower with him.

"To Mr. Sesemann's big house. On the outside door there is a golden head of a dog with a thick ring in its mouth," said Heidi.

Such a long explanation was quite unnecessary for the tower-keeper, who had been for many years in the tower and knew every house; besides, Sebastian was an old acquaintance of his.

"I know it very well," said he, "but to whom shall I take the things? Whom shall I inquire after? You do not belong to Mr. Sesemann, of course."

"No, but Clara will be greatly rejoiced to see the kittens."

The tower-keeper wished to go, but it was hard for Heidi to separate from the amusing spectacle.

"If I could only take one or two with me; one for me and one for Clara, may I not?"

"Wait a little, then," said the tower-keeper; and he carried the old cat carefully into his room and put something before her to eat and then shut the door and came back. "Well, now, take two of them."

Heidi's eyes flashed with joy. She selected a white kitten and a striped yellow and white one, and put one into her right pocket and the other into the left, after which she went down the stairs.

The boy was still sitting on the steps outside. When the tower-keeper had closed the door after Heidi, she said:

"Which is the way to Mr. Sesemann's house?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

Heidi began to describe the house, the door, the windows and the stairs, but the boy shook his head, he did not know anything about it.

"You see," continued Heidi, "through one window you can see a big, big gray house, and the roof goes so"—Heidi described with her forefinger a pointed gable roof in the air.

Now the boy jumped up, as all he needed was a sign to find the way. So he began to run unceasingly and Heidi after him. In a short time they stood in front of the door with the big brass knocker with the head of a dog. Heidi rang the bell; Sebastian soon appeared; on seeing Heidi he called out urgently:

"Quick! quick!"

Heidi hastened in, and Sebastian slammed the door. He had not even noticed the boy who stood outside, puzzled.

"Quick, Miss," Sebastian urged her again, "go to the dining-room, they are already at the table. Miss Rottenmeier looks like a loaded cannon; but why was the little Miss gone away so long?"

Heidi had entered the dining-room. Miss Rottenmeier did not look up; Clara also said nothing. There was a somewhat uncomfortable silence. Sebastian placed the chair for Heidi. Now, when she was seated at the table, Miss Rottenmeier began with a stern look and in a solemn and serious tone:

"Adelheid, I will speak with you after dinner. I

have only this to say now ; you have behaved very naughtily, indeed, and really deserve to be punished, for you left the house without permission, with no one's knowledge, and wandered about so late in the evening. I have never heard of such conduct."

"Meow!" sounded the answer.

At this the lady grew more angry.

"How, Adelheid," she cried in a louder voice, "you still venture to impertinently make fun of this! You had better be careful, I assure you!"

"I didn't!" began Heidi.

"Meow! meow!"

Sebastian almost threw the tray on the table and rushed out.

"It's enough," Miss Rottenmeier wanted to exclaim, but her voice did not sound on account of her excitement.

"Get up and leave the room!"

Heidi, much frightened, rose from her chair, and was about to explain once more: "I didn't certainly——"

"Meow! meow! meow!"

"But, Heidi," now said Clara, "when you see that you make Miss Rottenmeier angry, why do you continually say 'meow'?"

"I am not doing it; it's the kittens," at last Heidi was able to say without being interrupted.

"What! what! cats! kittens!" cried aloud Miss Rottenmeier. "Sebastian, Tinette, find the horrible creatures and take them out."

Whereupon the lady rushed into the study and

fastened the door to be safer, for to her kittens were the most dreadful creatures in the whole world.

Sebastian was standing outside the door and had to stop laughing before he could enter the room. While he was serving Heidi, he had seen a little cat's head peeping out of her pocket, and expected the scene. And when it broke out, he could not hold himself, and hardly could he place the tray on the table.

At last he entered the room composed, long after the lady's call for help. Everything now in the room had a quiet and peaceful appearance. Clara was holding the kittens in her lap. Heidi was kneeling by her side, and both were playing with the two tiny lovely creatures.

"Sebastian," said Clara, when he entered, "you must help us; you must find a room for the kittens where Miss Rottenmeier will not see them, for she is afraid of them and will surely have them taken away; but we will keep the lovely creatures, and bring them out whenever we are alone. Where can we put them?"

"I will see to it, Miss Clara," replied Sebastian readily. "I will make a nice bed in a basket, and put it in a place where the timid lady will not go, you can depend on it."

Sebastian immediately went to work, chuckling to himself all the while, as he thought: "This will create still more trouble." And he enjoyed seeing Miss Rottenmeier a little excited.

After a while, when it was almost time to go to

bed, Miss Rottenmeier opened the door a little and called out through the crack :

“ Have the terrible creatures been taken away ? ”

“ Yes, yes,” answered Sebastian who pretended to be busy in the room, but in fact was waiting for this question. Quickly and silently he seized the two kittens from Clara’s lap and disappeared.

The special reprimand which Miss Rottenmeier intended to give Heidi was deferred until the following day, for she felt too exhausted to-day, after all the excitement she had gone through. She retired silently ; Clara and Heidi followed her example with pleasure, for they were sure that their kittens were well taken care of.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISTURBANCES IN THE SESEMANN HOUSE.

ON the following day, when Sebastian had opened the door for the tutor and led him to the study, some one rang the bell, but with such a force that Sebastian ran down the stairs as quickly as he could, for he thought:

"Only Mr. Sesemann rings like that; he must have come home unexpectedly."

He opened the door—a ragged boy with a hand-organ on his back stood before him.

"What does this mean?" broke out Sebastian in anger, "I will teach you how to pull door-bells. What have you got here?"

"I want to see Clara," was the answer.

"You dirty street urchin! Can't you say Miss Clara, as we do? What have you to do with Miss Clara?" asked Sebastian rudely.

"She owes me forty pfennigs," remarked the boy.

"You certainly are not in your senses. How did you know that there is a Miss Clara here?"

"I showed her the way yesterday, that makes twenty pfennigs, and then I showed her the way back, and that makes forty "

"You see what a fib you are telling; Miss Clara never goes out; she is not able to walk. Go where you belong to, before I throw you out of the door."

But the boy was not to be intimidated, he stood there calmly, and said coolly:

"I have seen her in the street. I can describe her; she has short, black, curly hair, and her eyes are black, and her dress is brown and she cannot speak as we do."

"Oho!" thought Sebastian, and tittered to himself: "that is the little Miss. She must have done some mischief."

Then he said, pulling the boy in:

"It is all right; follow me, and wait before the door until I come out. If I let you in you must play something; the Miss enjoys hearing it."

He knocked at the study door and was admitted.

"There is a boy here who wants to see Miss Clara," said Sebastian.

Clara was highly rejoiced at the unusual occurrence.

"Let him come in at once," said she, "don't you think so, Mr. Tutor? if he wishes to speak to me."

The boy had entered the room, and according to his instructions he began at once to turn his hand-organ.

Miss Rottenmeier was busying herself in the dining-room in order to avoid the *a b c* lesson. Suddenly she listened. Did the sound come from the street? How could the sound of a hand-organ come from the study? But yes, it was true. She

rushed through the long dining-room and flung open the door.

There—it is incredible—there stood in the middle of the study a ragged organ-grinder turning his instrument most diligently.

The tutor seemed ready to say something, but no one would pay attention. Clara and Heidi were listening with great delight to the music.

“Stop! stop immediately!” called out Miss Rottenmeier into the room. Her voice was drowned by the music; she then went to the boy, but suddenly she felt something between her feet. She looked down to the floor, and a horrible black creature was crawling between her feet—a turtle!

Miss Rottenmeier jumped up in the air, as she had never done for many years. And she screamed with all her might:

“Sebastian! Sebastian!”

Suddenly the organ-grinder stopped, for this time her voice sounded louder than the music.

Sebastian stood at the half-open door and was doubled up with laughter, for he had seen how she had jumped; when he came in Miss Rottenmeier lay in a chair prostrated.

“Away with them both, the boy and the animal! Take them away immediately,” she cried to him. Sebastian obeyed willingly and drew the boy out of the room, who quickly seized his turtle, pressed something into his hand and said:

“Forty for Miss Clara, and forty for playing; you did very well.” After which he closed the door.



Suddenly there jumped out of the basket one, two, three, and then some more kittens.—Page 115.

Heidi.

In the study all was quiet once more, and the studies were continued, and Miss Rottenmeier sat in the room, that by her presence similar occurrences might be prevented. She intended to investigate the matter and punish the guilty party so that he would not soon forget it.

There was knocking at the door again, and Sebastian entered in once more with the information that a large basket had been brought for Miss Clara, and was to be given to her immediately.

"To me?" asked Clara in great surprise, and extremely curious to know what it could be. "Show it to me at once that we might see what it looks like."

Sebastian brought in a covered basket and then withdrew in haste.

"I think you had better first finish the lesson, and then open the basket," remarked Miss Rottenmeier.

Clara could not imagine what could be brought her; she looked longingly at the basket.

"Mr. Tutor," said she, interrupting herself in her declination, "would you not permit me to look in just once, to know what there is in the basket, and then continue my study again?"

"In one respect I would have no objection whatever," replied the tutor; "in another, I would object to it. In favor of it is the reason that if your attention is directed wholly to this subject——" he could not finish what he was going to say. The corner of the basket was not very firm, and suddenly jumped out of it one, two, three, and two more and then some

more kittens, and were running and springing round about the room with such great rapidity that one would believe that the whole room was full of the little creatures. They jumped over the tutor's boots and bit his trousers, leaped up into Clara's rolling chair, climbed up Miss Rottenmeier's dress, crawled around her feet, scratched and mewed, and everything was in terrible confusion. Clara, charmed by the scene, kept exclaiming:

"Oh, the lovely creatures! the merry leaps! Look! look! Heidi, here, there! Look at this one!"

Heidi rushed into every corner after them in great delight.

The tutor stood at the table very perplexed, and lifting first one foot and then the other to avoid being scratched by the kittens.

Miss Rottenmeier at first sat in her chair in total silence, filled with terror; then began to scream at the top of her voice:

"Tinette! Tinette! Sebastian! Sebastian!"

It was impossible for her to venture to rise from her seat, the little horrible creatures might jump at her all at once.

At last Sebastian and Tinette came in answer to her many cries for help, and they put the tiny creatures one after the other into the basket and carried it into the garret to the bed that Sebastian had prepared for the two cats which Heidi had brought the day before.

There had been no time again for yawning dur-

ing the lesson hour as on the other days. Miss Rottenmeier had partially recovered from the excitement of the morning. She called Sebastian and Tinette up to the study in order to make a thorough investigation of the disgraceful occurrences. It was evident that Heidi had been the cause of all the trouble that had taken place; it was brought about by her expedition of the day before.

Miss Rottenmeier sat pale with anger and could not find words to express her feelings. She made a sign with her hands to Sebastian and Tinette to leave the room.

She now turned to Heidi, who was standing by Clara's shair and could not understand what wrong she had done.

"Adelheid," she began in a severe voice, "I know only one punishment which will teach you to do better, for you are a barbarian; but we will see whether you will not become civilized in the dark cellar in company with lizards and rats, so that you will not have such naughty things happen again."

Heidi heard her sentence in silence and astonishment, for she had never been in a horrible cellar. The adjoining room of the Alm cottage which the grandfather used to call cellar, where the cheese and the milk were kept, was rather a pleasant and inviting place; in that she had never seen rats and lizards.

But Clara raised a great objection to this.

"No, no, Miss Rottenmeier, you must wait until papa comes; he has written that he will come soon;

then I will tell him everything, and he will say what is best to do with Heidi."

To this Miss Rottenmeier, the chief justice, did not dare to make any objection: still less, as he was really expected. She rose from her seat, and said somewhat bitterly:

"Well, Clara, very well. I shall also have a word to say to Mr. Sesemann."

Whereupon she left the room.

After this there were a few quiet days, but Miss Rottenmeier did not get over her trouble; the disappointment she experienced in respect to Heidi came before her eyes every hour of the day. She felt that ever since Heidi had joined the Sesemann family nothing had gone right, and it seemed as if things would never straighten out.

Clara was very well pleased. She never felt dull; for during the lessons Heidi made all sorts of fun, and the time passed pleasantly. She was confused and could not distinguish the letters one from the other. When the tutor was explaining and describing the different forms to make them clear, and when he would compare the one or the other with a little horn or a beak, she would suddenly cry out with joy: "It is a goat," or, "It is the eagle." For the description awakened all sorts of imaginations in her brain, anything but the idea of the letters.

In the late afternoon hours Heidi would sit by Clara and tell her again and again of the Alm and the life there, and the longing for it became

so intense in her, that she would exclaim at the end:

“Now I certainly must go home! To-morrow I must surely go!”

But Clara always quieted these attacks, and tried to make it clear to Heidi that she must stay there until her papa came, when they would know what was best to do. Then Heidi would yield and become contented again. One joyous thought she had in her mind, that with every day spent there her heap of white rolls was increased by two, for every noon and every evening there was put a lovely white roll by the side of her plate. She would put it into her pocket, as she could not eat for the thought that the grandmother had none, and that she could hardly eat the dry black bread any longer.

Each day after dinner Heidi sat for a few hours quite alone in her room and did not stir, for she was not allowed to go out doors in Frankfort, as she did on the Alm. She understood this now and did not do so any more. She was not permitted to talk with Sebastian in the dining-room. Miss Rottenmeier had forbidden it.

As for trying to have a conversation with Tinette, she never thought of it. Heidi avoided her, for she always spoke to her in a scornful tone and laughed at her all the time, and the child understood perfectly well the treatment she received at her hands. So Heidi had the whole day to herself to think how the green grass and the yellow flowers glistened on the Alm and that everything shone in the sun-

light : the snow, the mountains and the whole wide valley. Sometimes she could hardly bear it any longer, so great was her longing to be again there. Besides, her aunt had told her she could go home again whenever she liked.

It happened that one day Heidi could not stand it any longer. She packed up the rolls, in great haste, in her big shawl; put on her straw hat and started. But at the very door she met the great obstacle of her journey : it was Miss Rottenmeier herself, just returning from a walk. She stood still and gazed at Heidi, in unmingled amazement, from head to foot, and her look rested particularly on the full red shawl. Then she burst forth :

“What kind of expedition do you call this? What do you mean by it? Have I not strictly forbidden you to wander about? Now you are doing the same thing again, and you look just like a vagrant.”

“I did not intend to wander about, I was only going home,” replied Heidi, frightened.

“What? what? go home? you want to go home?”

Miss Rottenmeier wrung her hands in her agitation. “Run away! if Mr. Sesemann knew it! run away from his house! Do your best that he should not hear of it! What is there that does not suit you in his house? Are you not treated better than you deserve? Are you in need of anything? Have you ever had, in all your life, a home, or a table, or the service which you have here? Tell me.”

"No," answered Heidi.

"I know it very well," continued the lady, getting into a passion, "you lack nothing, and you have need of nothing; you are the most ungrateful child I have ever seen. Having everything so nice and comfortable, you don't seem to appreciate it, but behave very badly."

Heidi, unable to hear such talk longer, broke forth :

"I want only to go home, as I have been away so long that Schneehoepli must be crying for me all the time. Besides, the grandmother expects me, and the Distelfink will be beaten if goatherd Peter has no cheese; and here you can never see how the sun bids the mountain good night, and if the bird of prey should fly over Frankfort, he would scream still louder that so many people live together and make each other wretched instead of going to live on the cliffs where it is better for them."

"Mercy ! the child has become crazy !" cried out Miss Rottenmeier, and darted up the stairs in terror, when she ran hard against Sebastian, who was just coming down.

"Bring up the wretched child at once," she cried to him, rubbing her head, for she had received a hard blow.

"Yes, yes, all right, I thank you," answered Sebastian, and rubbed his head, which had received a harder blow.

Heidi stood on the spot with flaming eyes, and trembled from the excitement.

"Well, what have you done now?" asked Sebastian gaily; but when coming near her he saw that she did not stir, he patted her kindly on the shoulder and said consolingly:

"Pshaw! pshaw! the little Miss must not take it so to heart; be merry, that is the main thing! She has just made almost a hole in my head. Let no one frighten you! Well? you are still on the same spot. We must go up-stairs; she said so."

Heidi went up the stairs slowly and quietly, not the way she used to. Sebastian was sorry to see her thus; he went behind her, and spoke to her encouraging words.

"Only do not give way! you must not be sad. Be always brave! We have a very intelligent little Miss, she has never cried since she has been with us. Children of that age cry twelve times a day; every one knows it. The kittens too are gay up-stairs. They run and jump in the garret, and play all sorts of pranks. After a while we will go up-stairs together and look at them when the lady in there is away."

Heidi nodded her head a little, but so sadly that it went to Sebastian's heart, and he looked at Heidi quite compassionately, as she stole away to her room.

At supper-time that day Miss Rottenmeier said not a word, but looked at Heidi with strange and sharp glances as if she expected the child would do some unheard-of thing. But Heidi sat as still as a mouse at the table and did not stir. She neither ate

nor drank, only she had put her roll quickly into her pocket.

On the following morning when the tutor climbed up the stairs, Miss Rottenmeier made him a sign secretly to go into the dining-room. Here she expressed her fear to him in great excitement, that the change of air, the new way of living and the unwonted impressions might have affected the child's mind, and told him how Heidi had tried to run away; she repeated to him what she still remembered of her strange words. But the tutor soothed and quieted Miss Rottenmeier, assuring her that he had observed that, though Adelheid was somewhat eccentric in some ways, yet in others she was in her right senses, so that by a thorough systematic treatment it would be possible to attain the end he had in view. He found the fact that he had not been able to make her master the alphabet more important, as she didn't seem to be able to grasp the letters.

Miss Rottenmeier felt calmer and let the tutor go to his work. At a later hour in the afternoon she remembered how Heidi's dress looked on her intended journey, and she determined to give the child some of Clara's clothing, before Mr. Sesemann had made his appearance. She consulted with Clara, and as the latter agreed with all she said and was willing to give a good many of her dresses and hats, the lady went to Heidi's room to look over her closet and examine what she already had, and decide what to leave there and what to remove. But in a few minutes she came back with a gesture of disgust.

"What do you think I have discovered, Adelheid," she exclaimed. "I have never seen anything like it. In your closet—a closet for clothing, Adelheid—in the bottom of this closet, what did I find? A heap of little rolls! Bread, I say, Clara, in a closet for clothes! And such a heap stored up!—Tinette," she now called into the dining-room, "take away the stale bread out of Adelheid's closet and the crushed straw hat on the table."

"No, no," screamed Heidi. "I must have the hat, and the rolls are for the grandmother."

And Heidi was about to rush after Tinette, but was held fast by Miss Rottenmeier.

"Stay here, and the rubbish will be taken to where it belongs," she said decidedly, and held the child back.

But Heidi threw herself down by Clara's chair and began to cry desperately, louder and louder and more painfully, and kept sobbing in her distress.

"Now the grandmother can't have any rolls! They were for the grandmother; now they are all gone and the grandmother can't get any."

And Heidi cried bitterly, as if her heart would break.

Miss Rottenmeier went out. Clara felt uneasy and alarmed by her distress.

"Heidi, Heidi, do not cry so," she said imploringly. "Only listen to me! Do not lament so! See, I promise you, I will give you just as many rolls for the grandmother, or even more when you go home, and then they will all be fresh and soft, while those

you had would have become very hard. Come, Heidi, don't cry so."

Heidi could not cease sobbing for a long while, but she understood the comforting words of Clara, and took courage from them; or else she could never have stopped crying. But she had to be reassured in her hope for a number of times and asked Clara between her sobs:

"Will you surely give me for the grandmother just as many as I had?"

And Clara answered her repeatedly:

"Certainly, be sure, and even more. So be happy again."

Heidi came in to supper, her eyes still red from weeping. When she saw her roll, she began once more to sob. But now she controlled herself not to have any outbreak, for she understood that she must behave properly at the table.

Sebastian was to-day making the most curious gestures, as soon as he came near Heidi. He pointed now to his head and now to Heidi's, then he nodded and winked as if he would say:

"I have noted everything and provided for."

When later Heidi went to her room and was about to get into her bed, she felt her crushed straw hat under the coverlet. With a real delight she took her old hat, crumpled it a little more in her joy, and wrapping it up in a handkerchief hid it in a secret corner of her closet. Sebastian had hidden the little hat under the coverlet; he had been in the dining-room the same time with Tinette, when she was

called and had heard Heidi scream. Then he had followed Tinette and when she came out of Heidi's room with her burden of rolls and the little hat on the top of it all, he had taken the hat quickly away, calling out to her:

“This I will throw away.”

While in reality he had saved it in great delight for Heidi, and that is what he had been signifying at supper for diversion.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SESEMANN RECEIVES STRANGE NEWS.

A FEW days after these things had occurred there was great activity in the Sesemann house and a continual running up and down all the while, for the master of the house had just returned from his journey.

Sebastian and Tinette were carrying up-stairs package after package from the carriage, for Mr. Sesemann always brought home a great many beautiful things.

He had first of all entered his daughter's room to greet her. Heidi was sitting beside her, for it was late in the afternoon—the time when the two were always together. Clara greeted her father with great tenderness, for she loved him intensely, and her good papa greeted his little Clara by no means less affectionately. Then he stretched out his hand to Heidi, who had calmly withdrawn to a corner, and said in a friendly tone:

“And is this our little Swiss girl? Come here and give me your hand. That is right! Now tell me, are you good friends, Clara and you? I hope you do not quarrel, and get cross, and then cry, and make up, and then begin the same thing again.”

"No, Clara is always kind to me," answered Heidi.

"And Heidi has never tried to quarrel, papa," said Clara quickly.

"That is good ; I hear it with great pleasure," said the papa, as he rose. "But now you must allow me, little Clara, to get something to eat. I have had nothing to-day. I will return to you again ; you shall see what I have brought home with me."

Mr. Sesemann went into the dining-room, where Miss Rottenmeier was overseeing the table, which was prepared for his midday meal. After Mr. Sesemann had sat down, and the lady had taken her seat opposite him, looking like a living misfortune, the master of the house said to her :

"But, Miss Rottenmeier, what shall I think ? You have truly put on a terrible face for my reception. What is the matter ? Clara is very lively."

"Mr. Sesemann," began the lady with weighty earnestness, "Clara is also concerned ; we have been awfully deceived."

"How so ?" asked Mr. Sesemann, calmly drinking his tea.

"We had decided, as you know, Mr. Sesemann, to have a playmate for Clara in the house, and as I knew how particular you were to have your daughter associate only with a good and noble companion, I had my mind on a young Swiss girl in the hopes of seeing one of those persons whom I had so often read about—one who had sprung in the mountain air,

so to speak, and goes through life without touching the earth."

"I believe," remarked Mr. Sesemann, "that the Swiss children touch the earth, if they intend to move along, else they would have wings instead of feet."

"Oh, Mr. Sesemann, you understand what I mean," added the Miss; "I meant one of those well-known figures living in the clear high mountain regions, and which pass by us like an ideal breath."

"But what would my Clara do with an ideal breath, Miss Rottenmeier?"

"No, Mr. Sesemann, I am not joking; the matter is more serious to me than you think. I have been deceived frightfully! really quite dreadfully deceived!"

"But where is the dreadfulness? The child does not look so very frightful," remarked Mr. Sesemann calmly.

"You should know just *one* thing, Mr. Sesemann, only this *one* thing; what sort of men and animals this creature has filled your house with in your absence, the tutor can tell you."

"With animals! What am I to understand by that, Miss Rottenmeier?"

"It is not to be understood; the whole conduct of this creature cannot be understood except from the one single point of view that she had attacks of insanity."

Up to this time Mr. Sesemann had not considered the matter of any importance, but "insanity!" that

might have serious consequences for his daughter. Mr. Sesemann looked at Miss Rottenmeier very closely, as if he wanted, at first, to be assured whether a similar disturbance was not to be seen in her. At this moment the door was opened, and the tutor was ushered in.

"Oh, there comes our tutor, he will give us some explanation!" said Mr. Sesemann. "Come, come, sit down by me," and he held out his hand to him, as he entered the room.

"Mr. Tutor will drink a cup of tea with me, Miss Rottenmeier. Sit down, sit down, don't be formal! And now tell me, Mr. Tutor, what is the matter with the child who has come into my house as a playmate of my daughter, and to whom you give instruction. What is the real story of her bringing animals into the house, and what is the trouble with her mind?"

Mr. Tutor had first to express his pleasure at Mr. Sesemann's safe return and bid him welcome home, for which he had come in, but Mr. Sesemann urged him to give his opinion on the matter in question. So the tutor began :

"If I were to express my opinion about the character of this young girl, Mr. Sesemann, I wish, first of all, to invite your attention to the fact that if, on the one hand, there is a lack of development which is occasioned by a more or less neglected education, or, to express it better, by a somewhat tardy instruction ; on the other hand, through more or less seclusion of a long abode in the Alps, which is in no wise to be condemned, but which, on the contrary,

demonstrates her good qualities indisputably—this abode in the Alps, which, if it does not exceed a certain length of time, without doubt her good qualities——”

“My dear Mr. Tutor,” interrupted Mr. Sesemann, “you give yourself really too much trouble; tell me, has the child frightened you by bringing in animals, and what is your opinion in general of her society for my little daughter?”

“I do not wish to offend the girl in any way,” began the tutor again, “for if she, on the one hand, shows a sort of social inexperience due to the uncultivated life in which the young girl had moved up to the time of her coming to Frankfort, and this removal, indeed, in the development of this partly undeveloped though on the other hand endowed with talents not to be despised——”

“Excuse me, Mr. Tutor, pray, do not trouble yourself. I will—I must hasten to look after my daughter.”

Whereupon Mr. Sesemann went out of the room and did not return. He went to the study, and sat by the side of his little daughter. Heidi had risen from her seat. Mr. Sesemann turned to the child and said :

“Look here, little child, bring me quickly—wait a little—bring me—(Mr. Sesemann did not know exactly what he wanted, but he wished to send Heidi out of the room for a few minutes)—bring me a glass of water.”

“Fresh water?” asked Heidi.

"Yes, yes, quite fresh," answered Mr. Sesemann. Heidi disappeared.

"Now, my dear Clara," said her papa drawing near his daughter and taking her hand in his, "tell me clearly and intelligibly what sorts of animals has this your companion brought into the house, and why should Miss Rottenmeier think she was not right in her mind sometimes. Can you tell me that?"

Clara could do that, for the frightened lady had spoken to her also of Heidi's confusing words, every one of which had its meaning for Clara. She first told her father about the turtle and the kittens, and then explained to him Heidi's words which had frightened the lady so much.

Mr. Sesemann laughed heartily.

"So you don't want me to send the child home, Clara, you are not tired of her?" asked the father.

"No, no, papa, don't do that, please," she exclaimed urgently. "Since Heidi has been here something always happens every day and the time passes quickly and pleasantly, altogether different from what it used to be when nothing ever happened! And Heidi tells me a great many things."

"Very good, very good, Clara. There comes your little friend back again. Well, you have brought me cool fresh water?" asked Mr. Sesemann, when Heidi brought him a glass of water.

"Yes, fresh from the fountain," answered Heidi.

"You went to the fountain yourself, of course?" said Clara.

"Yes, certainly, it is perfectly fresh ; but I had to go a long distance, for there were many people at the first fountain. Then I went down the street, but there were just as many people at the second, then I went into the other street, and there I got the water, and the gentleman with white hair sent his kind regards to Mr. Sesemann."

"Well, the expedition is good," laughed Mr. Sesemann, "and who is this gentleman?"

"He was passing by the fountain and then stopping said : 'As you have a glass, give me some water to drink. To whom are you going to take the water?' And I said : 'To Mr. Sesemann.' Then he laughed very loud and told me to give you his greetings, and also said, 'May Mr. Sesemann enjoy it.'"

"Well, and who is the gentleman, who expressed his good wishes for me? How did he look?" asked Mr. Sesemann.

He laughed pleasantly and had a thick gold chain and some gold thing with a large red stone hanging from it, and there was a horse's head on the top of his cane."

"That is the doctor."—"That is my old doctor," said Clara and her father at the same time as if from the same mouth; and Mr. Sesemann laughed a little longer to himself at the thought of his friend and how the little child managed to bring him fresh water.

That same evening Mr. Sesemann and Miss Rottenmeier were in the dining-room and were talking

over all sorts of household affairs. He told her that the playmate of his daughter was to remain in the house; he found out that the child was in her normal condition and that her being there was more pleasant and agreeable to his daughter than ever before.

"I wish, therefore," added Mr. Sesemann decidedly, "that this child should be treated kindly and her peculiarities should not be considered as faults. If you should not be able to look after her alone, Miss Rottenmeier, it is more than likely you will have a good help, for my mother is coming to my house for a long visit, and she can manage everyone, no matter how strange they may be. You already know that very well, Miss Rottenmeier."

"Yes, indeed, I know that, Mr. Sesemann," replied the lady, but not with an expression of relief in view of the announced help.

Mr. Sesemann had only a short time for rest at home; after a fortnight business called him back to Paris. His daughter would not consent to his going back so soon. He consoled her with the prospect of the early arrival of her grandmamma who might come in a few days.

Mr. Sesemann had hardly started on his journey when a letter came from Holstein, where Mrs. Sesemann lived in an old country-house, announcing her departure and appointed the following day as the time of her arrival, so that the carriage was to be sent to the railway station for her.

Clara was very much delighted to receive the

news. She told Heidi the same evening so much and so long about her grandmamma, that Heidi, too, began to talk of the "grandmamma," for which Miss Rottenmeier looked at her with disapproval, which the child did not consider at all strange, for she felt herself to be under the disapproval of the lady all the time.

When she left the study to go to her bedroom, Miss Rottenmeier called her to her own room and told her, she must never use the name "grandmamma" but she must address her always gracious lady.

"Do you understand this?" asked the lady, as Heidi looked at her doubtfully; but she gave her such a forbidding look in return that Heidi asked for no more explanation, although she had not understood the title.

CHAPTER X.

A GRANDMAMMA.

ON the following evening there were great expectations and active preparations in Mr. Sesemann's house, and it was evident that the lady expected was of great importance, and that every one in the house had great respect for her. Tinette had put a new cap on her head and Sebastian had collected a great many footstools and put them at convenient places, so that the lady might find one under her feet wherever she might sit down. Miss Rottenmeier went through all the rooms with an imposing manner to inspect everything, and to signify that though a higher power would soon begin to rule in the house, her own had not come to an end.

The carriage came rolling up to the door, and Sebastian and Tinette rushed down the stairs. Miss Rottenmeier followed slowly and dignified, for she knew that she had to appear to welcome Mrs. Sesemann. Heidi had been bidden to retire to her room and wait there, until she was called, for the grandmother would first go to see Clara and would like to see her alone.

Heidi sat in a corner and repeated what she was

to address to Mrs. Sesemann. She did not have long to wait before Tinette thrust her head into Heidi's room and said bluntly as usual:

"Go into the study."

Heidi had not dared to ask Miss Rottenmeier for an explanation about the manner of addressing the grandmamma; but she thought the lady had made a mistake, for she had up to this day heard a person first called by the title and then the name; she thought she must do the same now. When she opened the door of the study, the grandmamma called to her in a friendly voice:

"Ah, there the child is coming! Come to me and let me look at you."

Heidi went to her and said in her clear voice, very distinctly:

"Good day, Lady Gracious!"

"And why not?" said the grandmamma laughing. "Is that what they say at your home? Have you heard that on the Alps?"

"No, no one there is called by that name," said Heidi earnestly.

"Well, it is not the case here either," said grandmamma laughingly and patted Heidi lovingly on the cheek. "It's no matter! In the nursery I am grandmamma, and you must call me so. You can keep it in your mind. Can't you?"

"Yes, I can," said Heidi. "I always called you so before."

"Well, well, you understand it already," said the grandmamma and nodded pleasantly with her head.

Then she looked closely at Heidi and nodded to her from time to time.

Heidi gazed very earnestly into her eyes, for they had the look of love and kindness, that made her feel at home, and could not take her eyes away from her. She had such beautiful white hair, and a fine frill around her head and two broad ribbons fluttered from her cap and moved continually as if a light breeze blew around the grandmamma; all this seemed very funny to Heidi.

"And what is your name, child?" asked the grandmamma.

"My name is only Heidi, but if any one wishes to call me Adelheid, I pay attention." She hesitated, for she felt a little guilty, because she still did not answer, when Miss Rottenmeier called unexpectedly: "Adelheid," as she still did not think that that was her name. And Miss Rottenmeier had just entered the room.

"Mrs. Sesemann will certainly approve," interrupted Miss Rottenmeier, "and I had to choose a name which could be pronounced without any trouble for the sake of the servants."

"Dear Rottenmeier," replied Mrs. Sesemann, "if any one is named Heidi, and she is accustomed to that name, I will call her so, and let it stay so?"

Miss Rottenmeier felt rather bad, because the old lady always called her by her name alone without any title; but nothing could be done, for the grandmamma always had her own way, and there was no help for it. And besides all her senses were keen

and sound and she knew everything that was going on in the house as soon as she came.

The day after her arrival Clara lay down after dinner at the usual time. The grandmamma sat in an arm-chair by her side, and closed her eyes for a few moments, then she rose again and went out into the dining-room where there was no one. "She is sleeping," said she to herself and went to Miss Rottenmeier's room and knocked loudly at the door. After a while that lady appeared, and started back a little frightened by the unexpected visit.

"Where is the child now at this time, and what does she do? I want to know it," said Mrs. Sesemann.

"She sits in her room, where she might pass the time in some profitable way, if she had the least inclination to do something useful. But Mrs. Sesemann ought to know what unheard-of things this creature plans and often executes them—things that I could hardly speak of before cultured society."

"I should do just the same, if I had to sit in there, as this child does, I assure you, and you would see how you would speak of my foolishness in a cultured society. Now bring the child to my room, and I will give her some pretty books which I have brought with me."

"That is the trouble; it is just that," exclaimed Miss Rottenmeier wringing her hands. "What can she do with the books? In all this time she has not even learned her alphabet. It is simply impossible for any one to put a single idea into her head; the

tutor can tell you all about that. If this excellent gentleman, did not have the patience of a heavenly angel, he would have given up teaching her long ago."

"Well, it is really very curious, for this child does not look like one who is not able to learn the alphabet," said Mrs. Sesemann. "Now bring her in to me; she can at least look over the pictures in the books."

Miss Rottenmeier was anxious to make a few more remarks, but Mrs. Sesemann had already turned around and was going quickly to her own room. She was very much surprised, when she was told of Heidi's stupidity and thought she would investigate the matter but not with the tutor whom she esteemed highly on account of his good character. She always greeted him in a very friendly manner whenever she met him, but then hurried away, so as not to be drawn into conversation with him, for his manner of expressing himself was somewhat annoying to her.

Heidi came into the grandmamma's room and opened her eyes wide, when she saw the beautiful pictures in the large book, which the lady had brought with her. Suddenly Heidi cried aloud, when the grandmamma had turned a new leaf. She looked at the figures with gleaming eyes; then all of a sudden tears rushed from her eyes and she began to sob and cry. The grandmamma looked at the picture. It was a beautiful green pasture, where all sorts of animals were feeding and nibbling

at the green bushes. The shepherd stood in the middle leaning on a long staff and looking at the merry creatures. Everything was painted with a golden glitter, for the sun was just going down behind the horizon.

The grandmamma took Heidi by the hand.

"Come, come, my child," said she in a kindly tone, "don't cry ! It has reminded you of something, but, see there is a charming story about it which I am going to tell this evening. And there are many more lovely stories in the book which one can read and repeat. Come, let us talk a little together. Dry your tears and stand here before me that I may see you plainly. That's right ; now we are happy again."

At last when she saw that the child had quieted a little, she said :

"Now you must tell me something, my child, How do you like the study hours with the tutor ? Can you learn anything ? And have you already learned something ?"

"Oh, no," answered the child sobbing, "but I know that it was impossible to learn."

"What is impossible to learn, Heidi ? What do you mean ?"

"It's impossible to learn to read, it's too hard."

"What ! Whom did you hear that from ?"

"Peter told me so, and he knows it. He has tried to read over and over again, but he can never learn ; it's too hard."

"Well, Peter must be very singular ! But see,

Heidi, you must not believe all Peter tells you, you must try it for yourself. You surely have not given your best attention to the tutor and looked at the letters."

"It's of no use," asserted Heidi with a tone of perfect submission to the inevitable.

"Heidi," said now the grandmamma, "I will tell you something: you have never learned to read, because you have believed what your Peter has told you, but now you must believe me, and I tell you really and truly that you will be able to read in a short time like a great many children who are good like you and not like Peter. And now you must know what will follow, when you care to read. You have seen the shepherd on the lovely green pasture;—as soon as you are able to read, you can get the book, then you will learn his whole story just as if some one had told you what he does with his sheep and goats and all the strange things which happen to him. You would like to know it, wouldn't you, Heidi?"

Heidi had listened with great attention, and now she said, with beaming eyes and a deep sigh.

"Oh, if I could only read now?"

"It will come, it will not take long; I can see it already, Heidi. We must go and see Clara; come, we will take these nice books with us."

Whereupon the grandmamma took Heidi by the hand and went with her into the study.

Since the day when Heidi had wanted to go home,

and Miss Rottenmeier had scolded her on the staircase and told her how disobedient and ungrateful she had been by wishing to leave such a home and go away, and that it would be fortunate if Mr. Sesemann knew nothing about it, some change had taken place in the child's mind. She had understood that she could not go home any time she wished, as her aunt had told her, that she must stay in Frankfort a long time, perhaps forever. She had also understood that Mr. Sesemann when he came home would consider it very ungrateful on her part, and she thought that Clara and her grandmamma would also think so. Therefore she dared to tell no one that she wanted to go home, for she did not like to give grandmamma, who had been so kind to her, any reason to be angry like Miss Rottenmeier. But the burden which she had in her heart grew heavier and heavier. She could no longer eat; each day she grew paler. She often lay awake in the night for a long, long time unable to sleep, for as soon as she was alone and all was still around her, everything stood before her eyes—the alm and the sunlight on it and the flowers! And when at last she fell asleep, she would see in her dream the red cliffs of Falkniss and the fiery snowfield of Caesaplana, and in the morning she would awake and run out of the cottage full of joy; suddenly she would find herself in her big bed in Frankfort, so far away, and could not go home! Then she would bury her head in her pillow and weep in silence for a long time, so that nobody might hear her. Heidi's unhappy state

did not escape the grandmamma's attention. She let a few days pass by to see if there would be any change in the child—if the gloominess around her would pass away. But as no change took place and the grandmamma could often see early in the morning, that Heidi had been weeping, she took the child one day into her room, holding her hand most tenderly and said :

“Now tell me, Heidi, what is the matter with you? Have you any grief?”

But Heidi did not like to appear ungrateful to the kind grandmamma, for she might not be as kind to her afterwards, so she said sadly,

“I cannot tell you.”

“No? You can perhaps tell Clara,” said the grandmamma.

“Oh, no, to no one!” said Heidi decidedly, looking at the same time so unhappy that the grandmamma pitied her.

“Come, my child,” said she, “I will tell you something. If we have any grief which we cannot tell any one, then we take it to the dear Lord in heaven and ask Him to help us, for He is able to take away everything that troubles us. You understand that, don't you? You pray every night to the dear God in heaven and thank Him for everything and ask Him that He may keep you from all harm, don't you?”

“Oh, no, I never do that,” answered the child.

“Have you never prayed, Heidi? Don't you know what it is?”

"I prayed with the first grandmother, but that is so long ago, that I have forgotten it."

"You see, Heidi, the reason for your sadness is, because you know no one who can help you. Just think, how good it is for any one who may have some trouble in his heart to be able to go every minute to the dear Lord and tell Him everything and ask His help, where no one else can help! And He can help every one of us, and give us what we need to make us happy again."

A beam of joy went through Heidi's eyes.

"Can I tell Him everything?"

"Everything Heidi, everything."

The child drew her hand out of grandmamma's and said hastily,

"Can I go now?"

"Certainly! certainly," was her answer, and Heidi ran out, and, going into her own room, sat down on her footstool, folded her hands, and told the dear God all that was in her heart, and whatever made her sad, and asked Him, urgently and sincerely, to help her, and let her go to the grandfather.

It might have been a little more than a week since that day, when the tutor expressed his desire to see Mrs. Sesemann and wished to have a conversation with the lady on a matter of great importance.

He was called into her room, and as he entered Mrs. Sesemann offered him her hand in a friendly way, saying:

"My dear Mr. Tutor, you are welcome. Sit down here by me." She pushed a chair to him. "Now tell me, what brings you here. I hope nothing unpleasant, or no complaints!"

"On the contrary, gracious lady," began the tutor, "something has happened that I never looked for, and any one else who could have glanced on all that has gone before. For after all suppositions it must be admitted that what was considered as a total impossibility has really happened now, and taken place in the most marvelous way, as if in opposition to all consistent——"

"The child Heidi has possibly learned to read, Mr. Tutor," interrupted Mrs. Sesemann.

The surprised gentleman looked at the lady in speechless astonishment.

"Really, it is exceedingly marvelous," said he at last; "not only this young girl had not learned the alphabet after my thorough explanations and unusual pains, but especially that now in the shortest possible time—so to speak, during the night—has grasped it, after I had decided to give up the unattainable, and when without any further explanation I brought the bare letters, so to speak, before her eyes she began to read the words at once with such an exactness as I have seldom experienced with beginners. It is almost as marvelous as the observation that the gracious lady had surmised this improbable fact as a possibility."

"A great many marvelous things occur in a man's life," affirmed Mrs. Sesemann smiling cheerfully.

"Once in a while two things may fortunately coincide, as a new zeal to learn with a new method to teach. And the two being together cannot do any harm, Mr. Tutor. Now let us be glad that the child has come so far, and let us hope for a good progress."

Whereupon she accompanied the tutor out of the room, and hastened to the study to assure herself that the delightful news was true.

And really, Heidi, sitting by Clara, was reading to her a story which apparently filled her with the highest astonishment. With a growing zeal she was penetrating into the new world which was opened to her. Men and objects suddenly came out of the black letters, taking life and becoming realities—to make lovely and interesting stories.

The same evening while they were at table Heidi found the big book with the beautiful pictures lying on her plate, and when she looked at the grandmamma with an inquiring air, the latter said, kindly nodding,

"Yes, yes, now it belongs to you."

"For always? Even if I should go home?" asked Heidi, blushing with joy.

"Certainly, it is to be yours for always," said the grandmamma, giving her assurance. "Tomorrow we will begin to read it."

"But you will not go home, not for many years. Heidi," broke in Clara here. "When the grandmamma goes away, you must surely stay with me."

Before going to bed Heidi had to look once more

at her beautiful book in her room, and from that day it was the most pleasant thing for her to sit with her book and read the stories over and over again, which were illustrated with beautifully colored pictures.

In the evening the grandmamma would say:

“Now Heidi will read to us.”

The child felt always very happy now that it was easy for her to read. When she read the stories aloud, they became more beautiful and intelligible. The grandmamma explained so many things, and told her a good many more.

Most of all she liked to look at, was the green pasture with the shepherd in the midst of the herd, as he stood there happily leaning on his long staff, for he was still with his father's pretty herd, and went after the merry lambs and goats. But the other picture represented the time when he had run away from his father's house, and was living in a strange land where he was obliged to tend the swine. There he had grown very thin as he had nothing but husks to eat. The sun no longer shone in golden beams in this last picture, and the land was gray and misty. Then followed another picture in which the old father with outstretched arms is coming out of the house, and going to meet the penitent son returning home, who had grown thin and weak and was all in tatters.

This was Heidi's favorite story, which she read over and over again, aloud and to herself. She never got tired of hearing the explanations which

the grandmamma gave the children. But there were still many more lovely stories in the book; and with reading and looking at the pictures the days passed off quickly, and the time drew near when the grandmamma had decided to start for her home.

CHAPTER XI.

IN SOME RESPECTS HEIDI IMPROVES AND IN OTHERS
SHE GROWS WORSE.

EVERY afternoon when Clara was lying down, and Miss Rottenmeier, probably in need of rest, mysteriously disappeared, the grandmamma sat down by Clara for a few minutes; but after a short interval she was on her feet again and called Heidi to her room, and talked with her, and kept her busy, and amused her in different ways. She had pretty little dolls, and showed Heidi how to make dresses and aprons for them; so the child learned to sew. She made pretty dresses and cloaks for them, for the grandmamma always had splendid pieces of dress goods in different colors.

As Heidi now could read, she would read the stories to the grandma over and over again, and this delighted her exceedingly, for the more she read them, the more attached she became to them. She studied the different characters in them, so much so that she became closely related to them, and was always glad to be in their company.

But she never looked exactly happy, and her eyes were no longer as bright and beaming.

It was the last week that the grandma was to

spend in Frankfort. She had just called Heidi into her room. This was the time, when Clara was taking her usual nap. When Heidi entered the room with the big book under her arm, the grandmamma beckoned to her to come near her, and laid the book aside and said :

"Now, come, my child, and tell me, why are you not happy ? Have you still the same trouble in your heart ?"

"Yes," said Heidi nodding.

"Have you told the dear Lord about it ?"

"Yes."

"And do you pray each day that everything may be well and that He will make you happy ?"

"Oh, no, I don't pray any more now."

"What do you say, Heidi ? What do I hear ? Why don't you pray any more ?"

"It is of no use ; the dear God has not listened, and I don't believe it to be true," continued Heidi, a little excited, "when so many, many people in Frankfort are praying every night at the same time, the dear Lord cannot give His attention to all of them ; and He has certainly not heard me."

"And how do you know this to be so, Heidi ?"

"I prayed the same prayer every day for many weeks, and the dear God has not done what I prayed for."

"It is not so, Heidi ; you must not think that way ! You see the dear God is a good Father to us all. He always knows what is best for us, when we ourselves don't know it. But if we want something from

Him that is not good for us, He does not give it to us, but something much better, if we continue to pray to Him urgently, and not run away and give up all confidence in Him. You see, what you wished to ask of Him was not good for you at present. The dear Lord has heard you ; He can see and hear all at the same time, for He is the dear God and not a human being like you and me. And as He well knew what is good for you, He thought to Himself : — ‘ Yes, Heidi shall have what she asks for, but only when it is good for her, and then she can be happy about it. For if I should do what she wants now, and afterwards on seeing that it would have been better had I not done what she had asked for, she would then cry and say : “ If only the dear God had not given what I prayed for ! it is by no means as good as I thought it would be ! ” ’ And while the dear God was looking down on you to see if you trusted Him and went to Him every day, and prayed and looked up to Him, when you needed anything, you have gone away, losing all confidence in Him, and have ceased praying, and altogether forgotten Him.

“ But, you see, if any one would do so, and the dear God no longer hears his voice among other praying people, He forgets him, too, and lets him go whenever he will. But when he afterwards gets into trouble and cries out, ‘ Oh, there is no one to help me,’ then no one will have pity on him, but will say, ‘ You have yourself run away from the dear Lord, who could have helped you.’ Well, will you

have it so, Heidi, or will you at once go again to the dear Lord and ask His forgiveness for having wandered away from Him, and then pray to Him every day and trust Him that He will do whatever is best for you, so that you may once more have a happy heart?"

Heidi had listened with great attention; every word of the grandmamma went into her heart, for the child had absolute confidence in her.

"I will go at once to ask the dear Lord for His forgiveness, and I will forget Him no more," said Heidi penitently.

"That is good, my child, He will help you at the right time; only have courage!" said the grandmamma, encouraging her, and Heidi ran right away to her room, and prayed earnestly and penitently to the dear Lord, and asked Him not to forget her, but to look down and bless her again.

The day for the departure of the grandmamma had come, and it was a gloomy day for Clara and Heidi, but the grandmamma had planned it in such a way that they did not realize that it was a sad day, but rather a holiday, until she had driven away. Then the house became dull and empty, as if all was over; and Clara and Heidi sat the rest of the day lost in thought and did not know what would happen next.

The following day, when they had finished their lessons and it was time for the children to sit together as usual, Heidi came in with her book under her arm and said:

“I will always, always read to you; would you like me to, Clara?”

This offer was very gratifying to Clara, and Heidi began earnestly about her task. But it was not long before all came to an end, for Heidi had scarcely begun to read a story, which was about a dying grandmother, when she suddenly cried out aloud:

“Oh, now the grandmother is dead!” and she burst in a pitiable weeping, for everything Heidi read was to her a reality, and she believed nothing else than that the grandmother on the Alm was dead; and she kept crying louder and louder.

“Now the grandmother is dead, and I can never go to her, and she has never had a single roll!”

Clara tried over and over again to explain to Heidi that it was not the grandmother on the Alm, but altogether a different one, about whom the story was written; but even when she succeeded in making this mistake clear to the excited Heidi, she would not be quieted, but kept crying inconsolably; for the idea had been awakened in her mind that the grandmother might die, and the grandfather, too, while she was so far away; and then if she should go home after a long time, it would be all still and dead on the Alm, and she would stay there all alone and never be able to see those again who were dear to her.

In the meanwhile Miss Rottenmeier had come into the room and had heard the attempts of Clara to explain Heidi's mistake. But when the child could not stop sobbing, she went with apparent signs of

impatience to the children and said in a decided voice.

“Adelheid, enough of your unnecessary screaming! I will tell you this one thing, if you ever again give vent to such outbreaks while reading your stories I will take the book away from you altogether.”

It made the intended impression. Heidi turned pale with terror. This book was her best treasure. She dried her tears in great haste, and with all her might she swallowed and choked her sobs so that no further sound was heard from her. By this means the object was attained. Heidi never cried again, no matter what she read; but often she had to make such great efforts to overcome herself, that Clara often said in surprise:

“Heidi, you make terrible grimaces, the like of which I have never seen.”

But grimaces made no sound, and did not annoy Dame Rottenmeier, and Heidi had overcome her attack of desperate sadness; everything returned once more into its old track for a while and the time passed quietly. But Heidi lost her appetite and became so lean and pale that Sebastian could hardly bear to look on her and see how she let the nicest dishes at the table pass by without touching them. He often whispered encouraging words to her, when he was serving her:

“Take some of it, Miss, it’s nice. Not so little! A good spoonful and another!”

And he gave her many more fatherly advices, but all was of no avail. Heidi ate almost nothing,

and at night when she lay on her pillow, all the scenes about her old home came at once before her mind; she wept bitterly in her little bed out of homesickness, so softly that no one might hear her.

A long time passed in this way. Heidi never knew whether it was summer or winter, for the walls and windows, which were all that she could see from the Sesemann house, always looked the same. She only went out when Clara felt particularly well and she could be taken out for a drive, which was always very short, for Clara could not stand a long ride. So they seldom went beyond the walls and the stony streets, but usually turned round and drove through large and beautiful streets where there were a great many houses and people to be seen, but no grass and flowers, no fir trees and mountains; and Heidi's desire to see the beautiful things of her home increased every day. She had only to read the names of these suggestive words which was sufficient for her to have an outbreak of pain, and she had to fight with all her might against it.

The autumn and winter passed in this way, the sun had already become so dazzling on the white walls of the opposite house that Heidi thought that the time had arrived when Peter would go up the Alm with his goats, when the golden rock-roses would glisten in the sunshine, and every evening all the mountains around would be on fire. Heidi would sit down in a corner of her lonely room, hold-

ing her both hands over her eyes so as to avoid seeing the sunshine on the opposite walls. Thus she sat down without stirring, to overcome silently her burning homesickness, until Clara called for her again.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SESEMANN HOUSE IS HAUNTED.

FOR several days Miss Rottenmeier was walking about the house, most of the time in silence and deep thought. Whenever at nightfall she went from one room to another or through the long corridor, she often looked here and there in the corners, and now and then glanced quickly behind her in such a way as if she was afraid that somebody might come slowly behind her and pull her dress. But she went alone only to the living rooms. If she had anything to do on the upper floor, where the lavishly-furnished guest rooms were, or in the lower parts of the house, where the large mysterious hall was situated, in which every step gave a resounding echo, and the old senators, with their large white collars, looked down so sternly and steadily, she would always call Tinette, asking her to go with her, as there might be something to carry up or down. Tinette, on her part, did exactly the same: if she had anything to do up-stairs or down-stairs, she would call Sebastian and tell him he had better go with her, for there might be something to carry she could not manage alone. Strange to say, Sebastian did just the same; if he was sent to a remote part of the house, he called up John and directed

him to go with him in case he was not able to bring what was needed. And every one of them followed the call always quite willingly, though there was in reality nothing to be carried, and each might have as well gone alone; but it looked as if each one always thought he might need later on the other for the same service. While this was going on up-stairs, the old family cook stood below among her pots, wrapt in deep thought, and shook her head and sighed.

“That I should live to see this!”

For some time in the Sesemann house something strange and mysterious had been going on. When the servants came down each morning, the house door stood wide open, but no one was to be seen there who could be suspected of having any connection with the trouble. The first few days when this happened, all the rooms and chambers of the house were carefully searched to see what had been stolen, for they thought that a thief had been able to hide himself in the house in the night, and having stolen valuables had escaped, but nothing was missing; in the whole house there was not a single article gone.

At night the door was not only double locked but the wooden bar was also put across,—it was of no avail; in the morning the door stood wide open, and no matter how early all the servants came down in their excitement, the door stood open, even if all round about lay in deep sleep, and the windows and doors of all other houses were still firmly fastened.

At last John and Sebastian took courage and prepared, at the urgent request of Dame Rottenmeier, to spend the night in the room adjoining the great hall, to see what would happen. Miss Rottenmeier brought out several weapons of Mr. Sesemann's and gave them to Sebastian in order to defend themselves if there need be.

On the appointed night the two men sat down, and at first they were very talkative, but in a short time they felt rather sleepy. Whereupon they leaned back in their chairs and were silent. When the clock on the old tower struck twelve, Sebastian took heart and called to his companion, but it was not easy to wake him up; as often as Sebastian called to him, he would turn his head from one side of the chair to the other, and he would go asleep again. Sebastian listened anxiously, for by this time he was quite awake again. All was as still as a mouse; even in the street there was no sound to be heard. Sebastian did not sleep again. For there was something uncanny in the deep stillness, and he called to John in a subdued voice and shook him a little from time to time.

At last, when the clock had struck one, John woke up and again realized the reason why he was sitting on the chair and not lying in his bed. Suddenly he took some courage and called out:

"Now we must go out and see how the things are; you need not be afraid, only follow me."

John opened wide the door of the room, and went out. At the same moment a strong wind blew in

from the open house-door and put out the light which John held in his hand. He rushed back, almost threw Sebastian, who was standing behind him, backwards into the room, pulled him in, closed the door, and in a feverish haste turned the key as far as it could go. Then he took out a match and lighted the light again.

Sebastian did not know what had taken place, for he was standing behind the broad-shouldered John; he had not felt the draught as distinctly. But when Sebastian saw his companion by the light, he cried out from terror, for John had turned as white as chalk and trembled like an aspen leaf.

"What is the matter? What was outside there?" asked Sebastian compassionately.

"The door was wide open," gasped John, "and there was a white figure on the steps; you see, Sebastian, it went up the stairs and disappeared."

Sebastian's whole body shuddered. Now they sat down close together and did not stir again until morning, and when people began to move about the street. Then they went out together, closed the wide-open door and went up-stairs to tell Miss Rottenmeier about what had happened. The lady was quite anxious to talk, for the expectation of what might have happened had kept her from sleeping. When she had learned what had happened, she sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Sesemann, such as he had never received before. She wrote to him that he must come immediately, for the most unheard-of things had happened there. Then she stated, in

detail, to him what had taken place ; that the door was found open every morning, that no one in the house felt sure of his life if the house door should be opened every night, and that no one could tell what terrible results might come out of this mysterious thing.

Mr. Sesemann answered by return mail that it was impossible for him to leave his business so suddenly and come home. The ghost story was very strange ; he hoped that it was only something that would pass away soon. In the meantime, should some trouble happen, Miss Rottenmeier might write to Mrs. Sesemann and ask her if she would not be willing to come to Frankfort to their help ; his mother would without doubt be able to straighten out the whole matter in a very short time, after which the ghost would not dare to create disturbances in his house.

Miss Rottenmeier was not satisfied with the tone of this letter. Mr. Sesemann had not given the matter the importance she had wanted him to. She at once wrote to Mrs. Sesemann, but she did not get any more satisfaction from her ; her letter contained some very displeasing remarks. Mrs. Sesemann wrote that she did not intend to take the trouble to travel from Holstein to Frankfort just because Miss Rottenmeier saw ghosts. And besides, ghosts had never been seen in the Sesemann house, and should there be seen any ghosts about the house, it could be nothing else but a living being with whom Miss Rottenmeier could come to an understanding ;

If not, she might call the night watchman to her assistance.

But Miss Rottenmeier was determined not to spend her days any longer in terror, and she knew how to help herself; up to this time she had said nothing to the children about the appearance of a ghost, as she was afraid that they would not stay alone for a moment day and night, which might have unpleasant consequences for her. She went straight to the study, where the two were sitting together, and spoke to them in a suppressed voice about the nightly appearances of an unknown being. At once Clara screamed out that she would not stay alone for a single moment, that her father must come home, and Miss Rottenmeier must come and sleep in her room, and Heidi ought not to be alone, or the ghost might go and do her some harm. They must all sleep in the same room and leave the light burning all night, and Tinette must sleep near, and Sebastian and John must also come and sleep down in the corridor, that they might immediately scream and frighten the ghost, if it should come up the stairs. Clara was much excited and Miss Rottenmeier had the greatest difficulty in calming her in some way. She promised to write to her father at once and put her bed in Clara's room and never to leave her alone. They all could not sleep in the same room, but if Adelheid was also afraid Tinette must put a couch and sleep in her room. But Heidi was more afraid of Tinette than of ghosts, for the child had never heard of such things, and she said

most decidedly that she was not afraid of ghosts and would rather remain alone in her room.

Whereupon Miss Rottenmeier hastened to her writing-desk and wrote to Mr. Sesemann, how the mysterious happenings in his house, which were repeated every night, had so affected the delicate constitution of his daughter that the most serious consequences were to be apprehended. There were not a few examples of sudden epileptic attacks or of St. Vitus dance in such circumstances; and his daughter would be exposed to such an awful misfortune if this state of things should continue much longer.

This had the desired effect. Two days later Mr. Sesemann stood at the door of his house and rang the bell so that every one in the house hastened down together and stared at each other, for they firmly believed that the ghost had become so impudent as to play its malicious tricks even before the night had come.

Sebastian quite cautiously peeped out through a half-opened shutter from above; at the same moment the bell rang once more so vehemently that every one was convinced that only a human hand could ring that way.

Sebastian had recognized the hand, so he rushed through the room, ran head first down the stairs, but landed on his feet at the bottom and flung the door open.

Mr. Sesemann, greeting curtly and without stopping to talk, went directly up-stairs to his daughter's

room. Clara received her father with an exclamation of joy, and when he saw her cheerful and totally unchanged, his stern looks softened, more so, when he heard from his daughter's own lips that she was as well as she had ever been, and was so glad that her father had come home, and it was good that the ghost had come to the house, which had caused her papa to come.

"And what other pranks has the ghost been playing, Miss Rottenmeier?" asked Mr. Sesemann with a peculiar expression in the corners of his mouth.

"No, Mr. Sesemann," replied the lady gravely, "it is no joke. I have no doubt but that to-morrow Mr. Sesemann will feel different and will not laugh; for what is now going on in the house shows that in the past some awful things have taken place which have been kept secret."

"Indeed! I know nothing about it," remarked Mr. Sesemann, "but I must ask of you not to cast any reflections on my honorable ancestors. Call Sebastian into the dining-room; I would like to talk with him alone."

Mr. Sesemann went into the dining-room and Sebastian made his appearance. Mr. Sesemann was aware that Sebastian and Miss Rottenmeier were not on the best of terms. So he had his suspicions.

"Come here, Sebastian," said he, beckoning to the servant as he was entering the room. "Now tell me frankly, have you not your own self been playing the part of a ghost in order to frighten Miss Rottenmeier a little?"

"No, in my word of honor; my gracious master must not think any such thing. I myself did not feel easy in the matter," replied Sebastian with unmistakable sincerity.

"Now as this is the case, I will show you and the brave John what the ghosts look like in daylight. You ought to feel ashamed, Sebastian! a strong young fellow like you to run away from ghosts! Now go, without delay, to my old friend, Dr. Classen; give him my kind regards and ask him if he would be so kind as to come here to night at nine o'clock. I have come home from Paris to consult him. It is such a serious matter that he will have to spend the whole night here with me, so that he must arrange his plans accordingly. Did you understand, Sebastian?"

"Yes, certainly. My gracious master may be sure that I shall do as he says."

Whereupon Sebastian disappeared and Mr. Sesemann turned his attention to his daughter to quiet her fears about the apparition, which he was going to try and put in its true light.

Exactly at nine o'clock, when the children had gone to bed, and Miss Rottenmeier had retired, the doctor put in his appearance, showing under his gray hairs a very fresh face and two bright, kind, twinkling eyes. He looked somewhat anxious, but at the usual hearty greeting he broke out into a loud laugh and clapping his friend on the shoulder, said:

"Well, well, you look tolerably well for one I am to watch with, old friend."

"Only patience, doctor," answered Mr. Sesemann, "the one with whom you have to watch will look worse when we have caught him."

"What! a sick person in the house, and one that must be caught?"

"Much worse, doctor, much worse. A ghost in the house. The house is haunted!"

The doctor laughed aloud.

"A funny condition of things, doctor!" continued Mr. Sesemann. "It is too bad that my friend Rottenmeier cannot enjoy it with me. She is convinced that an old Sesemann is wandering about here, and expiating some dreadful deeds."

"How did she come to know him?" asked the doctor, still very much amused.

Mr. Sesemann now told his friend about the whole affair and that still the house door is found open every morning according to the testimony of the whole household, and added that in order to be prepared for whatever might occur, he had left two well-loaded revolvers down in the room where they were to watch, for it was either a very undesirable joke which perhaps an acquaintance of the servants was playing in order to frighten the people in the house in the absence of the master—if so a little scare, such as a good shot in the air, could not be unwholesome to him—or it may be a case of thieves who had taken this means to direct the thoughts to ghosts in order to be safer, that no one would venture to go out of his room; in which case a good weapon would do no harm.

During these explanations the gentlemen had come down-stairs and entered the same room where John and Sebastian had watched. On the table were some refreshments which from time to time could be enjoyed, as the night was to be spent there, and near by lay the two revolvers. Besides, there were two brightly-lighted candelabra in the center, for Mr. Sesemann did not intend to await the coming of the ghost in a half-dark room.

The door was now closed just enough in order not to let too much light go into the corridor by which the ghost might be frightened away. Then the gentlemen sat down in their armchairs and began to talk about all sorts of things, and now and then took a little refreshment, and so the clock struck twelve before they were aware of it.

"The ghost scented us and is not coming to-night at all," said the doctor.

"Have patience, he may come at one o'clock," replied his friend.

The conversation was resumed. It struck one. It was total silence round about ; on the streets, too, every sound had died away. Suddenly the doctor lifted up his finger.

"S-h, Sesemann ! don't you hear ?"

They both listened. They heard the bar softly but distinctly pushed back, then the key was turned twice in the lock, and the door was opened. Mr. Sesemann stretched out his hand to his revolver.

"You are not afraid ?" said the doctor, rising.

"Better to be cautious," whispered Mr. Sesemann, seizing one of the lights in his left hand, and the revolver in his right, and followed the doctor, who, likewise provided with lights and revolver, went before him. They went out into the corridor.

Through the wide-open door the pale moonshine came in and lighted up a white form which stood still on the threshold.

"Who is there?" the doctor roared so that it echoed through the entire corridor, and both gentlemen with lights and weapons went towards the form. It turned around and gave a little cry.

It was Heidi who stood there with bare feet and in her white night-clothes looking at the bright lights and weapons with a confused glance, shivering and trembling from head to foot like a little leaf in the wind. The gentlemen looked at each other in great astonishment.

"I truly believe, Sesemann, that this is your little water-carrier," said the doctor.

"Child, what does this mean?" now asked Mr. Sesemann. "What were you going to do? Why have you come down-stairs?"

White as snow from terror Heidi stood before him and said, in a scarcely audible voice:

"I don't know."

Now the doctor stepped forward:

"Sesemann, the case belongs to my line; go and sit down in your armchair for a while; first of all I will take the child where she belongs."

Whereupon he put his revolver on the floor, too

the trembling child by the hand as a father and went up-stairs with her.

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid," said he kindly, as they were going up, "only be very quiet! There is nothing at all, only be of good cheer!"

After they had entered Heidi's room, the doctor put the candelabrum on the table, took Heidi in his arms, laid her in her bed and covered her up carefully. Then he sat down in the chair by the bed and waited for a while, until Heidi had quieted down a little and stopped trembling in every limb. Then taking the little child by the hand said soothingly :

"Well, everything is all right; now tell me where did you want to go?"

"I didn't want to go anywhere," said Heidi, "I did not go down myself; I was there all of a sudden."

"Well, well, and did you have a dream in the night; do you know if you saw or heard something distinctly?"

"Yes, every night I dream, and always the same. Then I think I am with my grandfather and I hear the fir-trees roar outside, and I think, now the stars are sparkling so brightly in the sky, and run quickly and open the door of the cottage, and there it is so beautiful. But when I wake up, I am always in Frankfort still."

Heidi began to struggle and to swallow the lump that rose in her throat.

"H'm! Do you ever have pains anywhere? In your head or in your back?"

"Oh, no, only it presses here as if a big stone was there all the time."

"H'm! Perhaps so, as if you had eaten something and afterwards you wished to give it back again?"

"No, not so, but so heavy, as if I must cry hard."

"Well, well, do you then cry right out loud?"

"Oh, no, I didn't dare to do that. Miss Rottenmeier has forbidden that."

"Then you swallow it down, don't you? Really you like living in Frankfort, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," she replied in a soft voice, but it sounded as if she meant rather the contrary.

"Hum! and where did you live with your grandfather?"

"Always on the Alm."

"Well, it is not a specially pleasant place to live in; it is somewhat gloomy, is it not?"

"Oh, no; it is so beautiful there, so lovely."

Heidi could say no more, for the thought of her former home came to her mind, and the excitement she had just gone through, and the continual weeping overpowered the child; tears rushed from her eyes in streams and she broke in a loud and pitiable sobbing.

The doctor rose; he gently laid Heidi's head on the pillow and said:

"Cry a little more, it can do no harm, and then go to sleep, rest in peace, to-morrow everything will be all right."

Then he left her.

Entering the room where they had been watch-

ing, he took his seat in the armchair opposite his friend's, who had been waiting, and exclaimed to him :

"Sesemann, in the first place your little protégée has nightmare and is totally unconscious she has opened the door every night like a ghost, and has terrified the whole household. Secondly, the child is wasting away from homesickness so that she already has grown thin and looks almost like a skeleton, and in a little while she will be entirely so, therefore something must be done to help her at once. For the first trouble and for the nervous excitement which existed in a high degree there is but one remedy, namely, to send the child at once to her mountain home, for the second there is but one medicine, namely, the very same thing. Therefore she must be sent home to-morrow, that is my prescription."

At this Mr. Sesemann rose from his chair. He walked up and down the room in great excitement, then he exclaimed :

"Lunatic! sick! homesick! grown this in my house! all this in my house! And you, doctor, do you think that the child who has come to my house fresh and healthy, I shall send to her grandfather wretched and wasted away? No, doctor, you cannot expect that; I will not do that; that I can never do. Now take the child in hand, treat her with great care, do whatever you like, but make her sound and healthy and then I will send her home, if she wants to go, but you must help her!"

“Sesemann,” answered the doctor earnestly, “think what you are doing! Her condition is not sickness which one could cure with powders and pills. The child has no delicate constitution; if you send her at once into the strong mountain air, to which she is accustomed, she will soon be as healthy as ever; if not—you would not wish to send the child to her grandfather when it would be too late, or that she should never return to him, would you?”

Mr. Sesemann stood there in terror.

“Well, if that is your advice, then there is only one way, that we must act at once.”

With these words Mr. Sesemann took his friend by the arm and walked about with him to talk over the matter further.

Then the doctor set out to go home, for already much time had passed, and through the house door which the master of the house opened this time the morning light came in.

CHAPTER XIII.

UP THE ALM ON A SUMMER EVENING.

MR. SESEMANN climbed the stairs in great excitement and went with firm steps to Dame Rottenmeier's room. Here he knocked at the door with such an unusual vehemence that the lady woke from sleep and cried out in terror. She heard the master's voice outside.

"Pray make haste and come into the dining-room, we must at once make preparations for a journey!"

Miss Rottenmeier looked at her watch; it was half-past four in the morning. She had never before risen at such an early hour in her life! What could have taken place? Curiosity and anxious expectation made everything she took in her hand go wrong, and delayed her a great deal in dressing herself, for she kept searching for the things she had already put on.

In the meantime Mr. Sesemann went the whole length of the corridor and pulled all the bells with all his might to summon the servants, so that each one in the different rooms jumped out of his bed terrified and hurried to dress in whatever way he could, for every one thought that the ghosts had seized the

master of the house in some way or other and he was calling for help. So they came down one after the other, each looking more frightened than the last, and stood in surprise before the master of the house, who walked up and down in the dining-room, looking fresh and happy, and appearing in no way as if he had been terrified by a ghost.

John was at once sent to have the horse and the carriage ready to be brought before the house later on. Tinette was ordered to waken Heidi immediately and to prepare her for a journey. Sebastian had to hurry to bring over Heidi's aunt from the house where she was serving. In the meanwhile Miss Rottenmeier had been able to get dressed, except her cap, which was put on the wrong way, and it looked from a distance as if her face were on her back side. Mr. Sesemann ascribed her embarrassed appearance to the fact that she was interrupted in her sleep. He went without delay to business, directing her to bring at once a trunk and to pack up all things belonging to the Swiss child (Mr. Sesemann generally used this expression when talking of Heidi, as her name was rather unfamiliar to him), and with them some of Clara's clothes, so that she might have something to take with her; but everything must be done quickly and without spending much time.

Miss Rottenmeier stood in surprise, as if rooted to the floor, and stared at Mr. Sesemann. She had expected that he would confidentially tell her some horrible ghost adventure which he had experienced

in the night, and about which she would not be unwilling to hear now in the bright morning light; but instead of that he gave these prosaic and very inconvenient commands. She could not quickly comprehend what was to her so unexpected. She still stood there speechless and waited to see what was coming next.

But Mr. Sesemann did not intend to give any explanation; he let the lady stand where she was and went to his daughter's room.

As he supposed, the latter had been awakened by the unusual stir in the house and was listening to what was going on.

The father sat down by her bed and told her the real story of the apparition, and that, in the doctor's opinion, Heidi's health was very much affected, and that she might gradually extend her nightly wanderings, possibly climb up the roof, which would be very dangerous. So he had decided to send the child home at once, for he could not take such responsibility on himself, and Clara must be reconciled with this parting, for she could see that it was impossible to do otherwise.

On hearing this painful news Clara was much surprised, and wanted at first to find some means out of this difficulty, but it was of no use; her father's decision was made once for all; but he promised to go with Clara next year to Switzerland, if she would be reasonable and not make any complaints. Finally Clara yielded to the inevitable, but desired as a compensation that Heidi's trunk should be brought

into her room and be packed there, that she might put in things that would please the little child. Her father willingly granted this request ; he even encouraged her to prepare a fine outfit for the child.

In the meantime Aunt Dete had arrived and stood with great expectation in the ante-room, for something extraordinary must have happened that she was called at such an unusual hour. Mr. Sesemann went out to her and told her how it was with Heidi and that he wished her to take the child home immediately that same day. The aunt looked very much disappointed, as she had not expected such news. She still remembered very well the words which the Uncle had spoken to her at her parting, that she must never appear before his eyes again. Having given the child to the old man and having taking her away from him it did not seem advisable to her to take her back again. She did not think long, but said quickly that unfortunately it was impossible for her to undertake the journey that day, and she could still less think of it the next day, and it would be utterly impossible to do so the following days, because she had so much work to do ; and after that she would not be able to go at all.

Mr. Sesemann understood what she meant and dismissed her without any further talk. Now he summoned Sebastian and told him that he must prepare himself without delay for the journey ; he must go that very day to Basle, and take her home the next day. He could then immediately

return ; he would have nothing to state, for a letter to the grandfather would explain everything to him.

"But now, Sebastian, there is still this one important thing," said Mr. Sesemann, "which you must execute punctually. You have here my card, on which I have written the name of the hotel in Basle, where they know me. Show it to them and a good room will be given you for the child. You have to look after yourself. You must first go into the child's room, and fasten all the windows so firmly, that they can be opened only by great force. When the child is in her bed, go and lock the door from outside, for she wanders about in the night and might run into danger in a strange house if she should go out, and try to open the house door ; do you understand ?"

"Aha ! aha ! That was it ! That was it !" exclaimed Sebastian in the greatest surprise, for he had received a great light on the ghostly apparitions.

"Yes, so it was, that was it, and you are a coward, and you can tell John that he is another, and all of you are ridiculous people."

Whereupon Mr. Sesemann went to his room, sat down and wrote a letter to the Alm-Uncle.

Sebastian stood puzzled in the middle of the room and repeated several times to himself :

"If I had not let that coward John pull me into the room, but had gone after the white figure, which I doubtless would have done !" for the bright sun now lighted every corner of the blue room.

Meanwhile Heidi stood in her Sunday frock, quite ignorant of what was to take place, for Tinette had awakened her from her sleep, taken her clothes out of the closet and put them on without saying a word. She never talked with the uncultivated Heidi, for she considered her too little to be taken any notice of.

Mr. Sesemann went with his letter into the dining-room, where the breakfast was already served, and asked :

“Where is the child?”

Heidi was called. When she approached Mr. Sesemann to say “Good morning,” to him, he looked into her face asking her :

“Well, what do you say, little one?”

Heidi looked up to him astonished.

“You still don’t know anything about it,” said Mr. Sesemann, laughing. “Now you are going home directly.”

“Home?” repeated Heidi unable to speak and turned white as snow. For a little while she could not catch her breath, her heart being so vehemently affected by the impression.

“Well, don’t you like to go?” asked Mr. Sesemann laughing.

“Oh, yes, I do,” she spoke now out of her heart, turning deep red.

“Very well, very well,” said Mr. Sesemann, encouraging her, and sat down and beckoned her to do the same. “Now eat your breakfast, and then into the carriage and away.”

But Heidi could not swallow even a morsel, though she forced herself from obedience. She was in such a state of excitement that she did not know at all whether she was awake or dreaming ; whether she would suddenly wake up again and find herself standing at the house door in her little nightgown.

"Sebastian must take plenty of provisions with him," said Mr. Sesemann to Miss Rottenmeier who just entered ; "the child cannot eat, naturally. Go in to Clara, until the carriage comes," he added in a kind voice, turning to Heidi.

This was just what Heidi desired. She ran over to see Clara, in the middle of whose room was a huge trunk with the cover still wide open.

"Come, Heidi, come !" cried Clara to her ; "see what I have had packed up for you ; come, are you glad of it ? "

And she mentioned quite a number of things, clothes, aprons, underwear and sewing materials. "Look here, Heidi," and Clara lifted a basket triumphantly into the air. Heidi peeped in and jumped up for joy, for there were twelve lovely round white rolls in there, all for the grandmother. The children in their delight had entirely forgotten that the moment had come when they must part, and all of a sudden the call was heard. "The carriage was ready," there was no time left to be sad.

Heidi ran into her room ; the beautiful book, presented to her by the grandmamma, must be still there, nobody could have packed it, as it was under her pillow, because Heidi could not part with

it day and night. That was laid in the basket, on the top of the rolls. Then she opened her closet ; she looked for something which might not have been packed. Indeed, the old red shawl still lay there, which Miss Rottenmeier had not considered important enough to be packed. Heidi wrapped something else around and laid it on the top of the basket so that the red package could be easily seen. Then she put on her nice little hat and left her room.

The two children had speedily to bid farewell, for Mr. Sesemann was already there to take Heidi to the carriage. Miss Rottenmeier stood at the head of the stairs to take leave of Heidi. When she saw the strange red parcel, she took it quickly out of the basket, and threw it on the floor.

"No, Adelheid," said she, blaming her, "you cannot go out of this house like this ; you do not need to take such a thing as this with you."

After this Heidi did not dare to take the bundle again, but she looked with imploring eyes up to the master of the house, as if she had been robbed of her greatest treasure.

"No, no," said Mr. Sesemann in a very decided tone, "let the child take home whatever makes her happy, and if she even wishes to carry kittens or turtles, let us not be angry, Miss Rottenmeier."

Heidi took her bundle up from the floor again, and gratitude and pleasure shone in her eyes.

When they had come near the carriage, Mr. Sesemann held out his hand to her and said, with kind words, that they would always think of her, he and

his daughter, Clara. He wished her a safe and happy journey ; and Heidi thanked him heartily for every kindness which was shown her and at last she said :

"I leave a thousand good-bys for the doctor and thank him many, many times," for she had noticed how he had said the preceding night, "And tomorrow everything will be all right. Now everything had turned as he had said, and Heidi thought that it must have been he who brought it about.

Now the child was placed in the carriage and Sebastian also entered with the basket and the provision satchel. Mr. Sesemann called out once more in a friendly voice, "A happy journey," and the carriage rolled away.

Soon afterwards Heidi was sitting in the train and holding her basket firmly in her lap. She would not let it go out of her hands for a moment ; the precious rolls for the grandmother were in there. She had to look after them carefully and gazed at them from time to time with great delight. For many hours Heidi was sitting as still as a mouse, as she now realized for the first time, that she was on her way to her grandfather on the Alm, to the grandmother and goatherd Peter. Everything came before her eyes, one after the other, which she would soon see again—how everything would look at home, and the same time new thoughts were rising in her mind, and she suddenly said anxiously :

"Sebastian, are you sure that the grandmother on the Alm is not dead ?"

"No, no," said Sebastian, "we may hope she is still alive."

Then Heidi was once more deep in thought, except now and then, when she would look into her basket, for her great desire was to lay all the grandmother's rolls on the table. After a long time she said again :

"If I could only be sure, Sebastian, that the grandmother is still alive."

"Yes, indeed ! yes, indeed !" replied her companion half asleep, "she is still alive ; I don't see why she shouldn't be."

After awhile Heidi's eyes also closed ; and after the preceding troublesome night and early start she was so in need of sleep that she could awake only when Sebastian, shaking her by the arm, cried out to her :

"Wake up ! wake up ! we must get out : we are already in Basle."

On the following morning they continued their journey for several hours. Heidi was sitting again with her basket on her lap, which she would by no means give to Sebastian ; but to-day she had nothing to say, for with each hour her expectations grew more intense. Then suddenly, when Heidi was not thinking about it, the call sounded aloud : "Mayenfeld !" She jumped up from her seat, and Sebastian did the same, for he was also surprised. Now they stood outside with the trunk, and the train was whistling farther on up the valley. Sebastian looked sadly after it, for he much preferred to

travel further in this safe way than the difficulty of undertaking a tour on foot, which would end in climbing a mountain that might be very hard and dangerous in this country, as Sebastian thought that everything was half wild. For that reason he looked carefully about him to see with whom he could consult in regard to the safest way to Doerfli.

Not far from the railway station stood a wagon drawn by a thin horse, and a broad-shouldered man was leading it with some large bags, which had been brought by the train. Sebastian going to him questioned him as to the safest way to Doerfli.

"All ways are safe here," was the curt reply.

Now Sebastian asked him the best road they could take without falling over the precipices, and how a trunk could be taken there. The man looked at the trunk and measured it a little with his eyes and said if it was not too heavy, he would take it in his wagon, as he was going to Doerfli. So after a few words were exchanged, it was agreed that the man should take the child and the trunk into his wagon and then in the evening the child could be sent with some one from Doerfli up the Alm.

"I can go alone, I know the way from Doerfli up the Alm," said Heidi, who had been listening attentively to the transactions. A heavy load fell from Sebastian's mind, when he found himself released from the prospect of climbing the mountain. He secretly beckoned Heidi to one side and gave her a heavy roll and a letter for the grandfather, and told

her that the roll was a present from Mr. Sesemann, which must be laid in the very bottom of the basket, under the bread, and that she must take the greatest care of it, so that it may not be lost, for Mr. Sesemann would be frightfully angry about it, and would never get over it in his whole life. The little ma'mselle must keep this in her mind.

"I will not lose it," said Heidi assuredly, and placed the roll with the letter in the bottom of the basket. Now the trunk was put on the wagon, then Sebastian lifted Heidi and her basket up to the high seat, stretched out his hand to bid her good-by and admonished her with all sorts of signs to keep her eyes on the contents of her basket, for the driver was still near and Sebastian was cautious, especially now, as he knew he ought to take the child as far as her home. The driver swung himself up to the seat beside Heidi, and the wagon rolled away toward the mountain, while Sebastian was glad to have got rid of the dreadful mountain journey, and sat down in the railway station to wait for the returning train.

The man on the wagon was the baker of Doerfli, who was carrying his bags of flour to the store. He had never seen Heidi, but like everybody in Doerfli he knew of the child that had been brought to the Alm-Uncle. And then he had known Heidi's parents, and he immediately thought that he had now to do with the much-talked-of child. He wondered somewhat why the child was coming back home; and while they were riding began to talk with Heidi.

"You are the child, who was up with the Alm-Uncle, your grandfather?"

"Yes."

"Were you not treated well that you have already come back from so far?"

"Yes, I was; no one could have been treated as well as I was in Frankfort."

"Why are you coming back home then?"

"Only because Mr. Sesemann allowed me, or else I should not have returned."

"Bah, why did you not prefer to stay there if he only allowed you to come home?"

"Because I would a thousand times prefer to be with my grandfather on the Alm to anything else in the world."

"You will perhaps think otherwise when you get up there," growled the baker, "but I wonder," he said to himself, "if she can know how it is."

Now he began to whistle and said nothing more, and Heidi looked around her and her heart began to tremble from excitement, for she recognized the trees on the way. Over in the distance stood the lofty peaks of the Falkness Mountains, and looking down at her as if they were greeting her like good friends of old. And Heidi greeted them in return, and with every step forward Heidi's expectations grew more intense, and she thought she must jump down from the wagon and run with all her might until she was up there. But she remained still and did not stir; her whole body trembled. As they entered Doerfli, the clock was striking five. In a

moment a crowd of children and women gathered around the wagon, for the trunk and the child on the baker's wagon, attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood, and every one wanted to know where they had come from, where they were going, and to whom they belonged.

When the baker had taken Heidi down from the wagon, she said quickly :

“ My grandfather will come after my trunk.”

She wanted to run away, but she was held fast on every side, and a great many voices were heard at the same time, each one asking a different question. Heidi pressed through the crowd with such anxiety on her face, that they involuntarily made a way for her and let her pass, and one said to the other : “ You see how frightened she is ; she has every reason to be.”

Then they began to tell one another how the Alm-Uncle for the last year or so had grown worse than ever before, and would not speak a word to any one, and would make a face as if he would like to kill anybody who would come in his way. If the child only knew anything in the world about where she was going, she would not go to the old dragon's nest. But the baker interrupted the conversation and said he knew more than all of them, and then told them in a mysterious way how a gentleman had brought the child as far as Mayenfeld and parted from her in the most friendly way, and had at once without bargaining paid the fare he asked and a present besides ; and in a general

way he could surely say that the child must have been well treated, and she had herself wished to go back to her grandfather. This news produced great astonishment, and was immediately spread in all Doerfli, so that there was no house in the village that evening in which the people did not talk over that Heidi had desired to come back to her grandfather from a life of comfort.

Heidi ran up the mountain from Doerfli as fast as she could ; from time to time she would suddenly stand still, for she lost her breath, the basket on her arm being quite heavy, and besides it grew steeper and steeper the higher she went. Heidi had but one thought now, " Will the grandmother be still sitting in her little place in the corner at her spinning-wheel ? Has she not died in the meantime ? "

Now Heidi saw the little hut in the hollow on the Alm ; her heart began to beat, she ran faster, and her heart kept beating louder and louder.—Now she was up there—she could hardly open the door, she was trembling so—but now!—she sprang into the middle of the little room, and stood there almost out of breath, and was unable to utter a word.

" Oh, my God ! " sounded from the corner, " our Heidi used to run in in that way ! Ah, if I could only have her once more by my side, while I live ! Who has come in ? "

" Here I am, grandmother, here I am, " exclaimed Heidi, and rushed into the corner, and immediately approaching the grandmother on her knees, seized

her arm and hands and snuggled to her and could say nothing from her great delight.

At first the old woman was so surprised that she was unable to utter a word, then she stroked Heidi's curly hair and said repeatedly :

"Yes, yes, it's her hair and it's her voice ! Oh, my dear God, that thou hast let me see this !"

And a pair of large tears of joy fell on Heidi's hand from her blind eyes.

"Are you really Heidi ? Are you really here again ?"

"Yes, yes, really, grandmother," exclaimed Heidi with all assurance, "do not cry, I am really here again and will come to you every day, and will never go away again ; and you have not to eat hard bread for many days, do you see, grandmother ? do you see ?"

Heidi now took one roll after the other out of her basket, until she piled up all twelve in the grandmother's lap.

"Oh, child ! oh, child ! what a blessing you have brought with you !" exclaimed the grandmother, when there was no end to the rolls she filled into her lap as they came one after the other. "But you yourself are the greatest blessing for me, my child !"

Then she took hold of Heidi's curly hair again, and stroking her hot cheeks said :

"Say a word more, my child ; say something more, that I can hear you."

Heidi began to tell the grandmother how anxious

she had been about her and how she had feared that she might die in the meantime and could not have the white rolls which she was going to bring to her, and that she could never, never go to her again.

Now Peter's mother entered the room and stood still for a moment in great astonishment. Then she exclaimed :

"Really, it is Heidi ! How is it possible ?"

Heidi rose and gave her her hand, and Brigitte could not wonder enough how pretty Heidi appeared, and walking around the child said :

"Grandmother, if you could only see what a beautiful dress Heidi has on, and how nice she looks ! I hardly recognized her. And this hat on the table, trimmed with feathers, does it belong to you ? Put it on for a moment, so that I can see how you look."

"No, I will not," said Heidi, "you can have it, I don't want it any longer ; I still have my own."

"Whereupon Heidi opened her bundle and took out her old hat, which had been crushed in a few more places during her journey. But that did not worry Heidi ; she had not forgotten that when she was taking leave of her grandfather he called to her that he never cared to see her again with a hat trimmed with feathers, and that was the reason why Heidi had kept her hat so carefully, for she always thought that she would go back home to her grandfather.

But Brigitte said she must not be so silly ; it was a splendid little hat, she would not take it herself ;

Heidi might sell it to the teacher's little daughter in Doerfli and get a good deal of money, if she did not like to put it on. But Heidi was not to be moved from her decision, and put the hat behind the grandmother in the corner, where it lay hidden. Then Heidi took off her handsome dress at once and bound the red shawl over the underwaist in which she stood now with her bare arms, and seized the grandmother's hand and said :

"Now I must go to my grandfather ; to-morrow I will come to see you again. Good night, grandmother !"

"Yes, come again, Heidi, come again to-morrow," said the grandmother, and pressed Heidi's hand between her own and could hardly let her go away.

"Why have you taken off your lovely dress ?" asked Brigitte.

"Because I much rather go before my grandfather just the same as I used to be before I went away, or he might not recognize me : you yourself hardly recognized me."

Brigitte went outside of the door with Heidi and here she said to her somewhat secretly :

"You ought to have kept your dress on ; he would have known you ; but you must take care of yourself, for Peter says the Alm-Uncle is very cross now and has nothing to say to any one."

Heidi bade her "good night," and with the basket on her arm went up the Alm.

The evening sun shone all around on the green Alm, and now the snow-field on the Cæsaplana came

into sight and gleamed from afar. Heidi at every few footsteps would stand still and turn round to look at the high mountains that were behind her as she climbed. Now a red glow fell on the grass before her feet. She turned round, there—she had never had the splendor in her remembrance, and never in her dream seen the like of this—the rock-peaks on Falkness flamed up to the sky, the wide snow-field was aglow, and red clouds were drifting high above. The grass all around the Alm was in a golden hue; from every rock it glimmered and shone down and the whole valley swam in fragrance and gold.

Heidi stood in the midst of this splendor and bright tears of joy and rapture ran down her cheeks, and folding her hands looked up to heaven and thanked the dear Lord that He had once more brought her back home and that everything was still so beautiful and even more beautiful than she had imagined, and that all was hers. She was so happy and so rich in the great splendor that she could hardly find words to make known her thankfulness to the dear Lord.

Heidi could not move from the scene until the light began to fade all around her; and when she started she ran so fast up the mountain that it was not long before she saw the tops of the fir trees, then the roof and then the whole hut,—and there the grandfather was sitting on the bench at the door, smoking his pipe, and above the hut the old fir trees were rocking their tops and roaring in the evening

wind. Then Heidi ran faster, and before the Alm-Uncle could really see what was coming, the child rushed up to him, threw her basket on the ground and hugged the old man, and so excited she was on seeing him that she could say nothing except exclaiming all the while: "Grandfather! Grandfather! Grandfather!"

The grandfather also said nothing. For the first time in many a long year his eyes grew moist, and he had to wipe them away with his hands. Then he loosened Heidi's arms from his neck, took the child on his knees and gazed at her for a moment.

"So, you have come home again, Heidi!" said he. "How did it happen? you do not look particularly proud. Did they send you away?"

"Oh, no, grandfather," began Heidi ardently, "you must not believe, they were all so kind—Clara and the grandmamma and Mr. Sesemann. But you see, grandfather, I could not wait any longer, for I wanted to come to you again, and I have always thought, and sometimes I was almost choked, I felt so bad and troubled; but I never said anything about it, for it would have been ingratitude on my part. One morning Mr. Sesemann all at once called me very early—but I believe it was the doctor's fault—but it is perhaps written all in the letter"—whereupon Heidi jumped down from her grandfather's lap and took the letter and her roll out of the basket and put them in her grandfather's hand.

"This belongs to you," said the old man and laid the roll on the bench beside him. Then he

took the letter and read it through, and without saying a word he put it in his pocket.

"You think you could still drink milk with me, Heidi?" asked he, and taking the child by the hand went into the cottage. "But take your money with you; you can buy a bed with it and clothes for some years."

"I really do not need it, grandfather," said Heidi assuredly. "A bed I have already, and Clara packed enough clothes for me, so that I shall not need any more for a long time."

"Take it, take it, and put it into the chest; you will need it some day."

Heidi obeyed and jumped after the grandfather into the hut, full of joy at seeing everything again. She ran into every corner and up the ladder—but here she suddenly stood motionless and called down in her perplexity.

"Oh, grandfather, I have no longer any bed."

"You will have it again soon," sounded from below. "I did not know whether you would come home again. Now come and get your milk."

Heidi came down and sat on her high stool in the old place, took her mug and drank with such an appetite as if she had never had such a precious thing before in her life; and when she put her mug on the table with a deep breath, she said:

"There is nothing in the whole world so good as our milk, grandfather."

A sharp whistle was heard outside the hut. Heidi rushed out of the door quick as lightning. There

came down the whole flock of goats, jumping, springing and leaping down the heights above and Peter in the midst of them. When he caught sight of Heidi, he stood on the spot motionless, as if rooted to the ground, and stared at her speechless. Heidi called out, "Good evening, Peter!" and rushed to the midst of the goats. "Schwaenli! Baerli! do you know me still?"

The goats must have immediately recognized her voice, for they rubbed their heads against Heidi and began to bleat passionately for joy, and she called one after the other by their names, and they ran in confusion like wild animals and pressed around her. The impatient Distelfink leaped up high and over two goats in order to be able to come near her, and even the timid Schneehoepli pushed the big Turk to one side with a hard knock, who stood there in total amazement at the impudence, and lifted his beard in the air to show that it was he.

Heidi was beside herself with joy at being with her companions once more. She hugged the little delicate Schneehoepli over and over again, and stroked the impetuous Distelfink, and was pushed and jolted hither and thither with great affection and intimacy by the trusting goats, until she came quite near to Peter, who was still standing in the same place.

"Come down, Peter, and say good evening to me!" Heidi called now to him.

"Are you here again?" he broke out at last in

his astonishment ; and approached and took Heidi's hand, which she held out to him for some time. And he asked, as he always did in returning home at evening :

“ Will you come with me again to-morrow ? ”

“ No, not to-morrow, but the day after perhaps ; for to-morrow I must go to the grandmother's.”

“ It is good that you are here once more,” said Peter, making curious faces from great delight ; then he prepared to go home ; but on that day he had a great deal of trouble with his goats, such as he never had before, for when at last with coaxing and threatening he succeeded in collecting them about him, and Heidi had gone away, laying one arm on Schwaenli's head and the other on Baerli's, they all turned around at once and ran after the three. Heidi had to go to the stall with her two goats and shut the door, or Peter could have never got away with his flock.

When the child went back to the hut, she found her bed prepared, high and fragrant, for the hay had only been taken in a short time before, and the grandfather had spread the clean linen cloths over it with great care. Heidi lay down on it with delight and had a very comfortable sleep, such as she had not enjoyed for a whole year.

During the night the grandfather left his bed nearly ten times, and climbed the ladder and listened carefully to see if Heidi was sleeping and was not restless, and looked at the hole through which the moon used to shine on Heidi's bed, to be sure that

the hay was still in the place where he had stuffed it, for the moon must shine in hereafter. But Heidi slept very soundly and did not wander about any longer, for her great desire was at last satisfied; she had seen all the mountains and cliffs in evening glow again; she had heard the fir trees roar; she was at home once more on the Alm.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNDAY WHEN THE CHURCH BELLS RING.

HEIDI stood under the swaying fir trees and waited for her grandfather, who was going to Doerfli after the trunk, while she stayed with the grandmother. The child could hardly wait to see the grandmother, and to hear how the rolls had tasted, and still the time did not seem long to her, for she could not listen enough to the sounds of her native fir trees above her and smell the fragrance and see the splendor of the green pastures and their golden flowers.

Now the grandfather came out of the hut and looked about once more and said, with a tone of satisfaction :

“So, we can go now.”

For it was Saturday night, and that day the Alm-Uncle usually cleaned and put everything in order in the hut, in the shed, and everywhere else ; this was his custom. On this day he had taken the morning hours for it in order to be able to go out in the afternoon with Heidi ; and everything round about looked neat and satisfactory to him.

They parted at the hut of goatherd Peter. Heidi ran in. The grandmother had already heard her steps and called to her lovingly :

"Have you come, my child? Have you come again?"

Then she seized Heidi's hand and held it very fast, for she was still afraid the child might be taken from her again. And now the grandmother had to tell how the rolls had tasted, and she said she had been so refreshed by them that she thought she felt that day much stronger than for some time past, and Peter's mother added, that the grandmother had eaten only one roll that day and the day before, fearing she would soon eat them up and have no more left. If she would only eat one roll a day for eight days in succession, she would regain her lost strength. Heidi listened to Brigitte with great attention and remained for a while sunk in deep thought. Now she had lighted upon a new idea.

"I know what I will do, grandmother," said she with a delightful eagerness; "I will write a letter to Clara, and she will send me again as many rolls as there are here, or twice as many, for I had a great heap of them in my closet, and when they were taken from me, Clara said she would give me just as many again; and she will do so."

"Dear me!" said Brigitte, "that's a good idea, but you must remember that they grow hard, too. If we had a spare penny now and then, the baker down in Doerfli makes them; but I can hardly pay for the black bread."

A joyful brightness spread over Heidi's face.

"Oh, I have an immense sum of money, grandmother," exclaimed she in delight and jumped up

for joy. "I know now what I will do with it. You must have a fresh roll every day and two on Sundays, and Peter can bring them from Doerfli."

"No, no, my child," said the grandmother, disapproving, "that can't be; you haven't received the money for that purpose; you must give it to your grandfather, and he will tell you what to do with it."

But Heidi did not let her joy be disturbed; she shouted and leaped around the room and exclaimed over and over again:

"Now the grandmother can eat a roll every day, and will grow quite strong again, and—oh, grandmother!" She shouted with new delight: "if you will be so healthy, it will certainly be light for you again; it is perhaps only because you are so weak."

The grandmother was silent, she would not like to disturb the child's happiness. When she was dancing around in this way, she suddenly saw the grandmother's old hymn-book, and she had a new delightful thought.

"Grandmother, now I can read very well, shall I read a hymn to you out of your old book?"

"Oh, yes," said the grandmother, greatly surprised. "Can you really do it? can you do it?"

Heidi climbed up on a chair and took down the book, thickly covered with dust, for it had been there a long time untouched. She wiped it clean and sat down with it on her stool beside the grandmother, and asked what she should read.

“Whatever you like, child, whatever you like,”
and the grandmother sat with eager expectation
and pushed her spinning-wheel a little from her.

Heidi turned the leaves and read to herself a line
here and there.

Here comes something about the sun which I will
read to you, grandmother,” and Heidi began and
grew more eager and interested while she read :

“ The golden sunbeams
With their joyous gleams,
Are kindling o’er earth,
Her life and mirth.

Shedding forth lovely and heart-cheering light ;
Through the dark hour’s chill
I lay silent and still,
But risen at length
To gladness and strength,
I gaze on the heavens all glowing and bright.

Mine eyes now behold
Thy works, that of old
And ever are telling,
To all men here dwelling,
How great is Thy glory, how wondrous Thy power ;
They tell of the home
Where the faithful shall come,
Who depart to the peace
That can change not nor cease
From earth where all passeth as passes the hour.

All passeth away,
But God liveth, aye,
And changeth in nought ;
Eternal His thought,
His word and His will are steadfast and sure ; .

Never His grace
 Nor His mercy decays,
 It heals the sad heart
 From its deadliest smart,
 Giving it life that shall ever endure.

Crosses and sorrow
 May end with the morrow,
 Stormiest seas
 Shall sink into peace ;
 The wild winds are hushed, and the sunshine returns ;
 So fulness of rest,
 And the calm of the blest,
 Are waiting me there
 In that garden most fair,
 That home for which daily my spirit here yearns."

The grandmother sat there silent, with folded hands, and on her face shone an expression of indescribable joy such as Heidi had never seen there before, although the tears were running down her cheeks. When Heidi stopped reading, she asked beseechingly :

" Oh, only once more, Heidi, let me hear it only once more."

" Crosses and sorrow
 May end with the morrow."

And the child began again and read with particular joy and longing :

" Crosses and sorrow
 May end with the morrow,
 Stormiest seas
 Shall sink into peace ;
 The wild winds are hushed and the sunshine returns ;

So fulness of rest,
And the calm of the blest,
Are waiting me there
In that garden most fair,

That home for which daily my spirit here yearns."

"Oh, Heidi, it gives me light! It brings light into my heart! Oh, what good it has done me!"

The grandmother repeated the delightful words over and over again; and Heidi beamed with happiness, and had to look at her constantly, for she had never seen the grandmother so before. She no longer had the sad face, but looked full of joy and happiness, as if she could see "that garden most fair" with new, bright eyes.

Then some one knocked on the window, and Heidi saw her grandfather outside beckoning to her to go home with him. She followed quickly, but not without assuring the grandmother that she would come again the following day. And even should she go to the pasture with Peter, she would come and spend half the day with her, for the idea that she could make it light again for the grandmother, and make her happy, was the greatest pleasure for Heidi, even much greater than to be in the sunny pasture and with the flowers and the goats.

Brigitte ran out of the door after Heidi with her dress and hat, that she might take them with her. She took the dress on her arm, for the grandfather knew her now, she thought; but the hat she stubbornly refused. Brigitte must keep it, she would never put it on her head again. Heidi was so full of her experiences that she had immediately to tell

everything to the grandfather, which would delight his heart; that they would get white rolls down in Doerfli for the grandmother, if only the money for it was there; and that suddenly it had become so light and well to the grandmother; and when Heidi had described everything to the end, she went back to the beginning and said quite confidently:

"Of course, grandfather, if the grandmother is not willing, you will give me all the money in the roll, so that I can give Peter a piece for a roll every day and two on Sunday?"

"But the bed, Heidi?" said the grandfather, "a proper bed would be a good thing for you, and then there would still be much money for many rolls."

But Heidi did not let her grandfather have peace, and told him that she would sleep more comfortably in her hay-bed than she had slept in her feather-bed in Frankfort, and begged him so urgently and constantly that finally the grandfather said:

"The money is yours, do whatever makes you happy; you can buy rolls for the grandmother with it for many years."

Heidi shouted for joy.

"Oh, hurrah! Hereafter the grandmother will not have to eat hard black bread, and oh, grandfather, now everything is more beautiful than ever before in our lives!"

And Heidi holding her grandfather's hand jumped up into the air and shouted as cheerfully as the birds of the sky. But suddenly she grew quite serious and said:

"If the dear Lord had done at once what I prayed for so earnestly, then everything would not be as we see it now; I would have immediately come home again, and have brought only a few rolls for the grandmother and could not have read to her what does so much good to her. But the dear Lord had already thought it all out much better than I knew; the grandmamma told me so, and now everything has come out just as she said. Oh, how glad I am that the dear Lord did not grant what I prayed and entreated for! But I will hereafter pray just the same as the grandmamma told me, and thank the dear Lord, and if He does not do what I pray for, I will surely think that it will be just as it was in Frankfort; the dear Lord will certainly do something much better. But we will pray every day, don't you think so, grandfather?" And we will never forget, that the dear Lord may not forget us."

"And if one should do so," murmured the grandfather.

"Oh, it will not be well for him, for the dear Lord will forget him, and will let him go his own way, and if he should be unhappy and begin to complain, nobody would pity him, but every one would say, 'He first ran away from the dear Lord; now the dear Lord, who could have helped him, has forsaken him.'"

"It is true, Heidi; where did you get to know this?"

"From the grandmamma, she explained all to me."

The grandfather was silent a little while. Then he said to himself, following his thoughts :

“ And if it is so, then it is so, no one can go back; and whomever God has forgotten, He has forgotten.”

“ Oh, no, grandfather, one can go back. That I know, too, from the grandmamma, and then the case will be just as it was in the beautiful story in my book ; but you don't know what that is. We are, however, almost at home, and you will see how beautiful the story is.”

Heidi, in her eagerness to reach home, climbed faster and faster the last part of the way, and scarcely had they reached the top when she let her grandfather's hand go and ran into the hut. The grandfather took down the basket from his back, and he had taken half of the things out of the trunk, and put in it, for the trunk was too heavy to bring altogether. Then he sat down on the bench, sunk in deep thought. Heidi came running out again with her book under her arm.

“ Oh, it is good, grandfather, that you are already sitting down there ! ” And with one bound Heidi was by his side and had opened the story, for she had read it so often over and over again that it opened of itself. Now Heidi began to read with great interest about the son who had every comfort in his native place, where the beautiful cows and sheep were grazing in his father's fields, and he in his pretty jacket, leaning on his shepherd-rod, stayed with them in the pasture and was looking at the setting sun as one could see in the picture. But sud-

denly one day he wanted his property and wished to be his own master, and demanded it from his father and ran away, and wasted away everything. And when he had nothing more left, he had to go to a farmer and become a servant; but this man did not have such handsome animals as they had on his father's fields, but only pigs. He had to look after those, and ate some few husks such as the pigs ate, and wore ragged clothes.

Then he thought of the good things he had at home with his father, how kind his father had been to him and how ungrateful he had been to his father, and he cried with repentance and homesickness. And he thought to himself, "I will go back to my father and ask his pardon and tell him 'I am no longer worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And when he was a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion." "What do you think now, grandfather?" Heidi interrupted herself in her reading; "do you think that the father was still cross and would say to him, 'I have told you?' Now hear what follows:

"And his father saw him, and, taking compassion on him, ran and fell on his neck and kissed him; and the son said to him: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'

"But the father said to his servants: 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet and bring hither the

fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry, for this, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found,' and then all began to be merry."

"Isn't this a beautiful story, grandfather?" asked Heidi; but his face was so serious that Heidi was entirely silent and looked at her pictures. She slowly pushed the book towards the grandfather once more and said: "See, how happy he is," and pointed with her finger to the picture of the son who had returned home to see how he stood in new garments beside his father and was once more his son.

A few hours later, when Heidi was fast asleep, her grandfather climbed up the little ladder and put his little lamp beside Heidi's bed so that the light fell on the sleeping child. She lay there with folded hands, for Heidi had not forgotten to pray. On her rosy little face was an expression of peace and happy confidence, which must have had an effect on the grandfather, for he stood there a long, long time motionless and without taking his eyes away from the sleeping child. He now folded his hands and said half aloud, with bowed head:

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." And a pair of large tears rolled down the old man's cheeks.

Early in the morning the Alm-Uncle stood in front of his hut, looking around with bright eyes. The Sunday morning sun glistened and shone over

mountain and valley. The sound of early bells came from the valleys, and the birds in the fir trees began their morning songs.

The grandfather went back into the hut. "Come, Heidi!" he called from below, "the sun is up! Put on a good dress, and we will go to church together!"

Heidi did not take long in getting ready; this was altogether a new call from her grandfather. She had to follow him quickly. In a short time she ran down in her fine Frankfort dress, but she remained standing before her grandfather and looked at him surprised.

"Oh, grandfather, I have never seen you look so before!" she exclaimed finally, "and you have never put on the coat with silver buttons. Oh, you look so fine in your handsome Sunday coat."

The old man looked at the child contented, and, smiling, said:

"And you in yours; now come!"

He took Heidi's hand in his, and in this way they wandered together down the mountain. The bells were now ringing on every side to welcome them, and the sounds grew fuller and richer the nearer they came, and Heidi listened with rapture and said:

"Do you hear them, grandfather? It is like a great, great festival."

All the people down in Doerfli were already in the church and had just begun to sing, when the grandfather and Heidi entered and sat down in one

of the back seats. But in the midst of the singing the person sitting next to him nudged his neighbor with his elbow and said :

“ Have you seen ? The Alm-Uncle is in the church ! ”

And the person nudged did the same to the next one, and so on, and in a short time it was whispered in every corner, “ The Alm-Uncle ! The Alm-Uncle ! ” and almost all the women had to turn their heads for a moment, and many of them did not keep time in singing, so that the leader had great difficulty to continue the hymn. But when the pastor began to preach, the absent-mindedness was entirely over, and they became attentive, for there was such a warm praise and thanksgiving in his words that the whole attendance was affected, and it was as if a great joy had come over every one.

When the service was over, the Alm-Uncle, holding the child by the hand, walked to the parsonage, and all who went out with him, and those who already stood outside, looked after him and many of them followed him to see whether he really entered the parsonage, which he did. Then they gathered together in groups and were talking in great excitement at this unusual occurrence, that the Alm-Uncle had made his appearance in the church, and every one looked eagerly towards the parsonage to see how he would come out of it, whether in anger and quarrel, or in peace with the pastor, for nobody knew what had brought the old man down and what it really meant. But there was already a change of

opinion among many of them, and one said to another :

“It is possible that the Alm-Uncle is not as bad as people say ; one can see how carefully he held the little one by the hand.” And the other said : “I have always said that he would never have gone to the pastor, if he had been altogether bad, or he would be afraid ; people exaggerate a good deal.” And the baker said : “Haven’t I told you that from the beginning ? Could you believe that a little child who had whatever she wanted to eat and drink, and every other comfort besides, would have run away from it all and go home to a grandfather, if he was cross and bad and she was afraid of him ?”

And an entirely kind feeling rose towards the Alm-Uncle. The woman also drew near who had heard from Peter the goatherd and his grandmother so many things which showed the Alm-Uncle in an altogether different light from the general opinion, and which all now seemed plausible, that it was really time, and they all appeared as if they were waiting to welcome an old friend who had long been absent.

In the meantime the Alm-Uncle had approached the pastor’s study door and knocked. The pastor opened it and met the guest, not in any way surprised, as he might have been, but just as if he were expecting him. His unusual appearance in the church could not have escaped him. He grasped the old man’s hand, shook it repeatedly with the greatest intimacy, and the Alm-Uncle stood there

in silence, and could not utter a word, for he was not prepared for such a hearty reception. Then he composed himself and said :

“ I have come to ask the pastor to forget the words which I said to him on the Alm, and he so kind as not to bear me ill-will for my having obstinately refused his well-meant advice. The pastor was right in everything and I was wrong, but I will now follow his advice, and next winter move into a house in Doerfli again, for the cold season is not good for the child up there ; she is too delicate. And even if the people down here should look at me askance as one who is not to be trusted, I deserve nothing better. The pastor of course will not do so.”

The pastor's friendly eyes shone for joy. He took the old man's hand once more and pressed it in his own and said with emotion :

“ Neighbor, you have been in the right church before you came down to mine, I am glad of it. That you are going to come and live with us again ; you will never regret it. You are always welcome in my home as an old good friend and neighbor ; and I expect to spend many pleasant hours in winter evenings with you, for your company will be agreeable and valuable to me, and we shall also find some good companions for this little one.”

And the pastor laid his hand very kindly on Heidi's curly head, and took her by the hand and led her out, as he accompanied the grandfather ; and when they were outside the door, he bade them “ good-by.”

All the people standing around saw how the pastor shook hands with the Uncle once more, just as if he were his best friend, from whom he could hardly bear to part.

Scarcely had the pastor shut the door behind him, when the whole crowd pressed towards the Alm-Uncle, and every one was anxious to be the first, and so many hands were held out to him at the same time, that he did not know which to grasp first. One said to him :

“ I am glad, I am glad, Uncle, that you have come back to us again ! ” and another, “ I have wanted long ago to say a word to you once more, Uncle ! ” And many such remarks were heard from every side. And when the Uncle had replied to all the friendly greetings, said that he intended once more to take up his old quarters in Doerfli, and was to spend the winter with his old acquaintances, there was a great joy among the people, and it looked as if the Alm-Uncle were the most beloved person in Doerfli, whom every one had missed and could not get along without. Most of them accompanied the grandfather and the child far up the Alm, and when they were bidding them farewell, each one wished the Uncle to assure him that he would call on him when he came down again. And while the people were coming down the mountain, the old man stood for a time and looked after them, and a warm light was all over his face as if the sun shone out from within him. Heidi gazed incessantly at him and said with great joy :

"Grandfather, you are very handsome to-day. I have never seen you look so well before!"

"You think so?" said the grandfather smiling. "Yes, and you see, Heidi, I feel happier to-day than I deserve and understand. To be at peace with God and man,—that does one good! The dear Lord was good to me when He sent you up on the Alm."

When they reached Peter's hut, the grandfather opened the door and went in.

"Good day, grandmother," he called out. "I think we must begin to do some more repairing before the autumn winds come."

"Oh, dear me, that is the Uncle!" exclaimed the old woman, full of delight and surprise. "That I should live to see this! that I can express my thanks for all you have done for us! May God reward you for it! May God reward you for it!"

Trembling with joy the old grandmother held out her hand, and when the old man shook it heartily, she continued, still holding it fast:

"And one request I still have in my heart to ask of you, Uncle; if I have done you any harm, do not punish me by letting Heidi go away again, before I lie down in the churchyard. Oh, you don't know what the child is to me!" and she drew Heidi fast to herself, for she was already at her side.

"Do not be afraid, grandmother," said the Uncle, quieting her, "I will neither punish you, nor myself by doing it. Now we are all of us going to stay together, God willing, for a long time."

Then Brigitte drew the Uncle secretly into a cor-

ner and showed him the beautiful little hat trimmed with feathers and told him how the matter stood, and that she naturally could not take such a thing from a child.

But the grandfather looked at Heidi with pleasure and said :

“ The hat belongs to her, and if she does not wish to wear it any longer, she is right, and if she gave it to you, you had better take it.”

Brigitte was highly delighted at this unexpected decision.

“ It is worth more than ten francs ;” and in her joy she lifted the hat high up in the air. “ What a blessing this Heidi has brought home with her from Frankfort ! I sometimes think whether I would not send Peterkin to Frankfort for a while. What do you think, Uncle ? ”

The Uncle’s eyes beamed from delight. He thought it could not do Peter any harm, but he had better wait for a good opportunity.

At that moment Peter himself came in after he had first run his head against the door so hard that it rattled everything ; he must have been in a hurry. Panting and breathless he stood in the middle of the room in silence, holding out a letter. This had never happened before—a letter addressed to Heidi, which had been given to him in the post-office of Doerfli. They all sat down, full of expectation, around the table, and Heidi opened her letter and read it aloud and without stumbling. The letter was written by Clara Sesemann. She told Heidi

that since her departure from their house it had been so dreary and lonesome that she could no longer bear it; and that she had begged her father so often that he had decided to take a journey to the Baths in Ragatz, and that the grandmamma would come with them, for she also wanted to visit Heidi and her grandfather on the Alm. Beside this the grandmamma sent word to Heidi that she did right in wishing to take the rolls to the grandmother, and in order that she might not have to eat them dry, she had also sent some coffee which was already on the way; and when she came to the Alm, Heidi must take her to see the grandmother.

There was such a joy and wondering at this news, and so much to talk and to ask, for the great expectation concerned every one of them, that even the grandfather himself did not notice how late it was already getting, and they all were so contented and delighted at the prospect of the coming days and almost even more in the joy of being together on the present day, that the grandmother finally said:

“The best thing of all is, that such an old friend comes and gives us his hand once more, just as he used to do long ago; it gives one such a comforting feeling in the heart to find everything that was dear to us once more. You will come again soon, Uncle, and the child to-morrow?”

This was promised to the grandmother at once, but it was now time to go, and the grandfather walked up the Alm with Heidi. And as in the morning the clear bells from near and far had called

them down, so the peaceful sounds of the evening bells accompanied them to the sunny Alm hut, which shone in the Sunday evening light, greeting them from afar.

But when the grandmamma comes in the autumn, then there certainly will be some new joy and surprise for Heidi and for the grandmother; besides, a good bed in the hay-loft, for wherever grandmamma goes, there comes everything in the desired order and accuracy in the outside as well as in the inside.

PART II.

CHAPTER I

PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY.

THE kind doctor, who had decided that Heidi should be taken to her native place, was going through the broad street to the Sesemann house. It was a sunny September morning, so bright and lovely, that one would have thought that every one must be glad of it. But the doctor looked at the white stones at his feet, and did not notice the blue sky above him. There was a sadness on his face, which had never been seen there before, and his hair had become much grayer since the spring.

The doctor had only a single daughter, with whom he had lived ever since the death of his wife and who had been the joy of his life. A few months ago this blooming maiden had been taken from him by death. Ever since then the doctor was not so happy as before.

He rang the bell, and Sebastian opened the house-door with great politeness and made all the gestures of a devoted servant; for the doctor was not only

the best friend of the master and his daughter, but by his kindness he had gained the hearts of the entire household, here as everywhere.

"Is everything in the old state, Sebastian?" asked the doctor in his usual friendly voice, and went up the stairs followed by Sebastian, who did not cease making all sorts of signs of devotedness, although the doctor could not see them, as his back was turned.

"It is good that you have come, doctor," Mr. Sesemann called out, as the doctor was entering the room. "We must talk over once more in regard to the journey to Switzerland. I must hear from you whether you will stay by your promise, by all means, now that Clara's health is decidedly better."

"My dear Sesemann, you seem quite strange to me!" answered the doctor, seating himself beside his friend. "I really wish your mother was here; with her everything would be plain and simple and would go on smoothly. But it is impossible to bring you round. For this is the third time to-day you have sent for me to tell you the same thing over and over again."

"Yes, you are right; I know it must make you impatient, but you must understand, my dear friend"—and Mr. Sesemann laid his hand on his friend's shoulder as if entreating him—"it is very difficult for me to deny the child what I have positively promised her, to which she has looked forward with so much pleasure day and night for months. And she has borne all these last troubles so very

patiently in expectation of her journey to Switzerland, and that she would be able to visit her friend Heidi in the Alps, and now shall I with one blow spoil the long-cherished hope of the good child, who has to be denied so many things ; besides, it is impossible for me to do so."

"Sesemann, it must be," said the doctor decidedly, and as his friend was sitting there silently and downcast, he continued after awhile, "Consider the matter as it is. Clara has not had such a bad summer as this for many years. There can be no doubt about it, it would be impossible for her to take such a long journey without fearing the worst consequences. Besides, it is now September, when it still may be very beautiful up on the Alps, but it already must be very cool there. The days are not as long now, and it would be impossible for Clara to spend the nights there, so she would only have a few hours to spend there. The journey from the Baths of Ragatz would take several hours, for she must positively be carried up the Alps in a chair. To cut it short, Sesemann, it cannot be! But I will go in with you and have a talk with Clara about it. She is an intelligent girl, and I will lay my whole plan before her. Next May she shall first go to Ragatz where she shall stay at the baths for a long time, until it is warm and nice on the Alps. Then she can be carried up there from time to time, and when she is refreshed and strengthened, she will then enjoy these mountain excursions much more than she

would now. You, of course, understand, Sesemann, that if we wish to maintain a slight hope for your child's recovery, we must observe the greatest care and the most cautious treatment."

Mr. Sesemann, who listened silently and with an expression of sad submission, started now.

"Doctor," he called out, "tell me honestly, have you really any hope of a change in her condition?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Only a little," said he in a low voice. "But come and think for a moment of me, my dear friend. Have you not a dear child who longs for you in your absence and is delighted when you come home? You never have to come back into a desolate house, and sit alone at your table, when your child is comfortable at home. Even if she has to be deprived of many things which others might still enjoy, she is in many respects much better off than others. No, Sesemann, you are not so much to be pitied; you must be happy to be together. Think of my lonely house!"

Mr. Sesemann, rising from his seat, began to stride up and down the room, as he usually did when his mind was occupied. Suddenly he stood still in front of his friend and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Doctor, I have an idea. I cannot bear to see you this way; you are not the same as you used to be. You must get out of yourself a little, and do you know how? You must undergo a journey and visit this child Heidi at her home in the Alps in our place."

The doctor was very much surprised at this pro-

posal and would have objected to it, but Mr. Sesemann gave him no time. He was so delighted with his new idea that he seized his friend by the arm and led him to his daughter's room. The good doctor was always a pleasant sight to the sick Clara, for he had from the beginning treated her with great kindness, and every time he came he would always tell her something funny. She knew the reason why he didn't do so any longer, and she was anxious to see him happy once more.

She at once held out her hand to him, and he sat down beside her. Mr. Sesemann also moved his chair towards her, and as he took Clara by the hand, he began to talk about the journey to Switzerland, and how glad he was to look forward to it. But he quickly passed over the delicate subject, telling that it was now impossible, for he was a little afraid of the tears which would surely follow. Then he began to talk over the new plan, and explained to Clara how much good this journey would do to her dear friend.

The tears really came and swam in her blue eyes, though she tried very hard to keep them back, for she knew how her papa disliked to see her cry. But it was hard for her to see all her expectations thus end, when the prospect of a journey to Heidi had been her single joy and comfort through the whole summer, during the long and lonely hours which she had endured. But Clara was not in the habit of making objections, for she knew very well that her papa denied her only the things which were not good

for her and therefore ought not to be done. She checked her tears and turned now to the only hope left to her. She took her good friend's hand, stroked it and entreated him urgently.

"Oh, pray, doctor, you will go to Heidi, won't you? and then come and tell me everything you see up there, and what Heidi is doing, and the grandfather, and Peter, and the goats. I know all of them so well! And then take with you what I wish to send to Heidi. I have already thought it all out, and something for the grandmother. Pray, doctor, please do go; and in the meantime I will take cod-liver oil as often as you prescribe."

Whether this promise decided the matter, no one could say. We must consider it so, for the doctor smiled and said:

"Then I must go, little Clara, and you will grow plump and strong as papa and I wish to have you. And when shall I start? Have you decided the time too?"

"To-morrow morning will be the best time, to-morrow, doctor," replied Clara.

"Yes, she is right," interrupted her father, "the sun is shining, the sky is blue, and there is no time to be lost. It's a pity not to enjoy such a day as this on the Alps."

The doctor had to laugh a little.

The very next thing you will do will be to reproach me for not being there now, Sesemann, so I must make haste to get away."

But Clara held him fast, as he started to go. She

must first give him all sorts of messages for Heidi, and tell him many other things which she intended to send Heidi, would be sent afterwards, for Miss Rottenmeier would have to help pack the things, but she had just then gone out on her usual walk round the city, and would not return very soon.

The doctor promised to carry out everything just as she had said, to start on the journey the following day if possible, but not later than the second day, and report to her everything that he might see and hear.

Servants often have a remarkable faculty of finding out long before they have been told what is going on in their master's house. Sebastian and Tinette must have possessed this faculty in a high degree, for just as the doctor, followed by Sebastian, was going down the stairs, Tinette, having been sent for, entered Clara's room.

"Have this box filled with nice fresh cakes, such as we have with our coffee, Tinette," said Clara, pointing to the box which had been there for some time. Tinette seized it by one corner, and swung it scornfully, and as she shut the door, she said pertly :

"It's well worth while."

When Sebastian had opened the door with his usual politeness, he said with a bow :

"If the doctor would be so kind as to give the little Miss Sebastian's regards."

"Oh, I see, Sebastian," said the doctor in a friendly way, "that you already know that I am going away!"

Sebastian was obliged to cough a little.

"I am—I have—I do not know well—oh, yes, now I remember; while I was going through the dining-room just now and accidentally, I heard the name of the little one mentioned, and occasionally it happens that we bring different thoughts together and so—and in that way——"

"Yes, indeed! yes, indeed!" said the doctor laughing, "and the more thoughts one has, the more one knows. Good-by, Sebastian, I will deliver your greetings."

The doctor was just about to hasten away through the door, when something hindered him. The strong wind having prevented Miss Rottenmeier from continuing her walk, she returned and was about to enter the house. The wind puffed her big shawl, in which she had been wrapped, in such a way that she had the appearance of a ship under full sail. The doctor drew back instantly. Miss Rottenmeier had shown this man a special deference and politeness from the beginning of their acquaintance. She, too, started back with extraordinary civility, and for a time both stood there with a respectful bow making room for each other. Then came such a strong gust of wind that Miss Rottenmeier was suddenly blown with full sail against the doctor. He was just able to avoid, but the lady was driven a good deal beyond him, so that she was obliged to turn around in order to be able to greet the friend of the family with politeness. This unusual occurrence had put her somewhat out of humor; but

the doctor had a way which soon smoothed her ruffled temper, so that she felt easier. He told her about his coming journey and begged her, in the most charming way, to pack the things for Heidi as good as it was possible. Then the doctor took his leave.

Clara expected to have trouble with Miss Rottenmeier before she would consent to send all the things which Clara had in her mind. But this time she had not calculated right. Miss Rottenmeier was, strange to say, in good humor. She immediately took away everything that was on the large table in order to spread on it all the things that Clara had brought together, and to do them up before her eyes. This wasn't at all easy ; for the things which were to be packed together were of different shapes. First there was the thick cloak with the hood, which Clara had selected for Heidi, that she might be able to visit the grandmother the coming winter, whenever she would like, and not to be obliged to wait for her grandfather, to be wrapped up in the sack to keep from freezing. Then came a thick warm shawl for the old grandmother to protect her, when the strong wind shook the hut. Next came the big box with the cakes, also intended for the grandmother, that she might have with her coffee something different from rolls. Now followed a huge sausage. At first Clara had intended this for Peter, as he never had anything but cheese and bread. She afterwards changed her mind, for she was afraid that Peter in his delight might eat up the whole

sausage. So his mother Brigitte was to have it and take a good share for herself and the grandmother, and give Peter his portion at different times. Now came a little bag of tobacco for the grandfather, who took pleasure in a pipe, while sitting in front of his hut in the evening. Last of all came a number of mysterious little bags, packages and little boxes, which Clara had collected with special delight. And Heidi would find among them all sorts of surprises which would give her great pleasure. At last the work was finished, and an imposing bundle lay on the floor ready for the journey. Miss Rottenmeier looked down on it absorbed in thoughtful contemplation of the art of packing. As to Clara, she watched it with happy looks of expectation, for she saw Heidi before her, as she would jump and shout when the huge package reached her.

Sebastian now came in and with a swing lifted the package to his shoulders, in order to take it to the house of the doctor at once.

CHAPTER II.

A GUEST ON THE ALM.

THE early dawn was glowing over the mountains and a fresh morning wind, blowing through the fir trees, rocked the old branches to and fro powerfully. Heidi opened her eyes; the sound had awakened her. The rushing sound always affected her deeply and attracted her out to the fir trees. She jumped from her bed and hardly took time to dress herself properly; but it had to be done, for Heidi knew that she should always look clean and orderly.

She then came down the ladder; her grandfather's bed was already empty. She ran outdoors, and saw her grandfather gazing up at the sky in every direction, as was his habit every morning to see what the day was going to be.

Little rosy clouds drifted above and the sky grew bluer and bluer, and over the heights and pastures it appeared as if flooded with pure gold, for the sun was just rising up above the lofty cliffs.

"Oh, how beautiful! oh, how beautiful! Good morning, grandfather," Heidi called out, jumping along.

"Well, are your eyes also already opened?" replied the grandfather, holding his hand out to Heidi for a morning greeting.

Heidi now ran under the fir trees and danced

with delight over the roaring and whistling of the swaying branches, and with every new gust of wind and loud blustering in the tops she shouted for joy and jumped a little higher.

In the meantime her grandfather had gone to the shed, and had milked Schwaenli and Baerli, and then he had cleaned and washed them for their journey up the mountain, and brought them outside. When Heidi saw her friends, she came jumping along and embraced them both by the neck, greeted them tenderly, and they bleated gladly and intimately, and each of the goats wanted to show Heidi their affection, and they both pressed nearer and nearer to her shoulders, so that between them she was almost crushed. But Heidi had no fear, and when the lively Baerli butted and pushed too hard with her head, Heidi said :

“No, Baerli, you push like the big Turk,” and in a moment Baerli drew her head and stood back a little; and then Schwaenli stretched her head high up and took a commanding appearance, so that one could see, she thought to herself: “No one shall accuse me of looking like the Turk.” For snow-white Schwaenli was somewhat more dignified than the brown Baerli.

Peter’s whistle was now heard from below, and soon all the lively goats came leaping up the mountain; the nimble Distelfink hurried ahead of the others. Heidi was in the midst of the flock, which jostled hither and thither with loud and stormy greetings. She pushed them aside a little, for she

wished to go near the timid Schneehoepli, which was always pushed away by larger ones, whenever she struggled to go to Heidi.

Then Peter came up and gave one last powerful whistle to frighten the goats and drive them to the pasture, for he wanted to have room to say something to Heidi. The goats ran away a little at this whistle, and Peter was able to come forward and stand before her.

"You can come with me again to-day," said he somewhat peevishly.

"No, I cannot do that, Peter," replied Heidi. "They may come from Frankfort at any time now, and I must be at home."

"You have said that same thing several times," growled Peter.

"But it is still true, and it will be true until they come," replied Heidi. "Do you think I better not be at home when they come from Frankfort? Do you really think such a thing possible?"

"They can come to the Uncle," answered Peter with a snarl.

The grandfather's powerful voice sounded now from the hut.

"Why doesn't the army go forward? Does the fault lie with the general or the troops?"

In a moment Peter turned round and swung his rod in the air so that it whistled, and all the goats, knowing the sound well, started up, and all of them ran up the mountain together with Peter behind them.

Since Heidi had returned home to her grandfather, now and then she recollected something of which she had not thought before. So every morning she worked hard to make her bed, smoothing it long enough until it looked quite even. She then ran about the hut, put every stool in its place and whatever that was lying or hanging about, she put in the closet. Then she brought a piece of cloth and climbed up on a stool and rubbed the table so long that it was quite clean. When the grandfather came in again, he looked around with pleasure and said :

“It is always like Sunday with us now. Heidi’s going away was not altogether fruitless.”

After Peter had gone away, Heidi had breakfasted with her grandfather. She went to-day about her work, but she could hardly finish it. For it was such a pleasant morning out of doors and every moment something happened which interrupted Heidi in her work. Now the sunbeam came in through the open window so gaily, as if calling to Heidi: “Come out, Heidi, come out!” So she could no longer stay in the house, and she ran outdoors. The sparkling sunshine lay all round about the hut, and glistened on all the mountains and far in the valley below, and the ground on the slope looked so golden and dry that she had to sit down a little while and look around. She suddenly remembered that the three-legged stool was still in the middle of the hut, and the breakfast table had not been cleaned up. So she at once jumped up and ran into the hut again. But it was not long before it roared so powerfully

through the fir trees, that it went right through Heidi. She had to go out again and dance a little with the branches, when they were rocking and swinging to and fro. Her grandfather, in the meantime, had to do all sorts of work behind the hut in the shed; and from time to time he came out and looked laughingly at Heidi as she danced about. He had just gone back again, when Heidi suddenly screamed with all her might:

“Grandfather, grandfather! Come! come!”

He stepped out quickly and almost frightened that something had happened to the child. He saw Heidi running down the slope exclaiming: “They have come! They have come! And first of all the doctor!”

Heidi rushed towards her old friend, who held out his hand, greeting her. When the child reached him, she grasped the doctor’s arm and called out in great delight:

“Good morning, doctor, I thank you a thousand times!”

“Good morning, Heidi! And what do you thank me for?” asked the doctor with a friendly smile.

“That I was allowed to come home to my grandfather again,” said Heidi.

The doctor’s face shone as by a sunbeam. He had not expected this reception on the Alps. In his loneliness he had climbed up the mountain absorbed in deep thoughts, so that he had not even noticed how beautiful it was all around him and how it grew more and more beautiful. He had thought that the

child Heidi would scarcely recognize him, so little she had seen him, and as he had come to give the people disappointing news, he did not expect such a warm reception, and they would not care to see him because he had not brought the expected friends with him. Instead of this Heidi's face was bright with joy and delight and full of gratitude and love. She still held fast her good friend's arm.

With fatherly affection the doctor took the child by the hand. "Come, Heidi," said he in the most kindly way, "take me to your grandfather now and show me where your home is."

But Heidi still remained looking down the mountain in wonder.

"Where are Clara and the grandmamma?" she now asked.

"Well, I must tell you what will make you sorry, as it does me," replied the doctor. "You see, Heidi, I have come alone. Clara was very sick, and could not travel, and so grandmamma did not come. But in the spring, when the days will be warm and long again, they will come; you may be sure of it."

Heidi stood there much perplexed; she couldn't understand at all how it was possible that she should not be able to see what she had looked forward to so long with certainty. For a time she stood motionless as if confused by the unexpected occurrences. The doctor, standing in front of her, gazed at her silently, and everything around was quiet except the wind was blowing high up through the fir trees. Then it suddenly came to Heidi's mind why she had

run down and that the doctor was there. She looked up at him.

There was something sad in the eyes looking down to her, such as she had never seen before ; it had never been so in Frankfort. Heidi was very much affected by it, for she could not bear to see anyone looking sad, especially the good doctor. The reason must certainly be that Clara and the grandmamma had been unable to come with him. She tried to think of some way to console him, and found it.

“Oh, it really will not be long before it will be spring again. Then they will surely come,” said Heidi consolingly. “With us it does not seem such a long time, and besides they will be able to stay here much longer. Clara will be pleased a great deal more. Now let us go up to my grandfather.”

Hand in hand with her good friend she climbed up to the cottage. Heidi had such a great desire to make the doctor cheerful that she began to convince him once more that it took such a short time on the Alm for the long warm summer days to come again, that they hardly noticed it, and Heidi herself was so much assured by this consolation, that she called up to her grandfather quite joyfully :

“They have not come yet, but it will not be a great while before they will be here, too.”

The doctor was no stranger to the grandfather ; the child had spoken of him so much. The old man held out his hand to his guest and welcomed him heartily. Then the two men took seats on the bench beside the hut, and they made a little room

for Heidi to sit down, and the doctor beckoned to her in a friendly manner to sit beside him. He then began to tell them how Mr. Sesemann had encouraged him to take the journey, and how he himself had thought it would do him good to take the trip, as he had not felt strong and vigorous for a long time. He then whispered in Heidi's ear that something would soon come up the mountain, which had come from Frankfort with him, and which would give her much more pleasure than the old doctor could. Heidi was very anxious to know what it might be.

The grandfather urged the doctor earnestly to spend the beautiful autumn days on the Alm, or at least to come up every pleasant day, for the Alm-Uncle could not possibly invite him to remain over night up there, as he knew he had not the night comforts necessary for a gentleman such as the doctor was. But he advised his guest not to go back to Ragatz, but to take a room down in Doerfli in a simple but good orderly village inn, which he would find there. So the doctor will be able to come up the Alm every morning, which will do him good, thought the Uncle. Besides he would gladly take him further up the mountains to the various points of interest whenever he wished to go. The doctor was pleased with the whole plan, and he decided to carry it out.

Meanwhile the sun showed that it was midday, the wind had long ceased and the fir trees had become perfectly silent. The air was still mild and

lovely for such a height and brought refreshing breezes around the sunny beach.

Now the Alm-Uncle rose from his seat and went into the hut, but immediately came out again bringing out a table which he placed in front of the bench.

"Now, Heidi, bring hither what we need to eat," said the old man. "The gentleman will not object to partake of the plain food; if our cooking is simple, the dining-room is all that could be asked for."

"I think so, too," replied the doctor, looking down into the sunlit valley, "and I accept the invitation, for it must taste well up here."

Heidi ran back and forth like a weasel, and brought out everything that she could find in the cupboard, for it was an immense delight to entertain the doctor. In the meantime the grandfather prepared the meal and came out with the steaming jug of milk and the shining golden toasted cheese. Then he cut delicious transparent slices of rosy meat, which he had dried up there in the pure air. The doctor had not enjoyed such a good dinner the whole year through.

"Yes, yes, our Clara must come here," said he now, "she would gain new strength here, and if she should eat the way I have to-day for a while, she will grow ruddy and robust as she never has been before in her life."

Then some one was seen coming up the hill with a big package on his back. When he came up in

front of the hut, he threw his burden down on the ground and drew in in long breaths the fresh air of the Alm.

"Ah, here is the package which came all the way with me from Frankfort," said the doctor rising from his seat, and, drawing Heidi after him, went to the package and began to untie it. When the first heavy wrapping was taken of he said:

"Well, child, go ahead and take out your treasures yourself."

Heidi did as she was told, and everything rolled out in a heap. She gazed with astonished eyes on the things before her. When the doctor stepped forward again and lifted up the cover of the big box saying to Heidi: "See what the grandmother has for her coffee!" then she shouted joyfully:

"Oh, oh, now at last the grandmother can have some nice cakes to eat!"

She danced around the box and was anxious to pack everything together and hasten down to the grandmother. But the grandfather said that it would be better to wait till evening and accompany the doctor down, and take the things at the same time. Now Heidi found the little bag of tobacco and brought it quickly to the grandfather. It pleased him exceedingly. He immediately filled his pipe with it and the two men, sitting on the bench and blowing out large clouds of smoke, were talking about all sorts of things, while Heidi ran back and forth from one of her treasures to the other.

Suddenly she came back to the bench and stood in front of the guest, and as soon as there was a pause in the conversation, she said decidedly:

“No, I didn’t find anything that gave me as much pleasure as the doctor has.”

The two men had to laugh a little, and the doctor said that he would not have thought it.

When the sun was about to set, the guest rose to go back to Doerfli and find lodgings there. The grandfather put the cake box, the big sausage and the shawl under his arm, and the doctor taking Heidi by the hand all three went down the mountain as far as the house of goatherd Peter. Here Heidi had to bid them good-by; she was to stay with the grandmother until she was called for by her grandfather, who accompanied his guest down to Doerfli.

When the doctor held out his hand to Heidi to say good-by, she asked:

“Would you be willing to go to the pasture with the goats to-morrow?” that being the best thing she could think of.

“Certainly, Heidi,” replied the doctor, “we go together.”

The two continued their way, and Heidi went into the grandmother’s. She dragged in the cake box with difficulty; she then went out again to bring in the sausage—for the grandfather had left everything in front of the door—afterwards she had to go after the large shawl. She brought everything as near to the grandmother as she could, that

she might touch them and know what they were. She laid the shawl on her knee.

"They have all been sent from Frankfort by Clara and her grandmamma," she exclaimed to the surprised grandmother and the amazed Brigitte, who was so taken back that she stood there motionless and gazed at Heidi, while she with the greatest difficulty was dragging the heavy articles and spreading out everything before them.

"You are greatly delighted with the cakes, aren't you? See how soft they are!" said Heidi over and over again, and the grandmother assured her by replying:

"Yes, yes, indeed, Heidi; what good people they must be!" Then she, stroking the warm soft shawl again with her hand said, "But this is something splendid for the cold winter! It is something so magnificent that I had never believed I could have it in my life."

But Heidi was very much astonished that the grandmother could be more pleased at the gray shawl than at the cakes. Brigitte kept standing before the sausage, which lay on the table, and gazed at it almost with veneration. In her whole life she had never seen such a giant sausage, and this she was about to possess now, and even eat it. It seemed so incredible! She shook her head and said timidly:

"We must first ask the Uncle what this means."

But Heidi said without the least doubt,

"It is meant to eat, and nothing else."

Now Peter came in stumbling.

“The Alm-Uncle is coming behind me, and Heidi must——” He could not continue; his eyes had fallen on the table, where the sausage lay, and the sight of it had so dazed him that he could find no more words. But Heidi had already noticed what was coming. She gave her hand quickly to the grandmother. The Alm-Uncle never passed by the hut without entering in and greeting the grandmother, and she was always glad when she heard his steps, for he had encouraging words for her every time; but to-day it was late for Heidi, who was up every morning with the sun. Her grandfather said: “The child must have her sleep,” and insisted on it. So this time he only called out “good night” through the open door to the grandmother, and took Heidi by the hand, who was running to him, and the two went back beneath the sky, full of the twinkling stars, to their peaceful hut.

CHAPTER III.

RETRIBUTION.

EARLY the next morning the doctor climbed up the mountain from Doerfli in company with Peter and his goats. The kind doctor tried a number of times to enter into a conversation with the goatherd, but he did not succeed ; he could hardly get out of him some vague and brief words in answer to his leading questions. Peter did not easily enter into a conversation. So the whole company went in silence as far as the Alm hut, where Heidi already stood waiting with her two goats, all three as lively and cheerful as the early sunshine on the heights.

“ Will you come with us ? ” asked Peter, for he expressed this one thought every morning, as a question or as summons.

“ Certainly, of course, if the doctor will come with us,” replied Heidi.

Peter looked at the gentleman a little askance.

Now the grandfather came with the little lunch bag in his hand. He first greeted the gentleman with respect ; then went to Peter and hung the little bag over his shoulder.

It was heavier than usual, for the Uncle had put in a large piece of the red meat ; he thought, per-

haps, the gentleman would like to be with the children in the pasture and take dinner with them. Peter's mouth spread almost from one ear to the other as he smiled with great satisfaction, suspecting that there was something unusual in it.

They started now on their mountain journey. Heidi was completely surrounded by her goats, each one was anxious to be next to her, and they all pushed each other a little one side. In this way she was, for a time, pushed along in the midst of the flock. She stood still and said in a mild tone,

"Now you must all go nicely on, and don't come back and push and jostle; now I want to go with the doctor a little while."

Then she patted Schneehoepli tenderly on the back, as she was still next to her, and told her especially to be obedient. She worked her way out of the flock and went along by the doctor's side, who seized her hand and held it fast. He had no difficulty in entering into conversation with Heidi. She immediately began to talk, and had so many things to relate about the goats and their strange doings, about the flowers up there and the rocks and the birds, that time passed off so quickly that, before they thought of it, they reached the pasture.

Peter, while going up the mountain, cast side-long glances at the doctor, who perhaps would have been terrified, but fortunately he did not see them.

Reaching the end of their journey, Heidi took her good friend to the most beautiful spot, where she always used to go, and sat down on the ground

and looked around. The doctor sat down beside her on the sunny pasture ground. The golden autumn sunlight shone over peaks and the broad green valley. Everywhere from the lower Alps there was heard the bells of the flocks sounding lovely and agreeable, as if they announced peace far and wide. Yonder over the great snowfields there flashed and sparkled here and there the golden sunbeams, and the Falkniss lifted her jagged cliffs in majesty, towering far up the dark blue sky. The morning wind blew silently, delightfully, over the Alps, and softly stirred the last bluebells, which still remained from the multitude of the summer and rocked their heads in the warm sunshine. The majestic eagle flew around in wide circles above, but on this day he did not scream. With outstretched wings he floated leisurely through the blue sky.

Heidi looked hither and thither. The merry nodding flowers, the blue sky, the delightful sunshine, the contented bird in the air—all were so beautiful, so beautiful! Heidi's eyes sparkled with joy. She turned them to her friend to see whether he took pleasure in the things that were so beautiful. The doctor had up to this time been looking around in silence, sunk in deep thoughts. When his eyes met the cheerful and sparkling eyes of the child he said,

“Yes, Heidi, there is no doubt but it's beautiful up here; but what do you think? If one has come here with a sad heart, how can he enjoy these beautiful surroundings?”

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Heidi, full of joy, "here one never can have a sad heart,—only in Frankfort."

The doctor smiled a little, but it soon faded away. Then he said again:

"And if one coming from Frankfort should happen to bring a sad heart with him, Heidi, do you know of anything that will do him good?"

"One must always go to the dear Lord, if he does not know what to do," said Heidi with perfect confidence.

"Yes, it is a good idea, child," remarked the doctor, "but if the thing that makes you sad and miserable comes from Him, what could you say then to Him?"

Heidi had to think what was to be done in such a case, but she was perfectly convinced that one could always get help from the dear God for every sorrow. She tried to think of an answer from her own experiences.

"Then one must wait," said she after a while with assurance, "and always think: 'The dear Lord already knows that something of joy will later come out of it.' So one must be quiet for a little while and not run away from Him. At last all will come so suddenly when we shall be able to clearly see that the dear Lord had all the time intended something good. But as one cannot see beforehand everything as it will happen, keeping only the terrible sorrow before his eyes one is liable to think that will always remain so."

"This is a beautiful faith, to which you must hold fast, Heidi," said the doctor. For a while he gazed in silence at the mighty mountains of rock and down into the sunlit green valley, then he added :

"You see, Heidi, you might sit here with a great shade over your eyes, and unable to take in the beauty by which you are surrounded. Then your heart will be sad, doubly sad, when you see so many beautiful things. Can you understand this?"

Now something painful went into her joyous heart. The great shade over the eyes reminded her of the grandmother, who could never see again the bright sun and all the beautiful things up there. And every time that she recalled this fact she was filled with sadness. For a long time, she stood perfectly still because the pain had struck her heart in the midst of her joy, after which she said in a serious tone,

"Yes, I can understand it, but I know something. Thou must say the grandmother's hymns, which will bring a little light into your heart, and sometimes it will make it so bright that you can be quite cheerful. The grandmother told me so."

"Which hymns, Heidi?" asked the doctor.

"I know only about the sun and the beautiful garden and verses of the long one, which the grandmother likes, for I must always read them three times," replied Heidi.

"Do tell me these verses. I would like to hear them," and the doctor sat in a position to be able to listen attentively.

Heidi folded her hands and collected her thoughts and said :

“ Shall I begin where the grandmother says that confidence comes back to one’s heart ? ”

The doctor nodded affirmatively.

Then Heidi began :

“ Let Him alone and tarry,
He is a prince all wise,
He shall himself so carry,
’Twill strange seem in thine eyes.
When He as Him beseemeth,
In wonderful decree,
Shall as Himself good deemeth
O’errule what grieveth thee.

“ He may a while still staying
His comforts keep from thee,
And on His part delaying,
Seem to have utterly
Forgotten and forsaken
And put thee out of mind,
Though thou’rt by grief o’ertaken,
No time for thee to find.

“ But if thou never shrinkest,
And true dost still remain,
He’ll come when least thou thinkest,
And set thee free again.
Thee from the load deliver,
That burdeneth thy heart,
That thou hast carried never
For any evil part.

“ Hail ! child of faith, who against
The victory alway,
Who honor’s crown obtainest,
That never fades away.

God in thy hand will give thee,
One day the glorious palm ;
Who ne'er in grief did leave thee,
To Him thou'lt sing thy psalm."

Heidi stopped all at once, for she was not sure that the doctor was still listening. He had put his hand over his eyes and sat there motionless. She thought, at first, he had possibly fallen asleep; when he should wake up again and should wish to hear more verses, he would, of course, tell her. Now all was silent. The doctor said nothing, but he was not asleep; he had been taken back to days long gone by, when he stood as a little boy beside his mother's chair, who, placing her arm around his neck was repeating the same hymn, which he had just heard from Heidi and which he had not heard before for many long years. Now he heard his mother's voice once more, and saw kind eyes resting on him so lovingly, and when the words of the hymn had ceased, he still heard the kind voice speaking other words to him. He must have liked to hear them and follow them in his thoughts, for he sat there a long time silent and motionless, having put his hands on his face. When he at last raised his head, he saw that Heidi looked at him in amazement. He took the child's hand into his own.

"Heidi, your hymn was beautiful," said he, and his voice sounded more cheerful than before; "we will come here again, and you shall recite it to me once more."

During this whole time Peter had enough to do

to give vent to his vexation. Heidi had not been to the pasture for many days, and now, as she had returned once more, this old gentleman sat beside her the whole time and Peter was not able to go near her. This annoyed him greatly. He stood some distance behind the unsuspecting gentleman so that the latter was not able to see him, and here he first doubled up one fist and shook it in the air threateningly and after awhile he doubled up both fists, and the longer Heidi remained sitting beside the gentleman, the more terrible Peter clenched his fists, and higher and more threateningly he lifted them in the air behind the doctor's back.

Meanwhile the sun had reached the point when people eat their midday meal; Peter knew this very well. Suddenly he shouted with all his might to the others over there:

“ It is time to eat our meal ! ”

Heidi rose and was going to bring the bag that the doctor might have his midday meal just where he was sitting. But he said he was not hungry; he only wanted a glass of milk to drink, and then he wished to go round a little more on the Alps and climb up a little further. Heidi also found out that she was not hungry, and she wanted only a glass of milk; and then she would take the doctor high up to the big moss-covered rocks, where Distelfink came near jumping down some time ago, and where all the spicy herbs grew. She ran over to Peter and explained everything to him, and that he had first to get a glass of milk from Schwaenli for the

doctor and one more for herself. At first Peter looked at Heidi for a while in surprise, then he asked :

“ Who is going to have what is in the bag? ”

“ You can have it, but you must first get the milk, and do it quick,” was Heidi’s answer.

Peter had never done anything in his life so quickly as he did this, for he saw the bag before him, and did not know what was in it and yet it belonged to him. As soon as the two had drunk their milk, Peter opened the bag and peeped into it. When he saw the wonderful piece of meat, his whole body trembled with joy and he looked into it once more to be sure that it was really true. Then he put his hand into the bag to take out the desired gift and enjoy it. But suddenly he drew back his hand as if he did not dare to take it. Peter remembered how he had stood behind the doctor and shook his fists at him, and now the same gentleman had given him all his fine dinner. Peter felt sorry for what he had done, for he felt as if it prevented him from taking his fine gift and enjoying it. He suddenly jumped up and ran to the place where he had been standing. There he stretched his hands wide open in the air to make it appear that his clenched fists meant nothing, and so remained standing there for a time, until he felt that everything was forgiven. Then, taking great leaps, he came to the bag; and now as his conscience was clear, he could eat his unusually dainty meal with perfect delight.

The doctor and Heidi had wandered about together and conversed in a very pleasant way. But the gentleman found that it was time for him to return and thought that perhaps the child might like to stay a little while with her goats. Heidi never thought of such a thing, for then the doctor would have to go alone down the whole length of the Alps. At any rate she wanted to accompany him as far as her grandfather's hut and even a little further down. She went hand in hand with her good friend, and had a great deal to tell him all the way down and show him all the spots where the goats would like best to graze, and where the greatest amount of bright yellow wild roses and the red centouries and other flowers can be found in the summer. She knew them all, for the grandfather had taught her all the names in the summer.

But finally the doctor told her that it was time for her to go back. They bade each other good night, and the doctor went down the mountain, but he turned around now and then to look back; he saw Heidi still standing in the same spot and looking after him, waving her hand to him. Just so had his lovely little daughter done when he went away from his house.

It was a clear sunny autumn month. Every morning they came up on the Alps and went on pleasant excursions further up. Often he went with the Alm-Uncle high up on the mountain, where the old weather-beaten fir trees nodded down. The great bird must have had his home near by, for

sometimes he was heard shrilling and croaking quite near the heads of the two men. The doctor took great pleasure in his companion's conversation. He was more and more astonished to find that the Uncle knew so well all the herbs around on the Alps and what they were good for; and that he could find out as many valuable and good things everywhere up there in the pitchy fir trees; in the dark pines with their fragrant needles; in the pearly moss, which shot up between the roots of the old trees; and in all the delicate little plants and flowers which still grow quite high in the nourishing soil of the Alps.

The old man was equally familiar with the ways and doings of all the animals, great as well as small. He had very amusing facts to tell to the doctor about the habits of these animals living in the rocks, caves and even on the high branches of the fir trees. The doctor did not know how the time passed on these excursions. Often in the evening when he shook the old man's hand heartily at parting he would say to him, over and over again:

"Good friend, I never go away from you without having learned something."

But on many days, and usually on the most beautiful, the doctor wished to go with Heidi, when they would often sit down together on the charming cliffs, where they had been on the first day. Heidi had to repeat the verses and tell the doctor whatever she knew. Peter, too, often sat behind them in his

place, but he was now quite gentle and never shook his fists.

Thus passed the beautiful month of September. One morning the doctor came, looking less cheerful than usual. He said it was his last day and he must go back to Frankfort. This gave him great pain, for he had learned to like the Alps as if it were his own home. The news grieved the Alm-Uncle also, for he enjoyed exceedingly the doctor's company, and Heidi had become so accustomed to seeing her loving friend every day that she could not understand how it was possible to end so suddenly. She looked up to him inquiringly and perfectly astonished. But it was really so. The doctor took leave of her grandfather and then asked whether Heidi would be willing to accompany him for a little time. Holding his hand, she went down the mountain, but she still could not realize that he was going away.

After a while the doctor stood still and said that she had come far enough; she must turn back. He tenderly stroked her curly hair with his hand several times and said :

"I must now go, Heidi. If I only could take you to Frankfort and keep you with me!"

All Frankfort suddenly stood before Heidi's eyes,—it's many, many houses and the stony streets, Miss Rottenmeier and Tinette, and she answered a little timorously.

"I would prefer that you would come to us again."

"Well, yes, that will be better, so good-by, Heidi," said the doctor heartily and held out his hand to her. The child laid her hand in it and looked up at him. The kind eyes which looked down at her filled with tears. Then the doctor turned quickly and hastened down the mountain.

Heidi remained standing and did not stir. The eyes full of love and the tears which she had seen in them affected her greatly. Suddenly she burst into a loud weeping and rushed with all her might after her departed friend, calling between her sobs, as loud as she could, "Doctor! doctor!"

He turned around and stood still.

Now the child had reached him. The tears streamed down her cheeks, while she sobbed out:

"I will immediately go with you to Frankfort and stay with you as long as you like, only I must go and tell the grandfather."

The doctor comfortingly stroked the excited child.

"No, my dear Heidi," said he in a most kindly tone, "not at present; you must still stay under the fir trees, you might be sick again. But come, let me ask you something: If I am sick and alone, will you come then and stay with me?"

"Yes, yes, then I will certainly come, the very same day; and I love you almost as dearly as my grandfather," said Heidi assuringly, continuing to sob.

Then the doctor pressed her hand once more and quickly went on his way. But Heidi remained standing in the same place and waved her hand

continually as long as she could see any sign of the departed friend, who, as he turned around for the last time and looked back at Heidi, waving her hand, and at the sunny Alps, he said softly to himself: "It is good to be up there; body and soul recover there, and one feels happy again."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINTER IN DOERFLI.

AROUND the Alm hut the snow lay so deep that it looked as if the windows stood level with the ground, for nothing of the hut was to be seen below them, even the house door had completely disappeared. If the Alm Uncle had been up there, he would have had to do the same as Peter did day after day, for usually it snowed again during the night. Every morning he had to jump out of the window, and if it had not been very cold during the night, so that everything had frozen, he plunged deep in the soft snow, which he was obliged to push and throw and kick in every direction with his hands and feet and head, until he had struggled out of it again. Then his mother would pass the big broom out of the window, and with this Peter would push and shove the snow away, until he had reached the door. Here he had to work hard, for he was obliged to dig away all the snow, and if it was still soft, when the door opened the whole great mass would fall into the kitchen, or if it had frozen up, then they would be completely walled in, as they were not able to work their way through these rocks of ice, and Peter only could slip through the little window.

The freezing weather brought many conveniences to Peter. When he had to go down to Doerfli, all he had to do was to open the window, crawl through and go out on the smooth surface of the frozen snow-field. Then his mother would push the little sled through the window after him ; and Peter had only to seat himself on it and slide wherever he liked ; any way he went down the whole Alm, as all was one large mass of unbroken hill.

The Alm-Uncle was not on the Alm that winter ; he had kept to his word. As soon as the first snow fell, he had shut up the hut and shed and had gone down to Doerfli with Heidi and the goats. Near the church and the parsonage stood a large building, which in old times must have been a magnificent house, which could be seen from many places, although the building was on every side wholly or partially in ruins. A brave warrior lived in it ; he had entered the Spanish service, and had performed many brave deeds, and had brought great riches home to Doerfli, where he erected this beautiful house, in which he intended to live. But after a while he found it was too tedious to live in such a quiet village as Doerfli, for he had always been used to a great deal of excitement. He went out one day and never came back. When, after many, many years, it was really known that he was dead, a distant relative down in the valley took the house, but it had already begun to fall to pieces, and the possessor did not care to repair it. So poor people, who had to pay little for it, came into the house,

and if a part of the building fell, they let it alone.

Since that time many years had passed away. At the time when the Uncle had come with his young boy Tobias, he had gone into that decayed house and lived there, and the greater part of the time since it had stood empty, for no one could live there who did not have the skill to stop the decaying, and with a little work fill up and mend the holes and gaps in some way or other. The winter in Doerfli was long and cold. The wind blew from every direction through the rooms so that the lights were blown out, and the poor people shook with cold. But the Uncle knew how to manage. As soon as he had decided to spend the winter in Doerfli, he took the old house, and often during the autumn he came down to repair things, as he wanted. About the middle of October he had come down with Heidi.

Entering the house from the rear one came at once to an open space, where the entire wall on one side and the half on the other had fallen in. An arched window was still to be seen above this, but the glass had fallen off long ago and a thick ivy crept around it and high up to the roof, half of which was still in its place. It was splendidly arched, and it could readily be seen that it had been the chapel. There being no door, one came directly to a large hall, and there still could be seen some beautiful tiles on the floor, between which the grass had grown up thickly. Half of the walls had fallen

in and pieces of the ceiling had dropped down, and had it not been for the few pillars the whole roof would have caved in; as it was, one would have thought that it would fall on the heads of those who stood underneath.

Here the Uncle had put up a partition of boards all around and had the floor thickly spread with hay, for the goats were to stay in this old hall.

Then there were all sorts of passageways, all half open, so that the sky could be seen through, and from some places the meadow and the road outside. But above all the heavy oaken door still hung firmly on its hinges, and one came to a large spacious room which was still in good order. The four solid walls were still standing, and the wainscoting did not show any break. In one corner stood a huge stove which almost reached the ceiling. On the white tiles were painted big blue pictures. There were old towers on them with tall trees round about, under which a huntsman passed with dogs. There was also a tranquil sea under big shady oaks and a fisherman standing by it was holding his rod far out over the water. There was a bench around the stove so that one could sit down and study the pictures. Heidi was at once pleased with this. As soon as she entered the room with her grandfather she ran straight to the stove, sat down on the bench and began to look at the pictures. But as she moved further on the bench and came behind the stove, a new sight occupied her whole attention; in the

quite large space between the stove and the wall four boards were placed as if it were an apple-bin. But there were no apples in it; it was doubtless Heidi's bed, just as it was on the Alm, with the linen sheet and a bag for a coverlet. Heidi shouted :

" Oh, grandfather, that is my chamber. Oh how beautiful ! But where are you going to sleep ? "

" Your chamber must be near the stove, so that you won't freeze," said the grandfather ; " you may also see mine."

Dancing through the spacious room, Heidi followed her grandfather, who opened a door on the opposite side, which led into a little room, where the old man had put his bed. Then there was another door. Heidi opened it quickly and stood still in astonishment ; it was a spacious room which looked like a kitchen, the like of which she had never seen in her life. The grandfather had a great deal to do on it, and there was still much to be done, for there were large holes and wide cracks in the walls on every side, through which the wind blew in, although so many of them were nailed with boards that looked like little cupboards all around in the wall. The grandfather had also succeeded in repairing the great old door with a great many wires and nails so that it could be shut ; and it was a good thing, as it led to another part of the building which was entirely in ruins, where weeds and briers had grown up and multitudes of beetles and lizards had their homes.

Heidi felt happy in the new house, and the very next day when Peter came to see how it looked, she had already examined every nook and corner so thoroughly that she was familiar with everything and could lead Peter everywhere. She absolutely gave him no rest till he had seen all the wonderful things from one end of the house to the other.

Heidi slept excellently in her corner by the stove, but in the morning she always thought she had awakened on the Alps and she must immediately open the door of the hut to see if the reason the fir trees were not roaring was because they were in the deep heavy snow, and their branches were bent down by its weight. So every morning she had first to look this way and that for a long time, until she could recall where she really was, and every time she felt something on her heart, which stifled and pressed her, when she realized that she was not at home on the Alm. But when she heard her grandfather talking outside with Schwaenli and Baerli, the goats bleated so loudly and gaily as if to call to her, "Get ready and come out, Heidi," then she realized she was at home, and she jumped cheerfully out of her bed and went out as quickly as possible to the big goat barn. But on the fourth day Heidi said anxiously:

"To-day I must go up to the grandmother, she cannot stay alone so long."

But the grandfather did not agree to it. Not to-day, even not to-morrow," said he. "The snow is several feet deep on the Alm and it still keeps snow-

ing ; strong Peter can hardly come through it. A little creature like you would be snowed in and covered over and never would be found again. Wait a little while longer, when it will freeze over, then you can easily walk over the crust."

Heidi felt very much grieved at first at being obliged to wait. But there was so much work to be done nowadays that the time passed away very quickly.

Every morning and every afternoon now Heidi went to school in Doerfli, and learned very readily what was to be learned. But she hardly ever saw Peter in school, for he rarely came. The teacher was a quiet man, who would now and then say :

"Peter does not seem to be here again ; school would do him good ; but there is, no doubt, a great deal of snow up there, and he possibly cannot get through."

But toward evening, when the school was over, Peter usually got through and paid a visit to Heidi.

After a few days the sun came out again and threw its rays over the white surface of the earth, but it soon went down again behind the mountains, as if it felt no pleasure to look down as in summer, when everything is green and in bloom. But in the evening the moon rose very bright and large, and during the whole night shone over the vast snow-fields, and the next morning the whole of the Alps glistened and glittered from top to bottom like a crystal. When Peter wanted to jump out of his window into the deep snow, as he had done on the

preceding days, something happened to him which he had not expected. He took a leap out of the window, but instead of coming down into the soft snow, he struck on an extremely hard place and unwittingly rolled quite a distance down the mountain like an empty sled. Very much surprised he stood once more on his feet and began to stamp with all his might on the snow to ascertain whether what had happened to him was really possible. It was surely so ; though he stamped and beat ever so hard with his heels, he could scarcely break off a little bit of ice ; the whole Alm was frozen as hard as a rock. Peter liked it, for he knew that this state of things was necessary in order to make it possible for Heidi to come up there again. He quickly turned back, swallowed down his milk, which his mother had just put on the table, tucked his piece of bread into his pocket and said in haste :

“I must go to school.”

“Yes, go, and study well,” said his mother contentingly.

Peter crawled out of the window, for they were now completely walled in on account of the ice mountain in front of the door, and pulling his little sled after him, sat down on it, and shot down the mountain.

It went just like lightning. When he came to the place near Doerfli, where it goes down towards Mayenfeld, Peter went on, for it occurred to him that he might hurt himself and his sled, if he should stop at once. So he kept going till he reached a

level place where the sled ceased of itself going further. Then he got out of it and looked around. The force of the descent had taken him pretty far beyond Mayenfeld. Now he thought, in any case, he would reach the school too late, as it had begun long ago, and he could hardly climb up there in less than an hour. So he had plenty of time for his return. This he did, and reached Doerfli when Heidi had just come back from the school and was sitting down to dinner with her grandfather. Peter went in, and at this time he had a particular thought to communicate, for it had made strong impression on his mind and he felt as if he must get rid of it as soon as he entered the room.

"We've got it at last," said Peter, standing still in the middle of the room.

"What, what, general? It sounds pretty war-like," said the Uncle.

"The snow," replied Peter.

"Oh! oh! Now I can go to the grandmother," shouted Heidi who had at once understood what Peter meant. "But why didn't you come to school? you could slide down without any difficulty," she added reproachfully, for it occurred to Heidi that it was not right to stay away from school, if one could go as well as not.

"I went too far on my sled; then it was too late," replied Peter.

"That's what we call desertion," said the Uncle, "and those who do that are taken by the ears! Do you understand?"

Being frightened Peter pulled his cap this way and that way, for there was no one in the world for whom he had so great a respect as for the Alm-Uncle.

"And besides, a leader such as you are ought to feel doubly ashamed to run away," continued the Uncle. "What would you think if your goats should run in different directions and no longer follow you and do what is not good for them. What would you do then?"

"I would beat them," answered Peter, being skilled in it.

"Supposing a boy should do the same as an unmanageable goat and should be whipped, what would you say then?"

"He well deserved it," was the answer.

"So you understand now, goat-colonel. If you should go by the school on your sled at any time when you ought to go in, then come to me and get what you deserve."

Now Peter understood what it all meant, that he regarded a boy who runs away like an unruly goat. He was much impressed by the resemblance and looked into the corner somewhat anxiously to see whether he could discover such a thing as he would use in such cases for the goats.

But the Uncle said encouragingly :

"Come to the table now and keep us company, then Heidi may go with you. Bring her back home again in the evening and you will find your supper here."

This unexpected turn of affairs was exceedingly

delightful to Peter; he twisted his face into every direction with delight. He at once obeyed and sat down beside Heidi. But the child had already had enough, and she could swallow no more. She felt so happy at being allowed to go and see the grandmother. She pushed the big potato and the toasted cheese which was left on her plate towards Peter, whose plate was already filled from the other side by the Uncle, so that it was stacked up in front of him; but he did not lack the courage to attack it. Heidi ran to the cupboard and took out the little cloak Clara had sent her. Now she could start on her journey, wrapped up warmly with the hood over her head. She placed herself close by Peter, and as soon as the latter shoved in the last mouthful in his mouth, she said:

“Now come!”

Then they started to go. Heidi had a great many things to tell Peter about Schwaenli and Baerli; how they both had not eaten hardly anything the first few days in their new barn; how they had hung their heads all the day long and not made a sound. She had asked the grandfather why they did so, and he had said they did the same as she herself had done in Frankfort, for they had never been down from the Alm in their whole lives. And Heidi added:

“You ought to have that experience yourself to know what it’s like, Peter.”

They had almost reached the end of their journey before Peter had uttered a simple word, and it ap-

peared as if he was occupied with a deep thought, so that he could not even listen properly.

When they had reached the hut, Peter stood still and said somewhat crossly :

“I would much rather go to school than take from the Uncle what he said.”

Heidi was of the same opinion and encouraged him in his decision.

Peter's mother was sitting alone in the room, busy with her mending ; she said the grandmother had to stay in bed all day, as it was too cold for her, and that her general health was not very good. It was something new for Heidi, for the grandmother always sat in her place in the corner. She immediately ran into the bedroom to see her. She was entirely wrapped up in the gray cloth and lay in her narrow bed with the thin coverlet.

“God be praised !” said the grandmother as soon as she heard Heidi running in. During the whole autumn she had experienced a secret anxiety within her which she still felt especially when Heidi did not come to see her for a long time.

Peter had informed her how a gentleman from Frankfort had been there and always came to the pasture and spent all his time talking with Heidi ; and the grandmother could not help thinking that the gentleman had come to take Heidi away with him. Later, when he had even departed alone, she felt some anxiety in her heart every now and then, that some one might be sent to take the child back to Frankfort.

Heidi immediately ran to the sick-bed and asked with concern :

“Are you very sick, grandmother?”

“No, no, my child,” said the old lady, soothingly stroking Heidi affectionately ; “the frost has gone into my limbs a little.”

“Will you recover as soon as it is warm again?” asked Heidi urgently.

“Yes, yes, if it be God’s will before then, that I may go to my spinning-wheel. I thought I might try it even to-day ; I will start to-morrow anyway,” said the grandmother confidently, for she had noticed that the child was frightened.

Her words calmed Heidi, who was greatly alarmed, for she had never seen the grandmother sick in bed before. She looked at her in astonishment and then said :

“In Frankfort people put on a shawl when they take a walk. You may have possibly thought that you must put it on when you go to bed, grandmother.”

“You know, Heidi,” she replied, “I take the shawl over me when I am in my bed so as not to catch cold. I am so glad to have it, as the coverlet is a little too thin.”

“But, grandmother,” began Heidi again, “your head goes downwards while it ought to go up ; a bed must not be like that.”

“I know it very well, my child, I realize it perfectly well,” and the grandmother tried to find a better place for her head on the pillow, which lay

like a thin board, "you see, the pillow was never particularly thick, and I have slept on it for so many years now that I have flattened it down pretty well."

"If I had only asked Clara in Frankfort whether I couldn't take my bed with me," said Heidi; "there they had three big thick pillows one on top of the other, that I could not sleep, and always slipped down where it was flat, and then I had to move up again, because I should not sleep so. Could you sleep like that, grandmother?"

"Yes, indeed, it would make me warm, and I could breathe so easily, if I could lie with my head high," said the grandmother, raising her head a little with difficulty as if to find a higher place for it. But let us not talk about it. I must thank the dear Lord for so many things, which many other sick old people do not have,—the nice rolls, which I always get, and this beautiful warm cloth and your coming to see me, Heidi. Will you read something to me again to-day?"

Heidi ran out and brought the old hymn book. She now found one beautiful hymn after another, for she knew them well and delighted to hear them again, for she had not heard all the verses she was so fond of for many days.

The grandmother lay there with folded hands and a cheerful smile spread now on her face, which at first looked so grieved, as if a great luck had just come to her.

Suddenly Heidi stopped.

"Have you already recovered, grandmother?"

"I am feeling well, Heidi, it has done me good; read it to the end, will you?"

The child continued, and when she came to the last words, the grandmother repeated them over and over and a great joyful expectation rested on her face. Heidi felt very happy over it. The whole sunny day of her journey home came before her eyes and she exclaimed with joy.

"I know how one feels when he is on his way home."

She did not answer, but she had understood the words perfectly well, and the expression which pleased Heidi so well was still on her face.

After a while the child said again :

"It's getting dark now, grandmother, I must go home; but I am very glad that now you feel so well again."

The grandmother took the child's hand in hers and held it fast; then she said :

"Yes, I am so glad again, even if I must lie down here, I feel satisfied. You see nobody, who has not had experience, knows what it is to lie down all alone for many, many days and not to hear a word from any one and not to be able to see—not to see even a single sunbeam. And then such gloomy thoughts come to one that it sometimes seems that it would never become bright again; and one cannot stand it any longer. But if one hears the words which you have just read to me, it is as if a light would shine in one's heart, which would make one happy again."

Now the grandmother let go the child's hand and after she had bidden her good night she ran into the back room and quickly drew Peter out, for it had already grown dark. But outside stood the moon in the sky and shone bright on the white snow as if the day had just begun again.

Peter prepared his sled and sat down on it in front, and Heidi behind. They shot down the Alm just as if they were two birds flying through the air.

Later Heidi was lying on her comfortable high bed of hay behind the stove. She remembered the grandmother again, and how uncomfortable her head lay. Then she thought of all that the old lady had said, and the light which the words had kindled in her heart. Besides, she thought, if the grandmother could only hear the words every day, then it would do her good and she would be well again. But she knew a whole week, and perhaps two, might pass by, before she could go up to her. This seemed so sad to Heidi—so that she had to think more over the matter to be able to find out some way that the grandmother might hear the words every day. Suddenly she thought of some help for her, and she was so glad of it, and it seemed to her as if she could not wait for the morning to come to be able to carry out her plan. So all of a sudden she sat straight up in her bed again, for she had not sent up her evening prayer to the dear Lord, as she had been in deep thoughts; and she must try never to forget that again.

When she had prayed earnestly from her heart for herself, for her grandfather and for the grandmother, she at once fell back into her soft hay bed and slept very soundly and peacefully until the bright morning.

CHAPTER V

THE WINTER CONTINUES.

THE next day Peter came down to school on his sled just on time. He had brought his midday meal with him in his bag, for this was the custom. When all the children of Doerfli had gone home at noon, then all the boys, who came from a distance, sat down on the class tables, put their feet firmly against the seats and spread out the food they had brought on their knees to eat their midday meal. They could have a good time of it until one o'clock, when the school began again. After Peter had spent the day at school he would go over to the Uncle's, and pay Heidi a visit.

When the school was over to-day, Heidi went into the Uncle's big room. She rushed toward Peter, for she had been waiting for him.

"Peter, I know something," she called to him.

"Tell me," he replied.

"You must learn to read now," was the news.

"I have already done it," was the reply.

"Well, well, Peter, I don't mean so," said Heidi urgently, "I mean so that one can understand you."

"That I can't," remarked Peter.

"No one would believe that any longer, and I

don't either," said Heidi very decidedly. "The grandmamma in Frankfort knew that it was not true and she told me then not to believe it."

Peter was astonished at this news.

"I will teach you to read; I know very well how to do it," continued Heidi; "you must learn it and then read one or two hymns to the grandmother every day."

"Nonsense," grumbled Peter.

This obstinate resistance to what was good and right and which Heidi had set her hopes on made her angry. With flashing eye she placed herself in front of the boy and said threateningly:

"Then I will tell you what will come to you next, if you will never learn anything. Your mother has already said twice you must also go to Frankfort to learn all sorts of things, and I know very well where the boys go to school there. Clara showed me the frightful big house when we were out driving. But they go there not only when they are mere boys but even when they get to be big men; I have seen that myself, and then you must not think that there is only one teacher, as the one you have now, and such a kind one. They go in big rows, many of them together, into the house, and every one dressed in black exactly as if they were going to church, and have such high black hats on their heads,"—and Heidi showed the size of the hats measuring from the floor up.

A shudder ran through the whole length of Peter's back.

"And then you will have to go in among all the gentlemen," continued Heidi eagerly, "and when your turn comes and you are not able to read, and make mistakes in spelling, then you will see how the gentlemen will laugh at you. That is worse than what Tinette used to do, and you ought to know how it is, when she laughs at you."

"Then I will," said Peter half wofully, half peevishly.

In a moment Heidi was soothed.

"Well, that is right ; then we will begin at once," she said delightfully, and in her active way she drew Peter close to the table and brought out the necessary articles

In Clara's big package there was a little book which pleased Heidi, and she had thought last night, that it could be used with advantage in teaching Peter, for it was an A B C book.

Now both of them sat down at the table, bending their heads over the little book, and the lesson began.

"Peter, learn the first three letters now."

He repeated them constantly so long that Heidi said :

"You know these three now."

As she noticed that Peter's interest was aroused a little by the means used for that purpose, she wanted to prepare for the following lesson and said :

"Wait, I will name a few more letters, and you will see what will come next."

After giving the names of a few letters, Heidi



Peter and Heidi sat down at the table, and the lesson began.
—Page 274. *Heidi.*

stopped. Peter was as still as a mouse, so that she had to see what he was doing. All the threatenings and the secret terrors pressed him so hard that he could not stir a muscle and was staring at Heidi, filled with fright.

This immediately touched Heidi's soft heart, and she said consolingly :

" You must not be afraid, Peter. Come to me every day, and if you learn as well as you have to-day, after a while you will know all the letters and then nothing will be done to you. But you must come every day the same as you go to school ; even if it should snow, it won't do you any harm."

Peter promised to do so, for the terrifying impression had made him entirely civil and gentle. Then he started for home.

Peter followed Heidi's orders exactly, and every afternoon studied the other letters zealously.

Even the grandfather often sat in the room and listened to the exercise, smoking his pipe with pleasure ; and now and then the corners of his mouth twitched as if a great hilarity would from time to time take possession of him.

After the great struggle Peter was often invited to remain there and partake of their supper, which richly rewarded him for the anxiety he had endured.

The winter days passed in this way. Peter came regularly and made very good progress in the alphabet, so that in a few days he could recite all the letters successively.

The snow had become soft again, and it snowed day after day, so that Heidi was not able to go to see the grandmother for three long weeks. But for that reason she was more eager in her work with Peter so that he might take her place and read hymns to the grandmother. One evening Peter came home from Heidi's and ran into the room and said :

"I can do it now."

"What can you do, Peterkin?" asked his mother, full of expectations.

"Reading," he answered.

"Is it possible? Have you heard, grandmother?" exclaimed Brigitte.

The grandmother had heard it and had to wonder how it had happened.

"Now I must read you a hymn, for Heidi said so," he continued. His mother took down the book quickly, and the grandmother was glad, as she had not heard the good words for a long time. Peter sat down at the table and began to read. His mother sat down beside him to listen; after each verse she said in astonishment :

"Who could have thought it?"

The grandmother, too, followed one verse after the other, but said nothing about it.

The day after this occurrence it happened that Peter's class in the school had a reading exercise. When it was Peter's turn, the teacher said :

"Peter, shall I pass by you as usual, or will you this time—well, I will not say read, but I will say try to stammer through a line?"

Peter began and read successively without stopping.

The teacher laid his book on one side in dumb astonishment. He looked at Peter as if he had never before seen anything like it. Finally he said :

"Peter, a miracle must have taken place ! As long as I worked over you with indescribable patience, you were not even able to grasp the spelling correctly. And now that I have, although unwillingly, given up the work with you as useless, it happens that you come out and show yourself not only able to spell, but to read regularly and even distinctly. Where could such a miracle have come from in our time, Peter ?"

"From Heidi," answered Peter.

Greatly surprised the teacher looked towards Heidi, who was sitting on her bench quite innocently, so that nothing unusual was to be seen on her face. He went on to say :

"I have noticed a change in you, Peter ; while previously you used to be absent many weeks at a time, lately you have not stayed away even a day. How could such a change have come over you for better ?"

"From the Uncle," was his answer.

With greater astonishment the teacher looked from Peter to Heidi, and from the latter back again to the former.

"We will try it once more," said he cautiously, and Peter had to try his knowledge with three lines more. It was a fact, he had learned to read.

As soon as the school had finished, the teacher hastened over to the pastor to inform him of what had happened, and in what a gratifying way the Uncle and Heidi were working for the congregation.

Now every evening Peter read a hymn ; so far he obeyed Heidi, but no farther, for he never undertook a second one, and the grandmother never requested him to do so.

His mother Brigitte still wondered every day that Peter could have accomplished so much, and many evenings, when the reading was over and the reader lay in his bed, she would say to the grandmother, again and again :

“ We can’t be too happy, Peterkin having learned to read so beautifully ; and no one can tell what he may yet become.”

The grandmother would then answer :

“ Yes, it is such a good thing for him that he has learned something ; but I shall be heartily glad if the dear Lord sends the spring soon, so that Heidi can come up again. It is as if she read entirely different the hymns. Peter leaves out many things from the verses when he reads them, so that I have hard work to follow out the thoughts ; and the impression does not reach my heart as it does when Heidi reads the words.”

The reason for it was, that when Peter read it, he often arranged the words to suit himself, so that it would not be too difficult for him. If a word came that was too long or looked difficult, he

preferred to leave it entirely out, for he thought the grandmother would not know the difference if he left out three or four words in a verse, and many others came afterwards. So it came about that there were almost no nouns in the hymns Peter read.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISTANT FRIENDS ARE STIRRING.

MAY had come. From every height the overflowing spring brooks were rushing down into the valley. A warm bright sunshine lay on the Alp. It had grown green again; the last snow had melted away and the first little flowers, awakened by the alluring sunbeams, were already peeping up with their bright eyes out of the fresh grass. The gay spring wind over there was blowing through the fir trees and shaking off the old dark needles, so that the young, bright, green ones could come out and adorn the trees with splendor. High above the old bird of prey was swinging his wings in the blue air, and around the Alm hut the golden sunshine lay warm on the ground, drying up the last damp places, so that one could sit down wherever one liked.

Heidi was on the Alps again. She ran here and there, and could not make out which was the most beautiful place. She now listened to the wind as it blew down from the rocks above, deep and mysterious, always coming nearer and growing mightier and rushing into the fir trees, tossing and shaking them. It seemed as if it were shouting for joy; and Heidi had to shout, too, and was blown hither

and thither like a little leaf. Then she ran to the sunny spot in front of the hut again and sat down on the ground and gazed at the short grass to discover how many little flower-cups were going to open or had already opened. There were so many gay gnats and little beetles hopping, crawling, and dancing in the sun in great delight, and Heidi enjoyed herself with them, and drew in long breaths of the spring fragrance, which rose out of the earth just burst open, and thought that it had never looked so beautiful on the Alps before. The thousand little creatures must have been happy as she was, for it seemed exactly as if they were humming and singing in perfect delight:

“On the Alps! on the Alps! on the Alps!”

From the workshop behind the hut every now and then came the sound of hammering and sawing, and Heidi listened to it, as it was the old familiar sound which she knew so well, and which she had heard ever since she had come to the Alps. She wanted now to jump up and run there at once, for she was desirous to know what her grandfather was doing. There stood at the workshop door a brand new stool all ready for use, and the grandfather was working skilfully on a second one.

“Oh, I know what it is going to be!” called out Heidi in her delight. “We shall need it if they come from Frankfort. That is for the grand-mamma, and the one you are working on now is for Clara, and then—there must be one more,” continued Heidi hesitating, “or don’t you believe,

grandfather, that Miss Rottenmeier will come with them ?”

“That I cannot tell,” remarked the grandfather, “but it is safer to have one ready, so that we can invite her to sit down if she comes.”

Heidi looked thoughtfully at the little wooden stool without a back, and silently considered how such a little thing would suit Miss Rottenmeier; after a while she said, shaking her head doubtfully :

“Grandfather, I don’t believe that she would sit on it.”

“Then we will invite her to sit on the sofa with the beautiful green grass covering,” answered the grandfather calmly.

When Heidi was still thinking where the beautiful sofa with the green grass covering was, suddenly there sounded from above a whistling and calling through the air, and Heidi knew right away what it meant. She ran out and was surrounded, in a twinkling, by the goats, which were jumping down. They must have been as happy as Heidi, to be on the Alps again, for they jumped higher and bleated as never before, and Heidi was pushed hither and thither, for every one wished to come near her and express its joy. But Peter drove them all away, some to the right and others to the left, for he had a message for Heidi. When he had pressed forward to her, he held out a letter to her.

“There !” he said, leaving Heidi to find out further explanation for herself. She was greatly surprised.

"Did you find a letter for me on the pasture?" she asked in astonishment.

"No," was the reply.

"Where did you get it then, Peter?"

"Out of my bread bag."

It was true. The previous evening the postman in Doerfli had given him the letter for Heidi. Peter had put it in the empty bag. In the morning he had put his cheese and his piece of bread on it and had started for the pasture. Though he had seen the Uncle and Heidi, when he went for their goats, he never thought about it, but when he had finished his bread and cheese at noon and was shaking the crumbs out of the bag, the letter fell out of it.

Heidi read her address attentively, then she ran to her grandfather in the shop and held out the letter to him in great joy, shouting:

"From Frankfort! From Frankfort! From Clara! Will you hear it right away, grandfather?"

The old man was ready to hear it, as was Peter, who had followed Heidi. He leaned his back against the door-post to have a firm support while she was reading her letter, as it was easier to follow Heidi so:

"DEAR HEIDI:

"We have already packed up everything and in two or three days we shall start on our journey, as soon as papa can get ready; but he is not going to come with us; he must go to Paris first. The doctor comes every day and calls out in front

of the door: 'Away! Away! To the Alps!' He is very impatient for us to start. If you could only know how much he liked to be on the Alps! He has come to see us nearly every day the whole winter, and would come to me and say that he must tell me about it again. Then he would sit down by me and tell me about all the days he had spent with you and the grandfather on the Alps, and about the mountains and the flowers and the stillness so high up above; all the villages, and the streets and about the splendid fresh air. He often said: 'Everybody must get well up there.' He himself had become quite different now from what he had been for a long time, and looks quite young and cheerful again. Oh, how happy I feel to think that I shall be able to see all and be with you on the Alps, and I get to know Peter and the goats! At first I must stay in Ragatz for about six weeks to get cured; the doctor has ordered it, and afterwards we are going to stay in Doerfli, and then on fine days I shall be carried up the Alm in my chair to spend the day with you.

"The grandmamma will come and stay with me. She will also be glad to come up and see you. But think of it, Miss Rottenmeier is not coming with us. Almost every day the grandmamma says to her:

"What do you think of the journey to Switzerland, worthy Rottenmeier? Do not feel troubled; if you like to come with us, you are at liberty to do so.'

"But she expresses her thanks to her very politely

and says she would not be arrogant. But I know what she is thinking about. Sebastian had given a very frightful description of the Alps, when he came back after he had accompanied you,—how the terrible cliffs stared down, and the danger of falling into ravines and precipices everywhere, and that it was so steep climbing up, that one is in great danger, at every step, of falling down backwards; though goats could climb up, but no human being could do it without peril to his life—she has shuddered at this description, and since then she had not been so enthusiastic about the journey to Switzerland as she was before. Tinette was also seized with the fright. She will not come with us either. So we are coming alone, grandmamma and I. Only Sebastian will accompany us as far as Ragatz, then he can go back home.

“I can hardly wait for the time to come when I can see you.

“Good-by, dear Heidi, the grandmamma sends a thousand greetings.

“Your true friend,

“CLARA”

When Peter had heard these words, he ran away from the door-post and struck out right and left in the air so recklessly and furiously with his rod that all the goats took flight in the greatest terror, and ran down the mountain in such heedless leaps as they had seldom done. Peter rushed after them and struck the air with his rod, as if to give vent to his

terrible spite on some invisible enemy. This enemy was the prospect of the arrival of the guests from Frankfort, and this was the trouble that made him enraged.

Heidi was so full of happiness and joy that she wanted to go and pay a visit to the grandmother the very next day, and tell her all about it—who were coming from Frankfort, and especially who were not coming. This was, of course, of the greatest importance to the grandmother, for she knew all the persons so well, and always had the greatest interest in everything that belonged to Heidi's life.

She started early in the following afternoon; for now she could go alone once more and make her visits. The sun shone very brightly again, and remained longer in the sky. She ran rapidly down the dry mountain, while the joyous May wind blew behind her and pushed her along faster and faster.

The grandmother was no longer in bed; she was sitting in her corner and spinning. But there was an expression on her face as if she had something in her mind that troubled her. This being the case since the evening before and the whole night long, these thoughts had followed her and did not let her sleep. Peter had come home in his great rage, and she understood from his broken outcries that a crowd of people from Frankfort was coming up to the Alm hut. What would happen next, he did not know; but the grandmother thought still further and made her conclusions, and it was just this which troubled her and kept her from sleeping.

Heidi ran in and went straight to the grandmother, sat down on her little stool, which stood there all the time, and told her all she knew with such an eagerness that she herself began to comprehend it even more. But suddenly she stopped in the middle of her sentence and asked anxiously :

“What is the matter, grandmother? Doesn’t all this make you happy a little bit?”

“Yes, yes, Heidi, I am glad for you, because you can have such a good time with them,” she answered, and tried to look a little happier.

“But, grandmother, I know very well that you feel troubled. Do you think Miss Rottenmeier is going to come with them?” asked Heidi, being somewhat troubled herself.

“No, no! it is nothing, it is nothing!” said the grandmother soothingly. “Give me your hand, Heidi, that I may feel that you are still here. It will be the best thing for you, even if I should live to see it.”

“I don’t care to know what is best for me, if you are not going to live to see it, grandmother,” said Heidi so decidedly that all at once a new fear arose in the old lady’s mind. She presumed that the people from Frankfort were coming to take Heidi away again, for now that she was well, it could be nothing else but to take her with them. This was the great anxiety of the grandmother. But she felt that it was better not to let Heidi know it for the present, for she was so attached to her, and might possibly refuse to go with them and that

must not be. She looked for some help, but not long, for she knew only one.

"I know something, Heidi," she said, "that will do good to me and bring me the good thoughts back again. Read me the verse, which begins with, In truth, He who created thee."

Heidi was now so well acquainted with the old hymn-book that she at once found the hymn the grandmother desired, and read with a clear tone :

" In truth, He who created thee,
His glory in thee showing,
Hath long ago in This decree
Determin'd—all foreknowing—
What good for thee
And thine will be,
In faithfulness he'll give it.
Curb thou thy will,
Wait ! be thou still,
To His good pleasure leave it."

"Yes, yes, that is just what I want to hear," said the grandmother, feeling some relief, and the expression of sorrow disappeared from her face. Heidi looked at her thoughtfully and then said :

"Grandmother, does 'good' here mean, when everything is cured, that one is all well again, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, so it is," said the grandmother, nodding affirmingly ; "and as the dear God will make it so, one can be sure how it may come out. Read it once more so that we can keep it in our mind, and not forget it again."

Heidi read her verse once more and then a few

times more, for the thought of safety pleased her so well.

When the evening had come, and Heidi was climbing up the mountain again, one little star after another came out over her and sparkled and shone down at her as if each one wanted to send a great delight into her heart with its bright beams. Heidi had to stand still every moment and look up. And they in every part of the sky looked down with still greater joy. She had to cry quite loudly to them.

"Yes, I know, because the dear God knows so well what is wholesome and how one can have such a delight and be perfectly safe."

And all the little stars sparkled and twinkled and winked at Heidi continually until she reached the hut, where the grandfather was standing and also looking at the stars, as they had not shone down so beautifully for a long time.

But not only the nights, but also the days of this month of May were brighter and clearer than they had been for many years, and the grandfather often looked out in the morning in surprise to see the sun rising in the cloudless sky with the same splendor again with which it had gone down; he would say repeatedly :

"This is an unusually sunny year; this will have a special nourishing power on the herbs. Look out, leader, that your leapers don't get too arrogant from the good feed."

Then Peter would swing his rod very boldly in

the air and the answer was distinctly written on his face.

“I’ll be a match for them.”

So the verdant May went by and June came with its warmer sun and long, long bright days, allowing all the little flowers on the whole Alp to come out so that they shone and glowed all around and filled the air with their sweet fragrance. This month, too, was now nearing an end, when one morning Heidi came running out of the hut after she had finished her usual work. She wanted to go out under the fir trees and a little further up to see whether the big centaury bush had bloomed, for the little flowers were charmingly beautiful with the sun shining through them. But when Heidi was about to run around the hut, she suddenly shouted with all her might so loud that the Uncle came out of his workshop, for it was something unusual.

“Grandfather! grandfather!” cried the child as if beside herself. “Come here! come here! See! see!”

The grandfather appeared at the call, and his eyes followed the excited child’s outstretched arm.

A strange procession, such as never had been seen there before, was winding up the Alm. First of all two men were coming with a sedan chair in which was sitting a young girl wrapped up in many shawls; then came a horse with a stately lady on his back who was looking in every direction in a lively manner and talking eagerly with the guide walking

by her side. Then came an empty wheel-chair, pushed by another young lad, for the sick person who was to sit in it was being carried more securely up the steep mountain in the sedan chair. The last one who came was a porter, who had so many wrappers, shawls and furs piled up in a basket on his back that they towered high above his head.

"There they are! there they are!" shouted Heidi, jumping up and down with great joy. And they were in fact coming. They came nearer and nearer, and, at last, they were there. The carriers placed the sedan on the ground; Heidi ran to it. The two children greeted each other with immense delight. Now the grandmamma also came and dismounted from her horse. Heidi ran to her and was greeted with great tenderness. Then the grandmamma turned to the Alm-Uncle, who had come there to welcome her. There was no formality in their greetings, for she knew him and he knew her, as if they had known each other for a long time.

Immediately after exchanging the first words of greeting the grandmamma said with great animation:

"My dear Uncle, what a fine place you have, worthy of a nobleman! Who would have thought? Many a king might envy you for that! and how healthy my Heidi looks!—Like a little May rose," she continued drawing the child to her and stroking her fresh cheeks. "How splendid it is all around! What do you say, little Clara?"

Clara was looking around her in total rapture.

She had never seen or imagined the like of this in her whole life.

"Oh, how beautiful it is here! Oh, how beautiful it is here!" she exclaimed over and over again. "I never thought it so. Oh, grandmamma I should like to stay here!"

The Uncle had, in the meantime, pushed the wheel-chair nearer and taken down some of the shawls from the basket and arranged them in the chair for a bed. Now he approached the sedan chair.

"If we put the little daughter in her accustomed chair, she will feel more comfortable; the traveling chair is a little hard for her," said he, but did not wait for any one to assist him. He at once lifted the sick Clara with his strong arms out of the straw chair gently and placed her with the greatest care in the soft seat. Then he laid the shawls over her knees and wrapped her feet on the cushion as comfortably as if he had done nothing else all his life but taken care of persons with weak limbs. The grandmamma looked with great surprise at his way of doing things.

"My dear Uncle," she exclaimed, "if I could know where you have learned to care for the sick, I would, this very day, send all the nurses I know there to be instructed. How can such a thing be possible?"

The Uncle smiled a little.

"It comes more from experience than from studying," he replied, but in spite of the smile, a trace of

sadness could be seen on his face. Now came before his eyes the suffering face of a man who always sat like this in a chair, being mutilated and unable to use his limbs. It was his captain, whom he had found lying on the ground in this state after a hot battle in Sicily, and had carried from the field, and who afterwards would only have him as his nurse and would not let him go, until his bitter suffering came to an end. The Uncle saw his sick captain before him again. He could not help thinking that it was his duty to take care of sick Clara and to show her all the tender attentions which he understood so well.

The sky stretched dark blue and cloudless over the hut, the fir trees, and wide over the lofty cliffs which towered high up, sparkling in gray hue. Clara could not look around her enough. She was in perfect rapture with all she saw.

"Oh, Heidi, if I could only go about with you, all around the hut and under the fir trees!" she exclaimed yearningly. "If I could only go with you and see everything that I have known so long and have never seen!"

Now Heidi made a great effort; and really she succeeded in rolling the chair over the dry grassy ground as far as under the fir trees. Here she halted. Clara had never before in her life seen such tall old fir trees, the long wide branches of which grew down to the ground and became gradually larger and thicker. The grandmamma, too, who had followed the children, stood in high admiration

there. She could not tell which was more beautiful on the old trees, the full roaring tops high in the blue, or the straight strong trunks which with their mighty branches could tell of so many, many years during which time they had been standing up there and looking down into the valley, where men were coming and going, and everything was always changing, but they themselves always remaining the same.

In the meantime Heidi had pushed the wheel-chair in front of the goat-shed and opened the little door, that Clara might see well everything in there. There was, indeed, not very much to be seen now, as the inmates were away. Clara called back very distressfully :

“ Oh, grandmamma, if I could only wait for Schwaenli and Baerli and all the other goats and Peter ! I cannot see them at all if we always have to go back as early as you said. It's a great pity.”

“ My dear child, we rejoice at every beautiful thing which we find here and must not think of them that are not here,” said the grandmother, while she followed the chair which was pushed further on.

“ Oh, the flowers ! ” exclaimed Clara, “ whole bushes of fine red little flowers and the nodding bluebells ! Oh, if I could only go and pick them ! ”

Heidi ran at once and brought to her a big bunch of them.

“ But this is nothing at all, Clara,” she said, laying the flowers in her lap. “ If you would only come up to the pasture with us, then you will see some-

thing! In a single place there are so many, many bushes of red centauries and so many more bluebells than here, and so many thousand of the bright yellow wild roses, that it looks exactly like pure gold shining on the ground. Besides, there are still some with large leaves which my grandfather says are called *heliopsis*; and, then, there are still the brown ones, you know, with bitter round heads, which smell so good and look so beautiful!"

Heidi's eyes sparkled with longing to see again what she had just described, and Clara was as if she caught fire, and out of her gentle blue eyes there shone a complete reflection of Heidi's fiery desire.

"Oh, grandmamma, can I go there? Do you believe I can go so high up?" she asked with great eagerness. "Oh, if I could only walk, Heidi, and so climb everywhere on the Alps with you!"

"I will push you," said Heidi quieting her; and to show how easy it was, she took such a run round the corner of the hut, that the chair had almost got away from her down the mountain. But the grandfather was standing near by and stopped it just in time.

While they had been visiting the fir trees, the grandfather had not been idle. By the bench, in front of the hut, was now standing the table and the necessary chairs, and everything was ready that they could partake of the fine midday meal which was still steaming in the kettle and was broiling on the large fork over the fire in the hut. It did not take long before the grandfather had placed every-

thing on the table; and the whole company soon sat down cheerfully to eat.

The grandmamma was greatly charmed with this dining-room, from which one could look way down into the valley and above all the mountains into the blue sky. A mild breeze fanned the faces of the company with an agreeable coolness, and the rustling of the fir trees was so lovely that one would think that it was music especially ordered for the feast.

"Never before such a thing happened to me. It is really charming!" exclaimed the grandmamma over and over again. "But what do I see?" she added in highest amazement, "you took a second piece of toasted cheese, my little Clara."

And really a second golden shining piece of cheese was lying on Clara's slice of bread.

"Oh, it tasted so nice, grandmamma, better than the whole table full of everything in Ragatz," said Clara assuringly, biting the spicy food with great appetite.

"Help yourself! help yourself!" said the Alm-Uncle complacently. "It's the mountain air, which helps when the kitchen fails."

So the pleasant meal went on. The grandmamma and the Alm-Uncle were excellently in harmony with each other, and their conversation grew livelier. They agreed in their opinions about people and the course of the world so well, that it looked as if they had been intimate with each other for many years. In this way a long time passed,

and suddenly the grandmamma looked to the rest and said :

“ We must soon get ready, little Clara, the sun is going down, the people ought to be back with the horse and the chair.”

Immediately an expression of sadness came over Clara’s cheerful face, and she asked urgently :

“ Oh, only an hour or two more, grandmamma ! We haven’t seen the hut yet, and Heidi’s bed, and all the other arrangements. Oh, if we only had ten hours more.”

“ That is not possible,” thought the grandmamma, but she also wanted to see the hut.

They at once rose from the table, and the Uncle with a firm hand directed the chair to the door. But here it would go no farther ; the chair was much too wide to go through the opening. The Uncle did not stop to think long. He took Clara out, and carried her in his sturdy arms into the hut.

The grandmamma went back and forth, taking a careful view of the whole arrangement, and was greatly pleased and amused with the unique way the different things were arranged and everything in its place.

“ That’s surely your bed up there, Heidi, isn’t it ? ” she asked and immediately without fear she climbed up the little ladder to the hayloft.

“ Oh, what a sweet smell, this must be a healthy bedroom ! ” and the grandmamma went to the window hole and peeped through, and the grandfather followed with Clara in his arms, and Heidi flew up

behind them. Now they all stood around Heidi's neatly made hay bed, and the grandmamma looked at it very thoughtfully, and from time to time she drew in with delight long breaths of the spicy fragrance of the fresh hay. Clara was exceedingly charmed with Heidi's sleeping-place.

"Oh, Heidi, in what a jolly place you have your bed! From your bed you can look straight to the sky and have such a sweet smell around you and hear the fir trees roar outside. Oh, I have never seen such a jolly and pleasant bedroom before!"

The Uncle now looked over to the grandmamma.

"I have just been thinking of something in my mind," said he, "if the lady would listen to me and make no objection to it. I think if we could keep this little girl up here for a short time, she might gain new strength. You have brought so many shawls and blankets, out of which we could prepare a separate soft bed for her, and the lady grandmamma need not be at all anxious about the care of the little daughter; that I will look after myself."

Clara and Heidi both shouted aloud for joy like two escaped birds, and bright sunshine came over the grandmamma's face.

"My dear Uncle, you are a splendid man!" she exclaimed. "How did you come to know what I have just been thinking about? I was saying to myself: Wouldn't a stay up here bring the child especial new strength? But the nursing! the care! the trouble to the host! And you speak of it, as if it

would be nothing. I must thank you, my dear Uncle, I must thank you with all my heart!" And the grandmamma shook the Uncle's hand repeatedly, and the Uncle also shook hers with great delight.

The Uncle at once went to work. He carried Clara back to her chair in front of the hut, followed by Heidi, who did not know how high to jump in her joy. Then he immediately took all the shawls and fur garments in his arms and smiling pleasantly said:

"It is good that the lady grandmamma has come prepared as if for a winter campaign; we can use them all."

"My dear Uncle," she answered with animation as she approached him, "foresight is an excellent virtue and a protection against many an adversity. If one can travel over your mountains and get back without being overtaken by storm and wind and violent showers, one may feel thankful; and we will do it. And my wrappers will still be useful; we agree upon it."

During this little conversation they both climbed up to the hayloft and began to spread the shawls one after the other over the bed. There were so many of them, that the bed finally looked like a little fortress.

"Not a single wisp of hay can possibly stick through it," said the grandmamma, pressing her hand once more on every side; but the soft wool was so impenetrable that not even a wisp could stick through. She came down the ladder quite satisfied

and went out to the children who were sitting together with beaming faces talking over what they should do from morning till night, as long as Clara stayed on the Alps. But how long would that be? That was the great question which was immediately laid before the grandmamma, who said that the grandfather was the one who knew best; they better ask him. And on approaching he was asked in regard to it. He said, he thought, four weeks would be just about enough for them, they would be able to judge whether the Alpine air would do its duty by the little daughter or not. Now the children shouted aloud, for the prospect of living together so long surpassed all their expectations.

They now saw the porters and the guide with the horse coming up again. The first turned around again immediately.

When the grandmamma was preparing to mount the horse, Clara called out cheerfully :

“ Oh, grandmamma, this is not bidding farewell. When you go away now, you will from time to time come to visit us on the Alps and see what we are doing, and then it will be so delightful, won't it, Heidi ? ”

Heidi, who had experienced pleasure after pleasure that day, could only express her affirmative answer by jumping high up joyously.

Now the grandmamma mounted the strong horse and the Uncle seized the bridle and led it safely down the steep mountain. The grandmamma tried hard not to have him go with her so far. It was *of*

no use. The Uncle explained that he wished to accompany her down as far as Doerfli, for the Alps were so steep and the ride not free from danger.

The grandmamma thought that as long as she was all alone, she would not stay in Doerfli. She preferred to return to Ragatz and occasionally go up the mountain from there.

Before the Uncle returned, Peter came running down with his goats. When they noticed Heidi, they all rushed to her. In a moment Clara, in her chair, with Heidi by her side, found herself surrounded by the flock, and every one of the goats crowding and pushing tried to see over the others, and every one was immediately called and presented by Heidi to Clara.

So it happened, that in a very short time the long-desired acquaintance with the little Scheenhoepli, the jolly Distelfink, the grandfather's clean goats, with all of them, up to the big Turk. But Peter meanwhile stood aside and threw strange threatening looks on cheerful Clara.

When the two children called out in a friendly way to him, "Good night, Peter!" he made no reply at all, but struck his rod angrily in the air, as if to break it into two. Then he ran away with his flock after him.

In addition to all the beautiful things which Clara had seen on the Alps to-day, now there came the last one.

When she was lying on the large soft bed in the hayloft, where Heidi had also climbed up, she

looked through the round open window straight at the twinkling stars and in full rapture she exclaimed :

“ Oh, Heidi, see, it is just as if we were riding to the sky in a high carriage.”

“ Yes, and do you know why the stars are so full of joy and are winking at us with their eyes ? ” asked Heidi.

“ No, I don't know that. What do you think about it ? ” asked Clara.

“ Because they see up in heaven how the dear Lord arranges everything for people so well, that they need have no anxiety and can be quite safe, for everything happens in a salutary manner. They are delighted in it. See how they wink so that we may be happy also. But do you know, Clara, we must not forget to pray ; we must ask the dear God urgently to think of us also, when He arranges everything so beautifully, that we may always be safe and fear nothing.”

Now the children sat up once more and each said her evening prayer. Then Heidi lay on her round arm and immediately fell asleep. But Clara remained awake for a long time, for she had never in her life seen anything so wonderful as this sleeping-place in the starlight. She had hardly ever seen the stars, for she had never been out of the house at night, and the thick curtains were drawn down long before the stars came out. When she closed her eyes, she had to open them again to see if the two big bright stars were still shining in and

winking as remarkably as Heidi had said. And it was always so, and Clara could not feel satisfied to look at their sparkling and shining until her eyes closed of themselves ; and she still saw in her dream two big glittering stars.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT ELSE HAPPENED ON THE ALPS.

THE sun had just come up behind the rocks, throwing its golden beams over the hut and down the valley. The Alm-Uncle had silently and devoutly been looking, as he did every morning, to see how, all around on the heights, and in the valley, the light mists were lifting and the land appeared out of the dim shadow awaking to the new day.

The dusky morning clouds up there grew brighter and brighter, until the sun came out in all its glory, and the cliffs and the woods, and the mountains were flooded with the golden light.

Now the Uncle went into his hut, and climbed softly up the little ladder. Clara had just opened her eyes and was looking in the greatest amazement at the bright sunbeams, which came in through the round hole, and danced and sparkled on her bed. She did not know what she was looking at, and where she was. But she noticed the sleeping Heidi by her side, and the grandfather's kind words sounded :

“Did you sleep well? Aren't you tired?”

Clara answered him that she was not tired, and after she was once asleep she did not wake up

again the whole night. This pleased the grandfather, and he immediately went to work and began to take care of Clara as well and intelligently, as if he had always taken care of sick children, making them comfortable.

Heidi had opened her eyes and looked surprised at the grandfather, who, having dressed Clara, had taken her on his arm and was carrying her down the ladder. She thought she must be with them. She got ready very quickly and climbed down the ladder and went out of the door and stood outside, looking in great astonishment at what her grandfather was doing. The evening before, when the children had gone to their beds, he had been thinking where he had better take the wide rolling chair. The door of the hut was narrow, so that it was impossible to go by there. Then a new idea came to his mind. He pulled two large boards off the shop-wall which stood in the rear of the hut so that there was a wide opening. The chair was pushed in, and the boards were put back in their places, though they were not fastened. Heidi came there just after the grandfather had put Clara in her chair, and having taken away the boards was about to come out of the shop with her into the morning sunlight. He left the chair in the middle of the open space and went into the goats' pen. Heidi ran to Clara's side.

The cool morning breeze kissed the children's cheeks and with every gust of wind the spicy fragrance of the fir trees was brought over, filling the

sunny morning air. Clara drew in deep draughts and leaned back in her chair with a feeling of health which she had never experienced before.

Never before had she breathed in fresh morning breeze out in the open air, and now the atmosphere pervaded by the sweet fragrance of the flowers of the Alps cooled and refreshed her, giving her fresh enjoyment with every breath. Moreover, the bright, sweet sunshine which never was hot up here, shone so gaily, warming her hands, and the dry grassy ground at her feet; Clara could have never imagined that it could be so on the Alps.

"Oh, Heidi, if I could only stay always up here with you," she said, turning in her chair now this and then the other way with pleasure, in order to be able to draw in the air and sunshine from every side.

"Now you see that it is just as I have said," answered Heidi delighted, "that the most beautiful place in the world is at my grandfather's on the Alm." The latter was just coming out of the shed to attend the children. He brought out with him two mugs full of foaming snow-white milk, offering one to Clara and the other to Heidi.

"This will do the little daughter good," said he nodding to Clara; it is from Schwaenli and is strengthening. To your good health! Go on!"

Clara had never drunk goat's milk, so she first had to smell it to satisfy herself. But when she saw with what an appetite Heidi drank down her milk without stopping even once—it tasted so wonder-

fully good to her—then she also began and drank and drank, and in truth it was as sweet and strengthening as if there were sugar and cinnamon in it; and she drank to the very last drop of the milk.

“To-morrow we will take two,” said the grandfather, who looked with satisfaction how Clara followed Heidi’s example.

Now Peter appeared with his flock. All the while Heidi was on all sides pushed in the midst of the flock as if greeted by them. The Uncle took Peter aside, that he might the better understand what he had to say to him, for the goats were bleating, and each tried to outdo the other and show its great joy and love, as soon as Heidi was among them.

“Now listen and be obedient,” said the Uncle. “From to-day on let Schwaenli do what she likes. She knows where the good herbs can be found; so when she wants to go up, follow her; it is also good for the rest; and if she wishes to go higher than you usually go, you must go along too, and do not hold her back; do you hear? If you have to climb a little more, it won’t hurt you; go wherever she likes, for in this respect she is more sensible than you. And she must have the very best to eat that she will give splendid milk. Why do you look over there as if you wanted to swallow some one? No one is in your way. So go along and keep in your mind what I have just told you!”

Peter was accustomed to obey the Uncle. He immediately started on his march, but it could easily be seen that he had still something on his mind.

for he went along turning his head and rolling his eyes. The goats followed and pressed Heidi along with them for a little distance. This pleased Peter.

"You must come along with us," cried he threateningly; "you must come along if you have to follow Schwaenli."

"No, I cannot," return Heidi; "and I cannot come with you for a long, long time; as long as Clara is with us. But the grandfather has promised that he will let us go together some day."

Saying these words Heidi succeeded in getting herself away from the goats, and ran back to Clara. Then Peter stood in a threatening attitude and shook his fists toward the rolling chair, that the goats ran to one side, but he at once sprang after them and ran a long distance without stopping until he was out of sight, for he thought that the Uncle might have seen him, and he preferred not to know what kind of impression his act had made on the Uncle.

Clara and Heidi had made such an elaborate plan for to-day, that they did not know where to begin. Heidi first proposed to write to the grandmamma a letter, as they had positively promised to write one for every day. The old lady did not know whether Clara would like staying up there very long, and whether it would agree with her health. So the children had to promise to write every day, and give daily report of everything. And in this way the grandmamma would immediately know,

when she was needed up there, and until then she could stay quietly down below.

"Are we going into the hut to write?" asked Clara, who preferred to write to the grandmamma before everything else; but it was so good to be out of doors that she did not like to go away.

Heidi knew how to arrange it. In a moment she ran into the hut and came back again with all her school materials and a three-legged stool. Then she laid her reader and writing-book in Clara's lap, so that she might be able to write on them and she herself sat down on her little stool by the bench. They both began to tell the grandmamma of their daily experiences. But after every sentence which she wrote Clara would lay down her pencil and look around her. It was so beautiful. The wind was no longer so cool as it was early in the morning; it blew round her face and gently fanned her and whispered softly up in the fir trees. Gay little insects danced and hummed in the clear bright air, and a deep silence lay over all the sunny neighborhood round about. The high mountains of rock looked down so sublime and silent and everything in the wide valley below lay in perfect peace. Only, now and then, the joyful shout of some shepherd boy could be heard through the air of which the rocks gave the resounding echo.

The morning hours passed by; the children did not know how the grandfather came with the steaming dish, for he thought they had better stay outdoors with the little daughter as long as there was

a ray of light in the sky. So the dinner was placed, as the day before, in front of the hut, and taken with pleasure. Then Heidi rolled Clara in her chair under the fir trees, for the children had decided to spend the afternoon in the lovely shade, talking about what had taken place since Heidi's departure from Frankfort. Although everything continued in the usual way, still there were all sorts of things to tell about the people who lived in the Sesemann house, and whom Heidi knew so well.

Thus sat the children together under the old fir trees, and the more eager they grew in talking, the louder whistled the birds up in the branches, for the chatting below delighted them and they rushed to take part in it. Thus the time flew away and the evening came before they were aware of it; the army of goats came rushing down with their leader behind with wrinkled brow and an angry expression on his face.

"Good night, Peter," Heidi called out to him when she saw that he was not going to stop.

"Good night, Peter," called out Clara in a friendly tone.

He did not return the greeting, but kept driving the goats.

When Clara saw the grandfather lead the clean Schwaenli to the shed to be milked, all at once a great desire rose in her for the spicy milk so that she could hardly wait for the grandfather to come out with it. She was surprised at it herself.

"But this is very strange, Heidi," she said, "as

long as I can remember, I have eaten only because I had to, and whatever I ate tasted just like cod-liver oil; and I had thought a thousand times: if I only never had to eat! And now I can hardly wait until the grandfather comes out with the milk."

"Yes, I know what that is," replied Heidi quite intelligently, for she thought of the days in Frankfurt, when everything stuck in her throat and would not go down. But Clara did not understand it. She had never before in her whole life eaten in the open air, as she had done to-day, and never in this strengthening mountain air.

When the grandfather came with his mugs, Clara seized hers quickly, and, thanking him, drank the whole without stopping, and this time finished it before Heidi.

"May I have some more?" she asked, holding out the little mug to the grandfather.

He nodded pleasantly and taking Heidi's mug also went back into the hut. When he came out again, he brought with each mug a high cover, only made of different material from those usually used in making them.

In the afternoon the grandfather had taken a walk to the green Maïensaess, to the cheese-dairy, where they made sweet and bright yellow butter. He had brought back from there a beautiful round ball. He had taken two thick slices of bread and spread them with plenty of the sweet butter. The children were going to have these for their supper. They both

took such large bites of the delicious bread that the grandfather remained standing and looked to see how they would go on, for it pleased him.

After a while when Clara was gazing at the sparkling stars from her bed, she did the same as Heidi: her eyes closed immediately and such a sound and beautiful sleep came over her as she had never known before.

The next day passed in this delightful way, and also another, the day after, and then came a great surprise for the children. Two strong porters were climbing up the mountains, each one carrying a high bed on his back already in the bedstead, and both had exactly the same kind of coverlet, clean and brand new. The men also brought a letter from the grandmamma, in which she said that these beds were for Clara and Heidi, that the hay beds were to be taken away; and beginning from this day Heidi must sleep in a regular bed, and in winter one of the beds must be taken down into Doerfli, but the other must be kept up there, so that it would always be ready for Clara, if she should ever come again. Moreover, the grandmother praised the children for their long letters and encouraged them to continue to write every day in order to keep her posted on everything that occurred up there, as if she were with them.

The grandfather had gone in, and had thrown the contents of Heidi's bed on the big heap of hay and laid the coverlet aside. Then he came back to help the men carry the two beds up into the loft. He

then pushed them close together so that the view through the window might be the same from both pillows, for he was well aware what great delight the children had in the morning and evening light shining in there.

In the meantime the grandmamma was down below in Ragatz and was highly pleased at the excellent reports which came every day from the Alps.

Clara's rapture for her new life increased day by day, and she could not say enough about the kind and anxious care of the grandfather, and how Heidi was so funny and cheerful, much more than she was while in Frankfort, and that the first thought that she had when she awoke every morning was:

"Oh, God be praised, I am still on the Alps."

The grandmamma was very much delighted at the extraordinary reports she received every day. As she also found everything so favorable she thought she could delay her visit to the Alps a little longer, which would agree with her plans, for the ride up the steep mountain and down again was rather tiresome for her.

The grandfather must have felt quite a special interest in the little daughter in his charge, for every day he found something new to invigorate her. Every afternoon he took a long walk up among the rocks, and each time he brought back a little bundle, which filled the air round about with sweet fragrance like spicy pinks and thyme, and when the goats came back in the evening, they began to bleat and to leap and would push into the shed where the

bundle lay, for they knew the odor well. But the Uncle had made the door fast, for he had not climbed high up among the rocks to get the rare plants, that the whole flock might enjoy a good meal. These plants were all intended for Schwaenli, that she might give more nutritious milk. It could easily be seen how this extraordinary care had succeeded, for she tossed her head more vigorously in the air, and her eyes grew more fiery.

The third week had come since Clara's arrival on the Alps. For several days when the grandfather carried her down every morning to put her in her chair, each time he said :

"Will the little daughter not try just once to stand on the ground for a little while?"

Clara had tried to do as he wished, but always immediately said: "It gives me great pain," and had clung fast to him, but each day he let her try a little longer.

Such a lovely summer had not been seen on the Alps for years. Every day the beaming sun shone through the cloudless sky and all the little flowers opened their cups wide and gleamed and sent their fragrance up to it, and in the evening it threw its purple and rosy light on the tops of the rocks and over the snow-fields, and then plunged down into a blazing sea of gold.

Heidi told her friend about it over and over again, for the only way to see it was to go up the pasture; and with a special enthusiasm she told her about the place on the slope, what immense quantities of glis-

tening golden wild roses there were, and so many bluebells that it would lead one to think that the grass there had turned blue; and there are near by so many bushes of little brown flowers which smell so lovely that one has to sit down on the ground among them and never leave the place.

Sitting under the fir trees, Heidi had just then told Clara once more about the flowers up there, the evening sun and the shining rocks, by which such a longing arose in her heart to go up there again, that she at once jumped up and ran forth to her grandfather, who was working on his carving.

"Oh, grandfather," she called out from some distance, "will you come with us up to the pasture to-morrow? Oh it is so lovely up there!"

"I'll do so," said the grandfather consenting, "but the little daughter must also do me a favor. She must try again this evening to stand."

In high exultation Heidi came back to Clara with her good news, and the latter promised to try to stand on her feet as many times as the grandfather wished, for she was immensely delighted to take this journey up to the beautiful goat pasture. Heidi was full of joy, so that she immediately called out to Peter as soon as she saw him come down in the evening.

"Peter! Peter! we are coming to-morrow with you and will stay there all day."

Peter in answer growled like an enraged bear and struck furiously at the innocent Distelfink that was trotting along beside him. But the alert Distelfink

had noticed the movement at the right time. With a high bound he leaped over the Schneehoepli and the blow whizzed in the air.

Clara and Heidi went up to their two beautiful beds full of glorious expectations, and they were so filled with their plans for the morrow, that they decided to stay awake the whole night and to talk about them all the time, until they were to get up again. But scarcely had they lain on their soft pillows, when they suddenly stopped talking, and Clara saw before her in her dream a big, big field as blue as the sky ; it was thickly sowed with bluebells, and Heidi heard the bird of prey up in the air screaming down :

“Come ! come ! come !”

CHAPTER VIII.

SOMETHING HAPPENS WHICH NO ONE LOOKED FOR.

EARLY in the morning the Uncle went out of the hut and looked around to see how the day was going to be.

A reddish golden light lay on the high mountain peaks, and a cool breeze began to rock the branches of the fir trees to and fro, and it was time for the sun to come up.

Still the old man stood for a while watching attentively how after the high tops of the mountains the green hills began to shine in gold ; and then the dark shadows gave gently away to the rosy light, which flowed into the valley ; and how heights and depths shone in the morning gold. The sun had come.

The Uncle brought the rolling chair out of the shop, and having prepared it for the journey, placed it in front of the hut, then went in to tell the children how beautiful the morning was, and to bring them out.

Peter just then came climbing up the mountain. His goats did not come as confidently as usual by his side and near, in front of him, and behind up the mountain ; they sprang timidly in every direction,

for Peter struck every moment about him like a madman without any real cause for it, and wherever he hit he hurt. Peter had reached the highest point of anger and bitterness. For many weeks he had never had Heidi to himself, as he was accustomed. Every morning when he came up, the strange child was always brought out in her chair, and Heidi was occupied with her. In the evening when he came down, the wheel chair still stood with its occupant in it under the fir trees, and Heidi was busy doing something for her. The whole summer she had not come up to the pasture, and to-day for the first time she was coming, but with the chair and the guest in it, and was to busy herself with her the whole time. Peter saw beforehand that that would be the case, and it had brought his anger to the highest point. He saw the chair again standing proudly on its wheels and looked at it as if it were an enemy, which had done him all sorts of harm and was about to do more to-day. Peter looked around himself—everything was still, no one was to be seen. Then like a madman he rushed at the chair, seized it and pushed it with such force in his bitter anger towards the slope of the mountain that the chair literally flew and in a moment disappeared.

Then Peter rushed up the Alm, as if he had wings, and never stopped until he had reached a great blackberry bush, behind which he could disappear, for he did not wish to be seen by the Uncle. But he wanted to find out what had become of the chair, and the bush was in a favorable position on

a projection of the mountain. Partly concealed, Peter could look down the Alm and if the Uncle appeared, he could quickly hide himself. So he did, and what did his eyes see! His enemy rushed far down below, driven by a continually increasing force. It turned over and over several times, then making a high leap in the air fell down on the ground again, and turned and rolled to its destruction. The pieces were flying from it in every direction—feet, back, cushions, all thrown high in the air. Peter felt such an unbounded joy at the sight, that he had to jump in the air with both feet at the same time; he laughed aloud, he stamped with joy, he leaped in bounds, around in circles, he came again to the same spot and looked down the mountain. A fresh laughter sounded through the air and new leaps in the air were repeated. Peter was wholly beside himself at the destruction of his enemy, for he saw nothing but good things in prospect for him. Now the strange child must go back, for she had no other means to move about. Heidi would be once more alone and would come up to the pasture with him; and every morning and every evening she would be there when he came, and everything would be the same as before. But Peter did not comprehend what it meant to have committed a bad deed, or what the consequences would be.

Heidi came out of the hut jumping, and ran to the shop. The grandfather came behind her with Clara in his arms. The shop door stood wide open, the two boards had been put aside; it was as light

as day in the farthest corner. Heidi looked this way and that way, ran around the corner, came back again with the greatest amazement on her face. Just then her grandfather came there.

"What is this? Have you rolled the chair away, Heidi?" asked the grandfather.

"I am looking for it everywhere, grandfather, and you told me that it stood by the shop door," said the child still looking for it in every direction.

The wind had in the meantime grown stronger, and just then it rattled around the shop door and suddenly threw itself with a crash against the door.

"Grandfather, the wind has done it!" called out Heidi, and her eyes sparkled at the discovery. "Oh, if it has blown the chair down as far as Doerfli, then it will be too late to get back and so we cannot go at all."

"If it has rolled down there, it will never come back again, for it is now smashed into a hundred pieces," said the Uncle, going around the corner and looking down the mountain. "But it must have happened in a strange way," he added, looking back to the crooked path, for the chair had to go round the corner of the hut first.

"Oh what a pity! we can't go now and perhaps never," said Clara lamentingly. "Now I must go home, as I haven't any chair. Oh, what a pity! what a pity!"

But Heidi looked trustfully up at her grandfather and said:

"Grandfather, you can surely find some way, that what Clara thinks will not take place, and that she won't have to go home at once."

"We will go this time up to the pasture, as we planned, then we will see what will come next," said the grandfather.

The children were highly delighted. He went back into the room again and brought out part of the shawls, laid them on the sunniest spot near the hut, and placed Clara on them. Then he brought the children their morning milk.

"Why doesn't he come up?" said the Uncle to himself, for Peter's morning whistle had not been heard.

The grandfather now took Clara on one arm and the shawls on the other.

"Now then, come along!" said he, going in front of them, "the goats are coming with us."

This pleased Heidi, and laying one of her arms around Schwaenli's neck and the other around the Baerli's she walked behind the grandfather, and the goats were so delighted to go out with Heidi again that they nearly squeezed her between them with pure tenderness.

Having reached the pasture, where they saw the peacefully grazing goats standing in groups here and there on the slopes, and Peter lying at full length in the midst of them,

"Another time I will cure you of passing us by, you sleepy head! What does this mean?" the Uncle called out to him.

Peter started up at the sound of the well-known voice.

"No one was awake," was his reply.

"Did you see anything of the chair?" asked the Uncle again.

"Of which one?" said Peter crossly.

The Uncle said nothing more. He spread the shawls on the sunny slope, placed Clara on them and asked if it was comfortable for her.

"As comfortable as in the chair," said she, thanking him, "and this is the most beautiful place in the world! It is so beautiful here, Heidi, so beautiful!" she exclaimed, looking around her.

The grandfather wanted to go back. He said they ought to have a good time together, and when it was time Heidi must bring the meal which was packed in the bag and laid in a shady place. And Peter must give them as much milk as they wanted to drink, and Heidi must see that it came from Schwaenli. Towards evening the grandfather would come back to take them home. First of all he wanted to go and see what had become of the chair.

The sky was dark blue, and there was not a single cloud to be seen anywhere. On the great snow-field in the distance glistened just like thousands and thousands of gold and silver stars. The gray rocky peaks stood high and firm in their places, as they had for centuries, and looked down gravely into the valley. The great bird rocked himself up in the blue sky, and above the heights the mountain

wind rushed and blew cool around the sunny Alp. The children felt indescribably happy. From time to time a little goat would come and lie down near them for a while. The delicate Schneehoepli would often come and lay her little head against Heidi, and would never have gone away at all if another goat of the flock had not driven her away. So Clara began now to know the goats one after the other so well, that she never mistook one for another, for each had a peculiar face and its own manner.

They became quite familiar with Clara; so much so that they came quite near her and rubbed their heads against her shoulder; this was always a sign of close friendship and attachment.

Thus some hours had passed, when it came into Heidi's mind to go to the place where there were so many flowers, and see if they were all open and as beautiful as they were the year before. And in the evening when the grandfather came back, they might go there with Clara, but perhaps the flowers might have closed their eyes by that time.

Heidi's desire grew more intense, and she could not resist it any longer. She asked a little timidly:

"Will you be angry if I should run away quickly and leave you alone for a little while? I would like to see how the flowers are; but wait"—a thought had come into Heidi's mind. She ran aside and pulled a few beautiful bunches of green herbs; Schneehoepli came running toward Heidi, and she, putting her arm around her neck, led her to Clara.

The goat understood this well and lay down. Then Heidi threw the leaves in Clara's lap, when the latter said, in her delight, that Heidi must go now and take pleasure in looking at the flowers, she was quite willing to stay alone with the goats; she had never done anything like this before.

Heidi ran away, and Clara began to hold out one leaf after another to Schneehoepli, who grew so familiar with her that she clung to her new friend and ate the leaves slowly out of her fingers. It could be easily seen how contented and happy she was, as she lay there quietly and peacefully in her friend's protecting care, for out among the herd she always had to bear many persecutions from the big strong goats. It was very delightful for Clara to sit all alone on a mountain with a trustful little goat, who looked up at her so helplessly. A great desire seized her to become her own master and to be able to help others and not to be always obliged to get help from them. And Clara had so many thoughts now, which she had never had before, and a peculiar desire to live on in the beautiful sunshine and to do something by which she could make some one happy, as she was now doing to Schneehoepli. A quite new delight came into her heart, and it seemed as if all she knew could be much more beautiful and different from what she had seen before; and she felt so satisfied and happy that she put her arm around the goat's neck and exclaimed:

"Oh, Schneehoepli, how beautiful it is up here; if I could only stay up here with you all the while."

Meanwhile Heidi had reached the place where the flowers were. She shouted with delight. The whole slope lay covered with shining gold. They were the rock roses. Thick deep blue bunches of bluebells rocked over them, and a strong spicy fragrance spread all over the sunny spot, as if cups of the most precious balsam were poured out up there. The whole fragrance came from the little brown flowers which stretched out their little round heads modestly here and there between the gold cups. Heidi stood and looked and drew in long breaths of the sweet odor. Suddenly she returned and came panting with excitement to Clara.

"Oh, you must surely come," she called out to her from a distance, "they are so beautiful, and everything is so beautiful, and in the evening perhaps it may not be so handsome. Possibly I can carry you. Don't you think so?"

Clara looked at the excited Heidi in astonishment and shook her head.

"No, no, what do you think, Heidi, you are much smaller than I. Oh, if I could only walk!"

Heidi looked in every direction for something; she must have had some new idea in her mind. Up there where Peter had been lying on the ground, he still sat and was gazing down at the children. He had been sitting down this way for hours, and all the while staring at the children as if he could not realize what he saw before him. He had destroyed the hated chair that everything should come to an end and that the stranger might not be able to move; but

short time later she appeared up there and was sitting before his eyes on the ground close to Heidi. This could not be possible, nevertheless it was a fact, and whenever he liked, he could see for himself that it was so.

Heidi now raised her eyes up to him.

"Come down, Peter!" she called to him very decidedly.

"Shan't come," he sounded back.

"Yes, you must come, I can't do it alone, you must help me: come quick," urged Heidi.

"Shan't come," it sounded back again.

Heidi ran a short distance up the mountain toward Peter.

She stood there with flashing eyes and called out to him:

"Peter, if you don't come immediately, I will do something to you that you would not like at all; you can depend on it!"

These words took effect on Peter, and he was seized with a great fear. He had done some wicked deed which no one must know. Until now it had rejoiced him, but Heidi spoke as if she knew everything and she would tell all to the grandfather, and Peter was more afraid of him than of any one else. If he should hear what had happened to the chair! Peter's anxiety grew worse and worse. He rose and came toward Heidi, who was waiting for him.

"I am coming, but you must not do what you intended," said he, so overcome with fright that Heidi was quite affected.

"No, no, I will not do it," she said assuringly; "come now with me; there is nothing to be afraid of in what you have to do."

Having reached Clara, Heidi began to make arrangements: Peter was to hold Clara firmly under one arm and she under the other and lift her up. This was done somewhat easily, but now came the more difficult task. Clara could not understand how they could hold her fast and move her along? Heidi was too small to support her with her arm.

"You must now put your arm around my neck very firmly—so. And you must hold Peter's arm and press on it firmly; then we can carry you."

But Peter had never given his arm to any one Clara took hold of it fast, but Peter held it stiffly down on his side like a long stick.

"You must not do it in that way, Peter," said Heidi very decidedly: "you must make a ring with your arm, and then Clara must pass hers through it, and then she must press on it very firmly, and you must not let it go at any price; then we can move along."

This plan was carried out, but they were unable to go along well; Clara was not so light and the others were of different heights, so one side went up and the other went down—making the support pretty uneven.

Clara tried it a little with her own feet alternately; but soon drew one after the other back again.

"Stamp right down," suggested Heidi, "then it will pain you less."

"Do you think so?" said Clara timidly.

But she obeyed and ventured to take a firm step on the ground and then another with the second foot, but she gave out a little shriek. Then she lifted one foot again and put it down with more care.

"Oh, this hurt me much less," said she, full of delight.

"Do it again!" urged Heidi ardently.

Clara did so, and then again and again, and all at once she exclaimed:

"I can, Heidi! Oh, I can! See, see! I can take steps, one after another."

Then Heidi shouted still louder:

"Oh! oh! Can you really take steps? Can you go now? Can you really walk yourself? If only the grandfather would come! Now you can walk yourself, Clara, now you can go!" she exclaimed over and over again in triumphant delight.

Clara was held firmly on both sides, but at every step she felt surer, as they all three could notice. Heidi was entirely beside herself with delight.

"Oh, after this, we can come to the pasture together every day, and wander about the Alps whenever we like," she exclaimed again. "And you will be able to walk about as I do all the rest of your life, and will not be pushed about in a chair, and be well. Oh, this is the greatest joy we could have!"

Clara agreed with all her heart. Surely, she could not imagine a greater happiness in the world.

than to be well and be able to walk about, like other people, and no longer be miserable and be obliged to lie down all day in an invalid's chair.

They were not far from the slope, where Heidi went to see the flowers. One could see the little golden roses shine in the sun. They had reached the bushes of bluebells, through which the sunny ground beckoned so invitingly.

"Can't we sit down here?" asked Clara.

This was just what Heidi wished to do; and the children sat down in the midst of the flowers, and Clara for the first time in her life sat on the dry warm Alpine ground. This pleased her immensely well. All around her were the nodding bluebells, the sparkling golden roses, the red centauries, and everywhere the sweet fragrance of the brown little flowers and spicy wild blossoms. Everything was so beautiful! so lovely!

Heidi, too, sat by her side and thought it had never been so beautiful up there before, and she could not tell why she had such a great delight in her heart, that she would constantly shout aloud. But suddenly she remembered again that Clara had become well; this was a greater joy to her than all the beautiful things around them. Clara was perfectly silent with delight and rapture for everything she saw and for the prospect, which her last experiences gave her a right to have for the future. There was hardly any room in her heart large enough for this great fortune, and the sunshine and the fragrance of the flowers, besides, overpowered her with

a joyous feeling which made her utterly speechless.

Peter lay also silent and motionless in the midst of this flower field, for he had fallen fast asleep. The wind blew here softly and lovely behind the protecting rocks, and whispered up in the bushes. From time to time Heidi had to rise and run back and forth, for there was some place still lovelier where flowers were thicker and fragrance stronger, because the wind blew over them here and there; she had to sit down everywhere.

Thus the hours had passed away.

The sun had long passed midday, when a little group of goats came walking gravely up to the flower slope.

This was not their pasture; they never were led there, for they did not like to graze among the flowers. They looked like an embassy with the Distelfink in front. The goats had apparently come out to look for their companions, who had left them so long in the lurch and had stayed away against all rules, for the goats knew the time well. When Distelfink detected the three missing ones in the flower field, he bleated very loudly, and at once the whole chorus joined him and came running along and continually making a great noise. Peter woke up. But he had to rub his eyes hard, for he had noticed that the wheel-chair was standing again upholstered beautifully in red and unharmed, in front of the hut; and after having awaked, he had seen the golden nails in the upholstery shine in the

sun. But now he found out that they were only the little yellow flowers glistening on the ground. Now Peter's fear came back which he had disposed of when he had seen the uninjured chair. Although Heidi had promised not to do anything, still Peter was always in fear that they would discover his wicked deed. He was very willing to be their guide and do exactly what Heidi wished.

When they all three had come back to the pasture, Heidi quickly brought her dinner bag and began to act according to her promise, for her threats had reference to the contents of the bag. She had noticed in the morning how many good things the grandfather had packed, and had foreseen with delight that the greater part of it would fall to Peter's share. But when he was so cross, she made him know that he would go without anything; but Peter had understood something else. Heidi took piece after piece out of the bag and made three little heaps of them, which were so high that she said to herself with satisfaction: "Then he will get whatever we leave."

Then she gave a little heap to each one, and taking her own sat down beside Clara, and the three greatly enjoyed their meal after their great exertion.

But it happened just as Heidi expected; when they both had all they could eat, there was so much left that a pile as large as the first one could be given to Peter. He ate it all up silently without stopping, even the crumbs, but he finished his work without the usual satisfaction. Peter had something in his

stomach, which gnawed and choked and squeezed him at every morsel he took.

The children had come so late to their meal that immediately after, the grandfather was seen climbing up the Alm to take them back. Heidi rushed toward him. She had to tell him first of all what had happened. But she was so excited by the fortunate news that she could hardly find words to inform her grandfather; but he understood at once what the child meant, and great joy came over his face. He hastened his steps and when he came near Clara, he said, smiling with joy:

“So have we ventured! Now we have really succeeded!”

Then he lifted Clara from the ground, put his left arm around her, and held out his right hand to her as a strong support for her hand, and Clara walked, having the grandfather behind her back as a massive wall, more surely, more fearlessly than before.

Heidi jumped triumphantly by her side, and the grandfather looked as if a great fortune had fallen to him. He at once took Clara on his arm and said:

“We will not overdo it, it is time now to go home.”

And he immediately started, for he knew that Clara had had enough exertion for that day, and that she needed rest.

When Peter was going down with his goats late in the evening to Doerfli, a great many people were standing in a group and each pushing the other away in order to have a better view of what lay on the

ground. Peter also wished to see it ; he pressed and pushed right and left, and worked his way through.

Then he saw it.

On the grass lay the middle part of the wheel-chair with a part of the back hanging to it. The red upholstery and the shining nails still showing how splendid the chair had been formerly.

"I was there when it was carried up the mountain," said the baker, who was standing by Peter. "It was worth at least five hundred francs, I will bet anybody. I wonder how it happened."

"The wind might have blown it down, the Uncle said so himself," remarked Barbel, who could not admire the beautiful red staff enough.

"It's fortunate that no one else did it," said the baker again, "he would get what he deserved. If the gentleman in Frankfort should hear, he will make investigations as to how it happened. As for me, I am glad that I have not been on the Alm for two years. Suspicion may fall on any one who has been seen there at that time."

Many other opinions were expressed, but Peter had heard enough. He crept quite gently and quietly out of the crowd and ran with all his might up the mountain, as if some one were behind him to catch him. The baker's words had frightened him terribly. He now felt perfectly sure that a policeman from Frankfort might come at any moment to make inquiries in regard to the matter ; then it might be found out that he had done it and he would be seized and taken to the prison in Frankfort. Peter

saw this before him and his hair stood on end from terror.

He reached home quite troubled. He would not answer any questions, and would not eat his potatoes; he quickly crept into his bed and groaned.

"Peterkin must have eaten sorrel again; he has still some in his stomach, that is why he groans so," said his mother Brigitte.

"You must give him a little more bread; give him a piece of mine to-morrow," said the grandmother compassionately.

When the children looked up out of their beds at the twinkling stars, Heidi said:

"Have you not been thinking this whole day how fortunate it is that the dear Lord does not hear our prayers even if we offer them very urgently, when He knows of something much better for us?"

"Why do you say this so suddenly, Heidi?" asked Clara.

"You know that I prayed so urgently in Frankfurt that I might go home at once, and as I could not go, I thought the dear God did not hear it. But you know, if I had gone so soon, you would not have come here, and would not have been here on the Alps."

Clara had become quite thoughtful.

"But Heidi," she began again, "then we ought not to pray for anything, because the dear Lord has always something better in mind than we know and pray for."

"Yes, yes, Clara, do you think it is such an easy

matter," said Heidi eagerly. "We must pray to the dear Lord every day and for everything, and in that way we acknowledge that we have not forgotten the kindness we have received from His hands. And even if we should forget Him, He will not forget us; the grandmamma said so. But you know, if we do not get what we ask for, then we must not think that the dear God has not heard, and cease to pray, but we must pray like this: 'Now I know, dear Lord, that thou hast something better in mind for me and I will be glad that thou wilt do everything good for me.'"

"How did all this come to your mind, Heidi," asked Clara.

"The grandmamma first taught me this, and then it happened just as she said, and then I knew it. But I think, Clara," Heidi continued sitting up, "to-day we must thank the dear Lord earnestly that He has sent us this good fortune that you are able to walk now."

"Yes, really, Heidi; you are right, and I am glad that you reminded me of it; having been so highly delighted, I had almost forgotten it."

The children prayed and thanked the dear Lord each in her own way for the glorious good that He had done for Clara, who had been sick so long.

The next morning the grandfather thought they could write the grandmamma now to ask her to come up on the Alps, as there was something new to see. But the children had devised another plan. They wanted to prepare a great surprise for the

grandmamma. First, Clara must learn to walk better, so that she could be able to go a little way with only Heidi's support, but the grandmamma must not have the least knowledge of it. Now the grandfather was consulted as to how long it might take, and as he thought it would hardly take eight days, in the next letter they invited her urgently to come up on the Alps at that time, but not a word was said about anything new.

The days which followed were the most beautiful that Clara spent on the Alps. Every morning she awoke with the joyful thought in her mind : "I am well ! I am well ! I am not obliged to sit in a wheel-chair any longer. I can walk about like other people."

Then followed the walking, and every day she walked more easily and better, and could take longer walks day by day. The exercise gave her such an appetite that the grandfather had to make the thick slices of bread and butter larger, and was always pleased to see how they disappeared. He always brought with them a large pot of foaming milk, and filled mug after mug. In this way the end of the week came and with it the day which would bring the grandmamma.

CHAPTER IX.

BIDDING FAREWELL TO MEET AGAIN.

THE day before her arrival the grandmamma had written a letter to the Alm to assure them of her coming. Peter brought this letter with him early the next morning when he went to the pasture. The grandfather had already come out of the hut with the children, and Schwaenli and Baerli stood outside and shook their heads gaily in the cool morning air, while the children stroked them and wished them a happy journey up the mountains. The Uncle stood by and looked first at the fresh faces of the children, then at the clean and glossy goats. Both must have pleased him, for he smiled with satisfaction.

Then Peter came up. When he perceived the group, he approached slowly, held out the letter to the Uncle, and as soon as he had taken it, he ran timidly back, as if something had frightened him, and then he looked quickly behind him, as if something else was about to frighten him, then he made a leap and ran away up the mountain.

"Grandfather," said Heidi, who had looked at the occurrence in surprise, "why does Peter act like the big Turk, when he feels the rod behind him, then he moves his head in fright and shakes it

in every direction and makes sudden leaps in the air."

"Perhaps Peter thinks there is a rod behind him, which he deserves," answered the grandfather.

It was only the first slope that Peter ran up like this without stopping; as soon as he could not be seen from below, he acted differently. Then he stood still there and turned his head timidly in every direction; suddenly he made another leap, and looked behind him as terrified as if some one had seized him by the nape of the neck. Peter thought he saw a policeman from Frankfort rushing after him from every bush and out of every hedge. The longer this anxious expectation lasted, the more frightened Peter was; he had no peace, not even for a moment.

Heidi had now to set everything in order, for the grandmamma must see the whole hut clean and neat on her arrival there.

Clara found this busy cleaning of Heidi in every corner of the hut so interesting that she watched the whole proceeding with much pleasure.

So the children passed the early morning hours without knowing it, and could expect grandmamma's arrival at any moment.

Then the children came out all prepared and ready to welcome her, and sat down side by side on the bench in front of the cottage in great expectation of what was to happen.

The grandfather also joined them; he had taken a walk and brought a large bunch of dark blue gen-

tians, which shone in the bright morning sun so beautifully that the children shouted for joy at the sight of it. The grandfather took them into the hut. Every now and then Heidi jumped up from the bench to see whether she could perceive a trace of grandmamma's party.

After a while Heidi saw what she had been expecting coming up the mountain. In front was the guide, then came the white horse with grandmamma on it, and at last the porter with the large basket on his back, for the grandmamma would never come up on the Alps without plenty of wraps.

The party came nearer and nearer, then the height was reached; the grandmamma caught sight of the children from her horse.

"What is that? What do I see, my little Clara? you are not sitting in your chair! How is it possible?" she exclaimed in fright, and dismounted hastily. But before she had reached the children, she clapped her hands and exclaimed in the greatest excitement:

"My little Clara, is it you, or not? You have red cheeks as round as an apple! Child! I don't recognize you any longer!"

The grandmamma was going to rush at Clara. But Heidi slipped down from the bench without being noticed, and Clara had quickly leaned on her shoulder and the children were calmly stepping along to take a little walk. The grandmamma had suddenly stood still, first from fear, for she did not

think anything but that Heidi was doing something reckless.

But what did she really see before her !

Clara was walking upright and steady beside Heidi ; then they came back, both with cheerful faces, both with rosy cheeks.

The grandmamma now rushed toward them, laughing and crying at the same time. She embraced her little Clara, then Heidi, then Clara again. In her great joy she could find no words.

Suddenly her eyes met the Uncle who was standing by the bench looking with a calm smile at the three over there. Then the grandmamma took Clara's arm within her own and was walking with her in continual exclamations of delight, that it was really so, that she could walk with the child toward the bench. Here she let Clara go and took both hands of the old man :

"My dear Uncle! my dear Uncle! What have we to thank you for! It is your work! It is your care and nursing——"

"And our God's sunshine and the Alpine air," interrupted the Uncle smiling.

"Yes, and Schwaenli's good and lovely milk, too," added Clara on her part. "Grandmamma, if you could only know how I can drink the goat's milk, and how good it is."

"Yes, I can see it on your cheeks, my little Clara," said the grandmamma laughing. "No, no one would know you ; you have grown plump and broad as I never imagined that you ever could, and you

have grown taller, Clara! No! Is it really true? I cannot look at you enough! And a telegram must at once be sent to my son in Paris; he must come immediately. I will not tell him why; this is the greatest joy of his life; my dear Uncle, how can we do that? you have, of course, sent the men away by this time."

"They have gone," he answered, "but if the lady grandmother is in a hurry we can call Peter the goatherd, who has time."

The grandmother insisted upon sending a despatch to her son, for this good fortune must not be withheld from him a single day.

The Uncle went a little aside and gave such a penetrating whistle through his fingers, that it whistled back from the rocks above, it had made such a distant echo. It did not take long to bring Peter, who came running down, for the whistle was not unknown to him. Peter was as white as chalk, for he thought that the Uncle was calling him to judgment. But only a paper was given him, which the grandmamma had written in the meantime, and the Uncle explained to him that he must immediately take it down to Doerfli and give it to the postmaster; the Uncle would pay for it afterwards, for so many things could not be committed to Peter at the same time.

He went with the paper in his hand, much relieved for this time, for the Uncle had not called him to judgment; no policeman had come.

Finally all sat down closely and calmly around

the table in front of the hut ; it was now time to tell the grandmamma how everything had taken place from the beginning. How at first the grandfather tried to have Clara stand a little every day, and then take a little step with Heidi ; and how they had taken the journey up to the pasture, and how the wind had blown the chair down to the valley ; how Clara, longing for flowers, was the means of the first walk, and so one thing caused another. But it took a long time for the children to bring their story to an end, for the grandmamma had to interrupt them, every now and then expressing her amazement, praise and thankfulness, and exclaimed again and again :

“ But is it then possible ? Is it really no dream ? Are we really all awake and sitting in front of the Alm hut ? And is this little girl before me with the round and fresh face my old pale, weak, little Clara ? ”

And Clara and Heidi had an unlimited delight that they succeeded in planning and executing such a beautiful surprise for the grandmamma, the effect of which is still continued.

Meanwhile Mr. Sesemann had finished his business in Paris ; he, too, intended to prepare a surprise. Without writing a word to his mother, on a sunny summer morning he sat in the train and went directly to Basle. The next day, early in the morning, he started again, for he was seized by a great longing to see his little daughter once more, from whom he had been separated the whole summer. He reached the Baths of Ragatz a few hours after his mother's departure from there.

He was glad to hear that his mother had undertaken the journey up the Alm on the same day. So he at once took a carriage and drove to Mayenfeld. When he heard there that he could drive as far as Doerfli he did so, for he thought it would still be a long walk up the mountain.

Mr. Sesemann was not mistaken; the continual climbing up the Alm seemed very long and tiresome for him. There was no hut to be seen, and he knew well that he ought to come to goatherd Peter's house half way up, for this journey had often been described to him.

There could be seen traces of foot-passengers everywhere; the narrow paths sometimes went in every direction. Mr. Sesemann was not sure whether he was in the right path, or whether the hut lay on the other side of the Alm. He looked around him to see if he could discover any human being of whom he could inquire about the way. But it was silent all around; far and wide there was nothing to be seen or heard. Only the mountain wind blew now and then through the air, and the little flies hummed in the sunny blue, and a gay little bird whistled here and there on a lovely larch tree. Mr. Sesemann stood still for a while, and exposed his heated brow to the Alpine wind to be cooled.

Now some one came from above, running down; it was Peter with the despatch in his hand. He came running straight down without looking this way or that, not even over the footpath, on which Mr. Sesemann was standing. As soon as he came

near enough, Mr. Sesemann beckoned to him to come. Peter came, hesitating and timidly, sideways and not straight forward, as if he could only walk properly with one foot and had to drag the other behind him.

"Here, lad, come here," said Mr. Sesemann encouragingly. "Now tell me if this path leads to the hut up there, where the old man lives with the child Heidi, where the people from Frankfort are?"

A dull tone of the most frightful terror was the answer; and Peter darted away so vehemently that he rushed headforemost down the steep slope and rolled away, turning somersaults further and further down, very much as the wheel-chair had done, only with the exception that Peter fortunately did not go to pieces like the wheel-chair.

Only the despatch was torn to shreds and was blown away.

"A remarkably bashful mountaineer," said Mr. Sesemann to himself. "The only reason he could think of was that the appearance of a stranger had produced this strong impression on the simple son of the Alps.

After he had watched Peter's violent descent a little longer he continued his way.

In spite of all his efforts Peter could not gain a firm footing; he rolled on, and from time to time he turned somersaults in a strange way.

But this was not the worst side of his misfortune at this moment; much more frightful were the anxiety and the terror which filled him; he felt

perfectly sure now that the policeman from Frankfort had really come. For he did not have any doubt but that it was the stranger who had just asked him for the Frankfort people at the Alm-Uncle's. Now on the last high slope above Doerffi Peter was thrown against a bush, to which he could finally cling fast. He remained lying down there for a moment in order to see what his condition was.

"Very good, here is another one," said a voice close by Peter. "Who is going to get the blow tomorrow for rolling you down like a badly sewed potato sack?"

It was the baker who laughed at him. He had come up to get the cool air after his hot day's work, and had calmly watched how Peter had come down from above like the rolling of the wheel-chair.

Peter sprang to his feet. He had a new terror. The baker also knew that the chair had been pushed. Without looking back even once Peter ran up the mountain again. What he would like best was to go home and creep into his bed that no one could find him, for there he felt the safest. But he had still the goats up there, and the Uncle had impressed on him to come back soon that the herd might not be alone too long. But he was afraid of the Uncle more than of any one, and had such a great respect for him that he had never ventured to be disobedient to him. Peter groaned aloud and limped on, for it had to be; he had to go back again. He could no longer run; the anxiety and the various knocks

which he had just suffered could not be without their effects. So he kept up a continued limping and groaning all the way up the Alm.

Mr. Sesemann had reached the first hut a short time after meeting Peter, and was sure that he was on the right way. He climbed on with fresh courage, and, at last, after a long and tiresome wandering, he saw his goal before him. There stood the Alm hut and the dark tops of the old fir trees waving above it.

Mr. Sesemann climbed the last ascent with delight; now he would soon be able to surprise his child. But he was already noticed and recognized by the company in front of the hut, and what the father could never have imagined was being prepared for him.

When he had taken the last step toward the heights, two forms were coming from the hut to meet him. One of them was a tall girl with light blonde hair and a small rosy face, supported by little Heidi, out of whose dark eyes sparkled flashes of delight. Mr. Sesemann was startled; he stood still and gazed at those approaching him. Suddenly big tears rushed out of his eyes. What remembrances arose in his heart! Clara's mother had looked exactly so, the blonde maiden with light rosy cheeks. Mr. Sesemann did not know whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Papa, don't you know me any longer?" called out Clara to him with a joyful face. "Am I so changed?"

Mr. Sesemann rushed toward his little daughter and clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, you are changed! Is it possible? Is it a reality?"

The overjoyed father went back a step and looked at her once more to see whether the picture would not disappear before his eyes.

"Is it you, my little Clara, is it really you?" he had to exclaim over and over again. Then he embraced his child again, and looked once more to see if it was really Clara who was standing erect before him.

Meanwhile the grandmamma had approached, for she could not wait any longer to see her son's happy countenance.

"Now, my dear son, what do you say?" she called out to him. "The surprise which you have given us is a very good one; but the one which had been prepared for you is still better. Is it not? And the rejoiced mother greeted her dear son very heartily. "But now, my dear," she said then, "come over there with me to greet our Uncle, who is our greatest benefactor."

"Certainly, and the former member of our household, the little Heidi, I must greet also," said Mr. Sesemann, shaking Heidi's hand. "Well? but there is no need of asking; no Alpine rose could look more blooming. It is a delight to me, my child, it is a great delight to me."

Heidi looked with beaming joy at the kind Mr. Sesemann. How kind he had always been to her!

And that he should now find such a happiness here on the Alps, made Heidi's heart beat loud with great joy.

The grandmamma took her son to the Alm-Uncle over there, and while the two men were shaking hands very heartily, and Mr. Sesemann began to express his deep-felt thanks, and his immense astonishment that such a miracle could have taken place, the grandmamma turned and went a short distance in another direction, for she had already talked the matter over with the old man. She wanted to go and see the old fir trees.

There was a surprise awaiting her. In the midst of the trees where the long branches had left a free space stood a big bush of the most wonderful deep-blue gentians, fresh and shining as if they had just grown there. The grandmamma clapped her hands with great joy.

"How precious! How splendid! What a sight!" she exclaimed again and again. "Heidi, my dear child, come here? Have you prepared this to rejoice me? It is perfectly wonderful!"

The children were already there.

"No, no, I really did not," said Heidi, "but I know who did it."

"It is just like that on the pasture, grandmamma, and even much more beautiful," interrupted Clara. "But can you guess who brought those flowers down from the pasture for you early this morning?" And Clara smiled so contentedly at her own words that the grandmamma thought for a moment that

the child had gone up there that day. But that was almost impossible.

A gentle rustling was heard behind the fir trees ; it came from Peter, who had reached up there in the meanwhile. But as he had seen who was standing with the Uncle in front of the hut, he made a great roundabout way, and slipped up stealthily behind the fir trees. But the grandmamma had recognized him and a new thought arose in her. Possibly Peter had brought down the flowers and was now stealthily creeping along from sheer timidity and modesty. No, that must not be, he ought to have a little reward.

“Come, my lad, come here, be quick ! don’t be afraid !” called the grandmamma loudly, and stretched her head a little towards the trees.

Terrified Peter stood there like a statue. He had no power of resistance after what he had gone through. He only felt this one thing. “Now it is all up !” His hair stood on end : pale and disfigured from the highest anxiety he came out from behind the fir trees.

“Come here ! be quick !” said the grandmamma encouragingly. “Well, now tell me, my lad, did you do this ?”

Peter did not lift up his eyes and did not see where the grandmamma’s forefinger was pointing. He had seen that the Uncle had stood at the corner of the hut, and that his gray eyes had been fastened on him penetratingly, and by the Uncle’s side stood the most terrible one Peter had ever known, the

policeman from Frankfort. Trembling and shivering in his limbs, Peter uttered one single sound and it was a "Yes."

"Well, now," said the grandmother, "what is there that frightened you so much?"

"That it—that it—that it had broken all to pieces, and that it can never be fixed again." Peter uttered these words with difficulty, and his knees were shaking so that he could not stand up any longer. The grandmamma went over to the corner of the hut.

"My dear Uncle, has this poor boy really gone crazy?" she asked compassionately.

"Not at all, not at all," said the Uncle assuringly, "the boy is the wind which blew the wheel chair, and he is now expecting the punishment he well deserves."

The grandmamma could never believe that, for she thought that Peter by no means looked wicked; besides, he had no reason to destroy the rolling chair which was so necessary. But for the Uncle this confession was a confirmation of the suspicion which he had had immediately after it had happened.

The angry looks which Peter had cast at Clara from the very beginning, and other signs of bitterness against the new appearances on the Alps had not escaped the Uncle. He had connected one thought with another, and so he had exactly known the whole course of things, and now told the grandmamma very clearly. When he finished it, the lady exclaimed in great vivacity.

"No, no, my dear Uncle, no, we will not punish the poor boy any further. We must be fair. Strange people came from Frankfort and for many long weeks they took Heidi, his only good friend, and really a very good one. And he sits alone day after day and has only to look to her. No, no, we must be fair; anger overpowered him, and drove him to revenge, which was a little foolish, but in anger we are all foolish."

Whereupon the grandmamma went back to Peter, who was still trembling and shaking.

She sat down on the bench under the fir tree and said kindly:

"Well! come here, my boy, come to me, I will tell you something. Stop trembling and shaking, and listen to me. I wish you to do this. You have rolled the wheel-chair down the mountain to smash it to pieces. That was a wicked deed; you knew it very well, and that you deserve a punishment; you also know it, and in order not to get it, you tried very hard that no one should know what you had done. But you see, whoever does a wicked thing, and thinks no one knows it, is always mistaken. The dear Lord sees and hears everything, and as soon as he perceives that one tries to conceal his wicked deed, He wakes up the little watchman whom He has placed in him at his birth and who sleeps in him until he has done something wrong. And this little watchman has a little stick in his hand, with which he constantly pricks the person, so that he does not let him have the least bit of

rest. And he alarms the poor offender with his voice, for he calls to him in a torturing voice all the time: 'Everything will come out! Now you will be taken to be judged and punished.' Thus he must always live in fear and anxiety, and is no longer happy, never. Hasn't this been your experience, Peter, even now?"

Peter nodded, feeling contrite like one who had experienced it, for it had happened to him exactly so.

"And in another way you were mistaken," continued the grandmamma. "See how the wrong that you did turned out for the best for the person whom you wished to injure! Because Clara no longer had a chair to be carried about and wanted to see the beautiful flowers, she made extraordinary efforts to walk, and so she learned how to walk, improving every day. And if she should stay here, she will at last be able to go up to the pasture every day, much oftener than if she were taken in her chair. Do you see, Peter? When one wishes to do a wicked thing to another, the dear Lord can take it into His hands, and, in turn, does good to the one that was to be harmed, and in this way the wrongdoer is the loser and feels ashamed and sorry. Have you understood it all, Peter? Then think of it. Every time you feel inclined to do some wicked thing, think of the little watchman in you with the goad in his hand and with the disagreeable voice. Will you do it?"

"Yes, I will," answered Peter still much cast down, for he did not yet know how everything

would end, as long as the policeman was still standing over there by the Uncle.

"Well, now it is good, everything is settled," said the grandmamma. "And now you must have something you like to remind you of the people from Frankfort. Tell me now, my boy, have you ever wished for anything that you would like to have? What was it then? What would you like to have best?"

Peter then lifted his head and stared at the grandmamma with his round astonished eyes. He was still expecting something frightful, and now he was suddenly to get what he liked best. Peter was much puzzled in his thought.

"Yes, yes, I am in earnest about it," said the grandmamma; "you must have something which will give you pleasure as a remembrance of the people from Frankfort, and as a token that they do not think any more of the wrong you did them. Do you understand now, my boy?"

It began to dawn on Peter now, that he did not have to be afraid of any punishment, and that the good lady who was sitting before him had saved him from the hands of the policeman. So he felt as relieved as if a mountain that was almost crushing him fell from his shoulders. But he had also learned that it was better to confess one's fault and he at once said:

"And I have lost the paper."

The grandmamma had to think a little, but the connection soon came to her mind and she said kindly:

"Very well, that is right, you tell me about it. It is always better to confess every time one does a wrong thing, and then it will be settled again, and be out of one's mind. And now what is the best thing you would like to have?"

Now Peter could have anything he wished for in the world. He became almost dizzy. The whole fair of Mayenfeld with all the beautiful things shone before his eyes, which he had gazed at for hours, and had thought he could never own it, for Peter's possessions had never been more than five centimes, and all the alluring objects were always double that sum. There were the beautiful red little whistles which he could so well use for his goats. There were the tempting knives with their round handles, called toad-stickers, with which he could do a fine business in all the hazelwood hedges.

Peter stood there deep in thought, for he was reflecting as to which of the two was the most desirable, and he could not come to a decision. But a bright idea came to him by this way; he could consider the matter until the next fair.

"A ten-centime piece," replied Peter decidedly.

The grandmamma laughed a little.

"That is not asking too much! So come here!"

Then opening her purse she took out a big round five-franc piece and laid two ten-centime pieces on it.

"So then we will count it out correctly," said she, "which I will explain to you. Here you have as many ten-centime pieces as there are weeks in the

year! So you can take out one piece every Sunday and use it the whole year through."

"All my life?" asked Peter innocently.

Then the grandmamma had to laugh heartily, so that the gentlemen over there had to stop their conversation to hear what was going on there.

The grandmother was still laughing.

"You shall have it, my boy. I will put it in my will that way—Do you hear, my son?—and then it will pass over to you like this: To Peter, the goat-herd, a ten-centime piece weekly as long as he lives."

Mr. Sesemann nodded in assent, and laughed, too.

Peter looked once more at the present in his hand, to see if it was really true. Then he said:

"Thank God."

And he ran away, making unusual long leaps; but this time he stayed on his feet, for he was not driven by terror, but by a delight such as he had never known before in his life. All his anxiety and fright had passed away and he could expect a ten-centime piece every week all his life.

Later when the company had finished their cheerful midday meal in front of the hut and were sitting together and talking on all sorts of things, then Clara took her father's hand, whose face beamed with joy, and every time he looked at her he felt still happier, and said with an enthusiasm which had never been noticed in feeble Clara:

"Oh, papa, if you could only know all that grandfather has done for me! So much every day that

no one can tell, but I shall never forget it in all my life. And I am always thinking, if I could only do something for the dear grandfather, or give him a present which would make him as happy, or even half as happy, as he has made me."

"That is my greatest desire, also, my dear child," said the father. "I am all the while thinking about the matter, how we could show our gratitude, in some measure, to our benefactor."

Mr. Sesemann rose from his seat and went to the Uncle over there, who was sitting by grandmamma, having an unusually pleasant conversation with her. He also rose. Mr. Sesemann took his hand and said in the most friendly way :

"My dear friend, let us have a talk together! You will understand me, when I tell you that I have never been really happy for many long years. Of what use was all my money and wealth, when I looked at my poor child, whom I could not make well and happy with all my riches? Next to our God in heaven, you have made my child well and have given me a new life as well. Now tell me how I can show my gratitude to you. I can never repay you for what you have done for us, but whatever is in my power, I place at your disposal. Tell me, my friend, what can I do?"

The Uncle had listened in silence and looked at the happy father with a smile of satisfaction.

"Mr. Sesemann will believe me, that I also have my share in the great joy at the recovery on our Alm. I have been repaid for all my trouble," said

the Uncle in his firm way. "I thank Mr. Sesemann for his offer. I have no need of anything; as long as I live I have enough for the child and myself. I have only one wish; if that could be satisfied, I would not have any more anxiety for this life."

"Tell me, tell me, my dear friend!" urged Mr. Sesemann.

"I am old," continued the Uncle, "and cannot stay here very long. When I go, I cannot leave the child anything, and she has no relations except one single person, who would take advantage of her, if she could. If Mr. Sesemann would be willing to give me the assurance that Heidi should never in her life be obliged to go out to seek her bread among strangers, then he would have richly repaid me for what I had been able to do for him and his child."

"But, my friend, there's no need to talk about it," said Mr. Sesemann; "the child belongs to us. Ask my mother and my daughter, they will never leave the child Heidi to other people. If it can be any comfort to you, my friend, here is my hand, I promise you; this child will never in her life have to go out among strangers to earn her bread. She will be taken care of as long as I live and also after my death. I will tell you something more. This child is not made for a life in a strange land, whatever the circumstances may be. We have found that out. But she has made friends. I know one who is still in Frankfort; he is settling his business there, so that he may go wherever he likes and take a rest. That is my friend, the doctor, who will

come up here this autumn and after asking for your advice he will settle in this region; for he found more pleasure in your company and this child's than of any one else's. You see, then, that the child Heidi will have two protectors near her. May they both be preserved to her for a long time."

"May the dear Lord grant it," the grandmamma interrupted here; and confirming her son's wish she shook the Uncle's hand very warmly for some time. Then she suddenly threw her arms around Heidi's neck, who was standing close to her, and drew her to herself.

"And you, my dear child, we must also ask you. Come, tell me, have you any wish which you would like to have satisfied?"

"Yes, of course, I have one," answered Heidi, and looked delightfully up to the grandmamma.

"Well, that is right, tell me in a straightforward way," said the grandmamma encouragingly. "What would you like to have, my child?"

"I would like to have my bed from Frankfort with the high pillows and the thick coverlet, then the grandmother will no longer have to lie with her head down low, so that she can hardly breathe, and she will feel warmer under the coverlet, and not have to go to bed with the shawl on, because she would feel frightfully cold."

Heidi had said all this in one breath for she was so anxious to get what she so much desired.

"Oh, my dear Heidi, what are you telling me?" exclaimed the grandmamma in excitement. "It is

well that you remind me of it. When one is full of joy, he sometimes forgets what he had to think of first. When the dear God sends us a new blessing, we must at once think of those who are in need of so much. I will telegraph to Frankfort at once for it! Rottenmeier must pack up the bed this very day, and in two days it will reach here. God willing, the grandmother shall sleep well in it!"

Heidi jumped and danced with joy around the grandmamma; but suddenly she stood still and said hastily:

"I must now go down to the grandmother. She must be very unhappy, for I have not been there for so long."

For Heidi could not wait any longer to carry this good news to the grandmother; and then she remembered how anxious the grandmother had been when she was there the last time.

"No, no, Heidi, what do you think," said the grandfather; "when one has visitors, one does not run away so suddenly."

But the grandmamma expressed her consent for Heidi's desire.

"My dear Uncle, the child is not at all wrong," said she; "the poor grandmother has not had her full share on my account for a long time. Let us all go down to see her, and I think I will wait down there for my horse and then continue our journey, and when in Doerfli, the message will immediately be sent to Frankfort. My son, what is your opinion regarding it?"

Mr. Sesemann had not had time before to talk about his plans for the journey. He had to ask his mother not to carry out her plans at once, but to remain sitting until he had expressed what he wanted to.

Mr. Sesemann had intended to take a little journey through Switzerland with his mother, and first to see whether his little Clara would be able to go a little distance with them. Now it had happened that he could make the most agreeable journey in company with his daughter, and he wanted to make use of the beautiful late summer days for this pleasant purpose. He had in mind to spend the night in Doerfli and early the next morning bring Clara down from the Alm, in order to go and meet the grandmamma at the Baths of Ragatz and from there to travel on further.

Clara felt a little uneasy at the news of a sudden departure from the Alps; but she had so many other things to delight her besides. And there was no time to feel bad over anything.

The grandmamma had already risen and had taken Heidi's hand to go on ahead of the company, but suddenly she turned around.

"But what in the world are you going to do with the little Clara?" she exclaimed in fright, for it had come into her mind that the walk would be too long for her.

But the Uncle had already taken Clara, in his usual way, in his arms, and was following the grandmamma with firm steps, who nodded back to him

with much pleasure. Last of all came Mr. Sese-mann, and the whole party went on down the mountain.

Heidi jumped up and down with joy by the side of the grandmamma, who wished to know about everything pertaining to the grandmother, how she had to live, and how they were getting along, especially in winter, during the terrible cold season up there.

Heidi told her about everything in detail, for she knew all about them, and how they lived, how the grandmother sat in her corner and trembled with the cold. She also knew well what she had to eat and what she did not have.

The grandmamma listened to what Heidi had to say, with the liveliest interest, until they reached the hut.

Brigitte was just about to hang Peter's second shirt in the sun, so that when the other one had been worn long enough, he could change it. She noticed the company coming down and rushed into the room.

"The whole party is just going away, mother," she said; "it is a long procession; the Uncle is accompanying them; he is carrying the sick child."

"Oh, must it really be?" sighed the grandmother. "Have you noticed whether they are taking Heidi with them? Oh, if she would only give me her hand once more! If I could only hear her voice once more!"

All of a sudden the door flung open, and Heidi

came into the corner in a few leaps and threw her arms around the grandmother's neck.

"Grandmother! grandmother! my bed is coming from Frankfort with all the three pillows and the thick quilt, too, and in two days it will be here; the grandmamma told me so."

Heidi could not tell the message quick enough, for she could not wait to see the great joy of the grandmother. She smiled, but said a little sadly:

"Oh, what a good lady she must be! I must only be too glad that they are going to take you with them, but I cannot survive it long."

"What? what? who says such a thing to the good old grandmother?" asked a friendly voice here, and the old lady's hand was grasped and heartily pressed, for the grandmamma had come in and heard everything. "No, no, there is nothing of the kind! Heidi will stay with the grandmother and make her happy. We always want to see the child, but we will come to her, we will take a trip to the Alm every year, for we have good reason to offer the Lord our special thanks each year in this place where He has performed such a great miracle to our child."

Then the real light of joy came into the grandmother's face, and with speechless thanks she pressed good Mrs. Sesemann's hand repeatedly; while a pair of great tears glided down her aged cheeks from her great joy. Heidi immediately noticed the great delight that came over the grandmother's face, and felt quite happy.

"Isn't it true, grandmother?" said she clinging to her, "now it has happened just as I read to you the last time! Has it not? The bed from Frankfort is wholesome, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Heidi, and so many more things; so many good things, the dear Lord is doing for me," said the grandmother with deep affection. "How is it possible that there are such good people, who trouble themselves for a poor old woman, and do so much for her? There's nothing which strengthens one's faith in a good Father in heaven who does not forget the least of His creatures as to find out that there are such people full of kindness and mercy for a poor worthless woman such as I am."

"My good grandmother," broke in Mrs. Sesemann here, "before our Father in heaven we are all equally poor and equally in need of His help and protection. And now we must bid you farewell, but will see you again, for as soon as we come up the Alm next year, we will also look for the grandmother; she will never be forgotten." Whereupon Mrs. Sesemann pressed the old lady's hand once more and shook it heartily.

But she could not get away as quickly as she thought, for the grandmother could not thank her enough, and wished the dear Lord to give all the blessings He could bestow on her whole household. Then Mr. Sesemann went down towards the valley with his mother, while the Uncle took Clara home again; and Heidi jumped up and down without

stopping as she went along by her side, because she felt so happy for the grandmother's prospect.

The next morning Clara shed hot tears as she was going to leave the beautiful Alm, where she had become so well and felt better than she had ever done before in her whole life. But Heidi comforted her and said :

"It will soon be summer again, and then you will come again, when it will be much more beautiful. Then you can walk from the very first day, and we can go up to the pasture with the goats every day and see the flowers, and everything will be fine from the very first."

Mr. Sesemann returned, as he had promised, to take his little daughter with him. He was standing with the grandfather and talking together on all sorts of things. Clara was wiping away her tears, for Heidi's words had comforted her a little.

"Give my greetings to Peter," she said, "and to all the goats, especially to Schwaenli. Oh, if I could only make a present to Schwaenli; she has helped me so much to become well."

"You can do it," Heidi said assuringly. "Send her a little salt, you know how fond she is of licking salt from the grandfather's hands every evening."

This idea pleased Clara very much.

"Oh, then I will send her a hundred pounds of salt from Frankfort," she called out joyfully. "She must also have a remembrance from me."

Mrs. Sesemann beckoned to the children, for she wished to start. This time the grandmamma's white

horse was brought to take Clara down, for she was now able to ride down, and she no longer needed a sedan chair.

Heidi stood at the very extreme edge of the slope and waved her hand to Clara, until the last trace of the horse and rider had disappeared.

The bed came, and the grandmother now sleeps so well every night that she is fast gaining strength.

The kind grandmamma did not forget the severe winter on the Alps. She sent a big bale of goods to goatherd Peter's house; there were packed up so many warm things in it that the grandmother could wrap herself all up with them, and was not obliged to sit in her corner shivering from cold.

Now there is a large building being built in Doerfli. The doctor has come and has taken up his old quarters. By his friend's advice the doctor purchased the old building where the Uncle lived with Heidi in the winter, and which had formerly been the great mansion of a gentleman, as is still to be seen from the lofty room with the beautiful stove and from the skilful wainscoting. This part of the house the doctor is rebuilding for his own dwelling. The other part is being repaired as winter quarters for the Uncle and Heidi, for the doctor knew him to be an independent man who would want to have his own house. In the back part was a firmly built warm goats' shed, where Schwaenli and Baerli could spend their winter days very comfortably.

The doctor and the Alm-Uncle are growing better friends every day, and when they go side by

side over the building to see the progress of the work, their thoughts turn most of the time to Heidi, for to both the chief delight in the house is that they will live there with their happy child.

"My dear friend," said the doctor one day as he was standing up on one of the walls with the Uncle, "you must look at the matter as I do. I share all joys in the child with you; next to you I am the one to whom the child belongs; but I will share all the obligations and care for the child according to the best of my ability. So I have also my share in our Heidi, and can hope that she will take care of me in my old age and stay with me, which is my greatest desire. Heidi shall have all the rights of a child of mine, so we can leave her without anxiety when we shall be obliged to go away—you and I."

The Uncle pressed the doctor's hand for a long time; he uttered not a word, but his good friend could read in the old man's eyes the emotion and the high delight which his words had aroused.

Meanwhile, Heidi and Peter were sitting by the grandmother, and the former had so much to tell and the latter so much to listen to, that both could hardly get their breath, and in their eagerness drew nearer and nearer to the happy grandmother.

And how much they had to say about all that had taken place in the past summer, for during that time they had been so little together.

And each of the three looked happier than the other, for they were together again, and because so many wonderful things had taken place. Mother

Brigitte's face looked the happiest, for with Heidi's help she now, for the first time, could understand the story of the ten-centime piece.

At last the grandmother said :

" Heidi, read me a hymn of praise and thanksgiving ! I feel that I can only praise and glorify our God in heaven and offer Him thanks for all that He has done for us."

THE END



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